Author of

THE BOOK OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE THE ORIENTAL CARAVAN NEPAL THE HOME OF THE GODS KOMAL THE MAKER OF MODERN TURKEY MOHAMED THE PROPHET THE PRINCE AGA KHAN FUAD THE KING OF EGYPT CONTROLLING MINDS OF ASIA ISLAMIC SUFISM THE GOLDEN EAST EASTWARD TO PERSIA LIGHTS OF ASIA AFGHANISTAN OF THE AFGHANS TURKEY Arabia ALONE IN ARABIAN NIGHTS THE TRAGEDY OF AMANULLAH KHAN THE SPIRIT OF ASIA MODERN AFGHANISTAN THE GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE WESTWARD TO MECCA QUOTATIONS FROM THE KORAN ETC, ETC.

Edited by The Sirdar Tkbal Ali Shah



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PREFACE

Hew intelligent men are ignorant of India's great literary heritage, but in the hurried state of life to-day, one is apt to forget that the impact of materialistic tendencies, which have disturbed even the contemplative calm of Asia, agitates only the fringes of real Hindustan.

Her heart—which alone matters—is as serene and undisturbed as ever. A perusal of this collection will readily prove it; for in this anthology, composed of translations and renderings of poetry and prose of most Indian languages, the mind and soul of India reveals itself; and should serve to remind her sons that her ancient glory is tarnished only in tawdry things—in things insignificant and unreal; and, therefore un-Indian—for the rest he may be assured that her worthwhile national possessions are intact and living.

In conclusion, I owe a great debt of grantude to the encouragement of Their Highnesses; the Maharajas of Baroda and Patiala, Sir Denison Ross, Sir Frank Brown; and for help and advice of the Librarian of the India Office Library (without whose active co-operation much of this could not have been got together), the authorities of the British Museum, Mr. K. N. Pannikar, and Dr. C SK Pathy: with their assistance I have been able to compile a permanent record, the difficulty of which will be apparent when one has to note that I had to collect and select gems from jewels from India's vast treasure-house of literature.

IKBAL ALI SHAH.

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STORY OF BALI

(Badaga Songs)

- A rich man lived in Marly Mund
 And daughters two had he.
 He called the twain by one strange name,
 For both should Bali be.
- 2. His lands were wide Twelve yoke of kine
 Were scarce enough for tilth.
 His buffaloes were numberless,
 And golden hoards his wealth.
- 3. In fourteen chests the coins were hid,
 They stood in one great pile
 But all his wealth could not bring joy,
 His daughters were so vile
- 4. The Gods looked down from heaven above—
 Such sins must them provoke
 E'en they had never seen before
 Such wilful sinful folk
- Their wrath was great, like lightning burned, It swallowed everything In one short week the wealth was gone, They stood but in their skin.
- 6. Where poor by hundreds once were fed,
 Was not one grain of food
 Great store of gold had filled the house
 Which now all empty stood.
- 7. The farmer prayed a wizard grey
 To tell why pain so keen
 And loss so great had come to him,
 Who had so wealthy been.

- 8. The wizard said all this had come To show that sin brought woe: That if he wished to prosper still His daughters twain must go.
- 9. The man went home and, fearing God, His daughters from him sent. So out into the wide lone world The sinful women went
- They had not learned to earn their bread,
 In jungles food to gain
 No roof had they to shelter them
 From sun, or wind, or rain
- And served there night and day.

 But soon the master lost his wealth—

 Became as poor as they.
- 12. He asked a wizard why such wrath
 Had turned his good to bad?
 He answered that a bitter curse
 Was on those women sad
- He sent them both away in peace,
 And looked for good again
 A plantain garden, gilt with fruit,
 Stood near to ease their pain
- 14. With outstretched hands they tried to pluck
 The rich and fruity store
 The trees fell down, the fruit grew black;
 Their hunger burned yet more
- The gardeners saw the rum dire
 Which round the women lay.
 They called them "witch", assailed with stones,
 And hunted them away.

- Near by there stood a Jack-tree tope,
 To it they then did run—
 A cocoa-grove was just beyond—
 To both black death did come.
- 17. The curse was now so hard to bear,
 So hot and deep their scathe,
 The tears flowed down so large and fast,
 The stream a bird would bathe.
- 18. In deep despair a tigress lean

 They roused as first she fed.

 For speedy death they looked and prayed,—

 The tigress stared and fled.
- "Oh sister dear," said one of them,
 "Why may we never die?
 What sins so great can we have done
 To merit wrath so high?"
- 20 "Perhaps if we would dare to go
 Into a bear's dark den,
 The beast may turn and rend us so
 That life may leave us then."
- Upon the savage beast.
 In awe they wait He turned and fled:
 Rejects the proffered feast.
- And smiled as sleep enchained.
 But soon they start and vomit forth
 The drug whose help they claimed.
- With eyes close shut, nay, bound with cloth,
 They rushed into a stream
 The waters parted 'neath their feet,
 They stood as in a dream.

- They had themselves in jungle thick
 And set the grass alight.
 The flames rose high, but came not near;
 Destroyed to left and right.
- 25. At last they chose a lofty rock
 To plunge from off its brink.
 But as they stood to bid farewell,
 The rock did split and sink
- 26 Most eagerly they sought for death
 In water, earth and sky.
 But death would not receive their souls.
 They might not, could not die.
- 27. One moment more they stood and talked
 At top of some lone hill
 "No child nor husband may we have,
 So die we must and will"
- 28 Then casting off their little packs
 Of clothes and some few rings,
 They start afresh, with vigour new,
 As seeking precious things.
- 29 They climbed in haste a hill so steep,
 An ox would backwards fall,
 Ran quickly down the further side,
 Which would a goat appal
- 30 At last they met a flock of sheep,
 By shepherds was it led.
 They asked of one the way to heaven,—
 Both sheep and shepherd fled
- We made our sins our boast
 And now sweet death demes our prayer
 And heaven's road is lost"

- 32. Still walking on, an outcaste comes,
 A tiger's skin his clothes.
 He asked for food, for all they had,
 Then cursed them with loud oaths.
- We only long to die.

 But tell us, outcaste, what may be
 That lofty flame near by?"
- 34 "The Gods have raised that flaming pile
 For all men to embrace
 If but one sin remain unpurged
 Death meets you face to face."
- "Yet though to ashes you are burnt,
 Hell opes that very hour.
 The giant with the raven mouth
 Will torture and devour."
- 36 "But brother, who are they we see,
 Great water-pots they bear?"
 "They killed themselves with opium
 To 'scape all pain and care'
- 37 "Alas, my brother, where doth rest
 The husband of my youth?"
 "Go ye away from me, for now
 I know you both in truth."
- 38 "Ye are the wilful Balı folk,
 Whose sins are manifest.
 Amid Neilgherry hills ye dwelt
 And made of sin a jest"
- 39 Still on they went, and soon did come
 Unto that bridge of thread:
 Beside them yawned the dragon's mouth:
 In front, the pillar red

- 40 By terror blanched, they stood in dread
 Of what might yet befall.
 Five angels bade them follow close,
 And on, straight on, went all.
- And dragged them by their throats
 And dragged them to their shame
 "It is not large,—put both your arms
 Around that pillar's flame."
- And with him sat his wife.

 They begged the trembling women folk
 To clasp, and enter life.
- While yet they spoke, with eager feet
 Two virgins past did run
 Their robes were white, and bright they shone
 As either moon or sun
- 44 Two bracelets glistened on one arm,
 With them a bangle vied
 A green umbrella shaded them,
 They seemed on ghee to glide
- 45. They boldly grasped the pillar's flame,
 Passed on and crossed the tide,
 Fell prostrate at the feet of God,
 Who placed them at his side.
- 46 "Ye Gods, pray tell us who are these Whose garments glint with sheen,""The righteous daughters of good men, They have not walked in sin"
- When that his work is done,
 Shall hither come and ever dwell
 Before the Holy One."

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- Then said the women to themselves—
 "If virgins such as they
 Have passed the flames unhurt; then we
 Most surely can and may."
- 49 But ere they came to grasp the pile

 The burning flames did dart

 And seize their tender shrinking frames,

 Consuming every part.
- Jo Whate'er remained the angels cast Into the deep dark hell.

 The ravening giant waited there And caught them as they fell
- More bitter pains prepared.

 For seven long days their pangs endured.

 So long God's wrath they shared.
- With oil his victums drenched,
 Then laid them on their dreadful bier
 Where life by fire was quenched.
- Not yet enough their dree
 The one he hid within a pig,
 The other in a tree.
- 54. While earth shall last they suffer thus,
 In cold or summer heat,
 For none may taste or joy or rest,
 If death and sin should meet.

POEMS

(Bengalı)

THE axe begged humbly, "O thou mighty oak, Lend me only a piece of thy branch— Just enough to fit me with a handle."

The handle was ready, and there was no more wasting of time.

The beggar at once commenced business—and hit hard at the root,

And there was the end of the oak.

The favourite damsel said, "Sire, that other wretched queen of thine

Is unfathomably deep in her cunning greed.

Thou didst graciously assign her a corner of thy cowshed, It is only to give her chances to have milk from thy cow for nothing"

The king pondered deeply and said, "I suspect thou hast

hit the real truth.

But I know not how to put a stop to this thieving." The favourite said, "'Tis simple Let me have the royal cow

And I will take care that none milk her but myself"

Said the beggar's wallet, "Come, my brother purse, Between us two the difference is so very small, Let us exchange!" The purse snapped short and sharp, "First let that very small difference cease!"

The highest goes hand in hand with the lowest. It is only the commonplace who walks at a distance.

The thirsty ass went to the brink of the lake
And came back exclaiming, "O how dark is the water!"
The lake smiled and said, "Every ass thinks the water
black,

But he who knows better is sure that it is white."

Time says, "It is I who create this world." The clock says, "Then I am thy creator."

The flower cries loudly, "Fruit, my fruit, Where art thou loitening—Oh how far!"
"Why is such a clamour?" The fruit says in answer, "I ever live in your heart taking form."

The man says, "I am strong, I do whatever I wish."

"Oh what a shame!" says the woman with a blush.

"Thou art restrained at every step," says the man.

The poet says, "That is why the woman is so beautiful."

"All my perfume goes out, I cannot keep it shut."
Thus murmurs the flower and beckons back its breath.
The breeze whispers gently, "You must ever remember this—

It is not your perfume at all which is not given out to others."

The water in the pitcher is bright and transparent; But the ocean is dark and deep
The little truths have words that are clear;
The great truth is greatly obscure and silent

A little flower blooms in the chink of a garden wall.

She has no name nor fame.

The garden worthies disdain to give her a glance.

The sun comes up and greets her, "How is my little beauty?"

Love comes smiling with empty hands.
Flattery asks him, "What wealth didst thou win?"
Love says, "I cannot show it, it is in my heart."
Flattery says, "I am practical. What I get I gather in both hands."

"Who will take up my work?" asks the setting sun None has an answer in the whole silent world. The earthen lamp says humbly from a corner, "I will, my lord, as best as I can."

The arrow thinks to himself, "I fly, I am free
Only the bow is motionless and fixed."
The bow divines his mind and says, "When wilt thou
know the truth,
That thy freedom is ever dependent on me?"

The moon gives light to the whole creation, But keeps the dark spot only to herself.

"Restless ocean, what endless speech is thine?"

"It is the question eternal," answered the sea.

"What is there in thy stillness, thou ancient line of hills?"

"It is the silence everlasting," came the answer.

In the morn the moon is to lose her sovereignty, Yet there is smile on her face when she says, "I wait at the edge of the western sea To greet the rising sun, bow low, and then depart."

The word says, "When I notice thee, O work, I am ashamed of my own little emptiness."
The work says, "I feel how utterly poor I am, I never can attain the fulness which thou hast"

If you at night shed tears for the lost daylight You get not back the sun but miss all the stars instead

I ask my destiny—What power is this
That cruelly drives me onward without rest?
My destiny says, "Look round!" I turn back and see
It is I myself that is ever pushing me from behind.

The ashes whisper, "The fire is our brother." The smoke curls up and says, "We are twins." "I have no kinship," the firefly says, " with the flame-But I know I am more than a brother to him."

The night comes stealthily into the forest and loads its branches

With buds and blossoms, then retires with silent steps. The flowers waken and cry-"To the morning we owe our all"

And the morn asserts with a noise, "Yes, it is doubtlessly true."

The night kissed the departing day and whispered, "I am death, thy mother, fear me not. I take thee unto me only to give thee a new birth And make thee eternally fresh."

Death, if thou wert the void that our fear let us imagine, In a moment the universe would disappear through the chasm

But thou art the fulfilment eternal, And the world ever rocks on thy arms like a child.

Death threatens, "I will take thy dear ones." The thief

says, "Thy money is mine."
Fate says, "I'll take as my tribute whatever is thine own." The detractor says, "I'll rob you of your good name." The poet says, "But who is there to take my joy from me?"

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, PASSAGES FROM A HYMN DEDICATED TO THE GODDESS PEACE IN THE ATHARVA VEDA

DEACEFUL be all motives and peaceful our works done and yet to be done.

May the past bring us peace and the future, may every-

thing be for our peace

The Spirit of Speech dwells in and is made active by the Supreme Being. She is potent in creating fearfulness. May she offer us peace

Our five senses and our mind are made active in our soul by the Supreme Being They are potent in creating fear-fulness May they work for our peace.

With the peace that pervades the earth, the sky, the starry heavens, the water, the plants and trees; with the peace that dwells with the guardian spirits of the world and in the divinity within us, let us tranquillize things fierce and cruel and evil, into the serene and the good May everything be for our peace.

UNITY IN DIVERSITY

For we have made ample room for love in the gap where we are sundered.

Our unlikeness reveals its breadth of beauty radiant with one common life,

Like mountain peaks in the morning sun.

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AHALYA

(Ahalya, sinning against the purity of married love incurred her husband's curse, turning into a stone to be restored to her humanity by the touch of Ramchandra)

STRUCK with the curse in midwave of your tumultuous passion your life stilled into a stone, clean, cool and impassive.

You took your sacred bath of dust, plunging deep into

the primitive peace of the earth.

You lay down in the dumb immense where faded days drop, Like dead flowers with seeds, to sprout again into new dawns

You felt the thrill of the sun's kiss with the roots of grass and trees that are like infant's fingers clasping at mother's breast.

In the night, when the tired children of dust came back to the dust, their rhythmic breath touched you with the large and placid motherliness of the earth.

Wild weeds twined round you their bonds of flowering

intimacy;

You were lapped by the sea of life whose ripples are the leaves' flutter, bees' flight, grasshoppers' dance and tremor of moths' wings.

For ages you kept your ear to the ground, counting the footsteps of the unseen comer, at whose touch silence

flames into music.

Woman, the sin has stripped you naked, the curse has washed you pure, you have risen into a perfect life

The dew of that unfathomed night trembles on your eyelids,

the mosses of ever-green years cling to your hair. You have the wonder of new birth and the wonder of old time in your awakening

You are young as the newborn flowers and old as the hills

THE MAIDEN'S SMILE

FROM A BENGALI POEM BY DEVENDRANATH SEN.

METHINKS, my love, in the dim daybreak of life, before you came to this shore

You stood by some river-source of run-away dreams filling

your blood with its liquid notes.

Or, perhaps, your path was through the shade of the garden of gods where the merry multitude of jasmines, likes and white oleanders fell in your arms in heaps and entering your heart became boisterous

Your laughter is a song whose words are drowned in the

tunes, an odour of flowers unseen.

It is like moonlight rushing through your lips' window when the midnight moon is high up in your heart's sky.

I ask for no reason, I forget the cause, I only know that your laughter is the tumult of insurgent life.

MY OFFENCE

FROM A BENGALI POEM BY DEVENDRANATH SEN

Child of six months, and I said, "Keep him in your arms,"

Why did a sudden cloud pass over your face, a cloud of

pent-up rain and hidden lightning?

Was my offence so great?

When the rose-bud, nestling in the branch, smiles back to the laughing morn, is there any cause for anger if I refuse to steal it from its leaves' cradle

Or when the Kokil fills the heart of the spring's happy hours with love-dreams, am I to blame if I cannot conspire to imprison it in a cage?

THE UNNAMED CHILD

THE is a child of six months, lacking the dignity of a

She is like a dewdrop hanging on the top of a Kaminin bud; like the peep of the first moon through the tresses of the night; like a pearl in the ear-ring of the uniest little fairy.

Her elder sister clasps her to her breast, crying, "You are

sweet as my new pet doll,"-

And her baby brother likens her to a pink sugar drop. Thus while the whole household casts about in vain for a simile to fit her, she nods her head, opening her eyes wide.

BEYOND THE VERGE OF TIME

Our dreams and longings cover deeper dreams
And longings in the silence far away.
All things on earth, sweet winds and shining clouds,
Waters and stars and the lone moods of men,
Are cool green echoes of the voice that sings
Beyond the verge of Time. Between two cries of aught,
Of aught on earth, wakes the eternal fire
Wherein the destiny of heaven is wrought,
For what is heaven but the earth grown full,
And God but man unshadowed and afar?

STEPS

In this great world of rush and not Is as a jewelled stepping-stone Which leads into the house of Quiet. Within it dwell the ancient seers Beyond unreal griefs and cares, Beyond unreal smiles and tears, Beyond the need of chant and prayers.

FIRE

Of INDLE your glimmering lamp in the infinite space, O Love!

Let the dark shadows dance in the burning depths of mine

eyes.

I am athirst for one glimpse of your beautiful face, O Love! Veiled in the mystical silence of stars and the purple of skies.

Thrill me with radiant rapture, O Love! of your ravishing flute,

Folding my silence in song, and my sorrow in silver eclipse, Shaping my heart into flower, and the flower of my heart into fruit

Meet for your orchards of light, and touch of your luminous lips

Cast in the shadowy deeps of my being, your love, like a spark,

Fan it to magical flame, till my dead heart burst into fire, Swing like a censer, my dream of devotion, O Love! through the dark,

Turn into tumults of incense my richly-pulsating desire!

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IMAGERY

He has fashioned the stars and the moons to the muric Of innermost-flowering joy and desire. He has tried his own love for himself through the ages By flooding his limbs with unquenchable fire Of creation that dances and bubbles and flutters. In peacocks, in seas, and the hearts of the bird. Behind the rich silence of red-running subsets. And cool-coloured sundawns he utters his words.

He is finding for ever his infinite fullness. In blossoming buds and the withering flowers. He shapes through the heart of the world his Ideal So white in the midst of the many-hued colours. Around and about him in utter delight, Till straight through the darkness his laughter comes lambent, Birdlike from a cage in a freedom of flight.

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OPEN THOU THY DOOR OF MERCY

ILL my guilt of old, sin upon sin, put far, far away. Give, O Lord, give in my heart the melody of a new song

To stir to life my withered, unfeeling heart, near to death and poor, play thy melody on the bina, taking ever a

new tune

As in Nature thy sweetness overflows, to let thy com-

passion wake in my heart.

In the midst of all things may thy loving face float before my eyes. May no rebel thought against thy wish ever wake in my heart.

Day by day, before I set foot in life's forest, may I crave

thy blessing and so advance, my Lord.

Setting thy commands upon my head, may I with unfaltering care accomplish my every task in the remembrance of thy feet.

Giving to thee the fruit of my task fulfilled, at the end of

day may my wearred spirit and body find rest

Hurrying have I come from far away knowing thee compassionate. A hundred hindrances there were to my coming. How many thorns fill the path to my goal. So, to-day, behold! my heart is wounded, my life is dark.

Hurrying have I come from far away, knowing thee

compassionate.

Open thou thy door of mercy. My raft of life drifts on the boundless ocean. Fearlessness art thou, and ever powerful Nought have I, I am weak and poor. My heart is thirsting for thy lotus feet. The day is now far spent Open thou thy door of mercy. My raft of life drifts on the boundless ocean.

THE DANCER

O! the heavy rain has come! With loosened tresses densely dark, lo! the sky is covered. Lightnings rend the thick darkness over the mountains. All around, to my heart's content, I see that beauty has burst forth.

See, frolicsome, she pours forth her loveliness in a thousand streams! Her raiment, hastily flung around her in disarray, mad passion in her eyes, with the voice of the

papiya, full of sweetness and pity, she sings.

Slowly move her feet. Slipping, slipping, falls her loosely hanging scarf Her heart throbs with tumultuous feeling. As if a flood of beauty overflows, her green jacket of emerald grass displays the hue of her radiant beauty all around.

The anklets on her feet, keeping time, ring out in swift succession, as if they were sweet cymbals. Round her lovely throat hangs her chain of emerald parrots. The rain has ceased and she garbs herself in silken robes broidered with diamond raindrops

She gladdens the eye. On the treetops birds play on golden tambourines Is the dancer dancing in Indra's hall, casting restless glances here and there? Urbasi puts

off the chain of jewels from her breast.

How gay her laughter! How fair a dance her tinkling footsteps weave! Her bracelets and bangles circle glittering. She is girdled with melody of murmuring swans. For her earth and sky swoon away, overflowing with love.

Her hands touched the bina and by her spell enthralled my infatuated heart. Tears stream from my eyes; infatuation floods my heart. The witch to-day has melted my timid heart. Lo! the heavy rain has come.

THE VISIBLE

that the kindled life, thy shining eyes, shall be quenched by the touch of death, I know; that this thy body, the meeting-place of all beauty, in seeing which I count life well-lived, shall become but a heap of bones, I know. Yet I love thy body. Day by day afresh through it have I satisfied a woman's love and desire by serving thy feet and worshipping thee. On days of good omen I have decked thee with a flower-garland; on days of woe I have wiped away with my sari end thy tears of grief. O my lord, I know that thy soul is with the Everlasting One, yet waking suddenly some nights I have wept in loneliness, thinking how thou didst drive away my fear, clasping me to thy breast. And so I count thy body as the chief goal of my love, as very heaven.

BASANTA PANCHAMI

TO-DAY, after a year, on the sacred fifth day, Nature has flung away her worn raiment, and with new jewels, see, with fresh buds and new shoots she has begemmed herself and smiles. The birds wing their way, singing with joy; ah, how lovely! The black bee hums as if with sound of "Ulu! ulu!" he wished good fortune to Nature. The south breeze seems to say as it flits from house to house, "To-day Binapani comes here to Bengal" Arrayed in guise that would enrapture even sages, amid Nature has come to worship thy feet, O propitious one! See, O India, at this time all pay no heed to fear of plague, famine, earthquake; all put away pain and grief and gloom; to-day all are drunk with pleasure. For a year Nature was waiting in hope for this day to come. Many folk in many a fashion now summon thee, O white-armed one; I also have a mind to worship Thy two feet are red lotuses; but, say with what gift shall we worship thee, O mother Binapani? Ever sorrowful, ever ill-starred are we women of Bengal, all of us. Yet if thou have mercy, this utterly dependent one will worship thee with the gift of a single tear of devotion shed on thy lotus feet. Graciously accept that, and in mercy, O white-armed one, grant this blessing on my head on this propitious, sacred day, that this life may be spent in thy worship, Mother.

IN PRAISE OF HENNA

Kokila called from a henna-spray:
Lira! liree! Lira! Liree!
Hasten, maidens, hasten away
To gather the leaves of the henna tree.
Send your pitchers afloat on the ride,
Gather the leaves ere the dawn be old,
Grind them in mortars of amber and gold,
The fresh green leaves of the henna tree

A kokila called from a henna-spray.

Lira! liree! Lira! liree!

Hasten, maidens, hasten away,

To gather the leaves of the henna tree.

The tilka's red for the brow of a bride,

And betel-nut's red for lips that are sweet,

But, for lily-like fingers and feet,

The red, the red of the henna tree.

C

IMPERIAL DELHI

To thy renascent glory still there clings
The splendid tragedy of ancient things,
The regal woes of many a vanquished race,
And memory's tears are cold upon thy face
E'en while thy heart's returning gladness rings
Loud on the sleep of thy forgotten Kings
Who in thine arms sought Life's last resting-place.

Thy changing King and Kingdoms pass away,
The gorgeous legends of a bygone day,
But thou dost still immutably remain
Unbroken symbol of proud histories,
Unageing priestness of old mysteries
Before whose shrine the spells of Death are vain.

SPRING

Oung leaves grow green on the banyan twigs,
And red on the peepul tree,
The honey-birds pipe to the budding figs,
And honey-blooms call to the bee.

Poppies squander their fragile gold In the silvery aloe-drake; Coral and ivory lilies unfold Their delicate lives on the lake.

Kingfishers ruffle the feathery sedge,
And all the vivid air thrills
With butterfly-wings in the wild-rose hedge,
And the luminous blue of the hills.

CRADLE-SONG

O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus-stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew,
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fire-flies
Dance through the fairy stream;
From the poppy-bole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night, In golden light The stars around you gleam, On you I press With soft caress A little lovely dream.

WISDOM

1 If every day with glowing speech you teach the truth,

Will that give joy to woman's heart?

If in its lustrous beauty wisdom should be taught, Will understanding reach the ass?

If, bowing low, I kiss a golden idol's feet, Will kindly words flow from its mouth?

If sacred musk be used to make the forehead's mark, Will aught but pleasure greet the sense?

Chorus.—Will those who worship not the glory of the

Obtain the peace that springs from mukin

2. If truth be lost and falsehood take its hallowed place, Can man escape the doom of hell?

If vicious son should break a loving father's heart, Can pardon for such sin be found?

If sinful man despises that which God hath made, Can he o'ercome the world's contempt?

If one should take his neighbour's goods by guile, Will not the burglar steal his own?

Chorus.—Will those, &c

When sinners take delight in scorning godly men, Their folly can but hurt themselves.

Who robs the poor and him whose only friend is God, Shall live, yet call for death for pain.

When sages, for their gain, call folly good and wise,

The street shall hear them jeered as fools.

While nightfall guides the thief to rob the rich man's chest

Who guards the spoil of last night's theft? Chorus.—Will those, &c.

4. To him whose soul has left this earth to sink in God, Can youth or beauty bring a charm?

Can golden rings or muslins light as air adorn.
The forest yogee in his filth?

Does Vishinu leave without content or bliss or peace. The man who loses all for him?

Or can the man who worships not the golden feet Obtain the peace and bliss he needs? Chorus—Will those, &c.

5. Can he whom bonds of sense and earth no more restrain Neglect the customs of his sires?

Or he who knows the Shasters six—Can he, O Brahm—Absorption's bliss e'er fail to reach?

Great Vishnu's favour is a gem of worth: the man Who owns need fear no evil eye.

If thou wouldst reach this bliss, go, kiss the lovely feet Of Vishnu, Vilapura's king Chorus.—Will those, &c.

THE GOOD AND EVIL OF WEALTH

- 1. What fills the house with children good, And gives the taste of sweets and gliee? What saves from duns and bailiffs rude, And without which life cannot be? Sister, it is wealth. Chorus.—See, sister mine, the sorrows deep, That hide in wealth's great heap. Two sorrows dire great wealth must reap.
- What makes relations' need forget, 2 But saves in danger from the foe? What teaches men to tie a knot, And hate all change, as fraught with woe? Sister, it is wealth Chorus.—See, sister mine, the sorrows deep, &c.
- What makes the foolish wise again, And passes hosts of bad rupees? What sweeter than the sugar-cane, And if it fly leaves little ease? Sister, it is wealth Chorus.—See, sister mine, the sorrows deep, &c.
- What hides a bad repute, and brings A crowd of servants, courtiers gay? What loads with pearls and golden rings And stays sore trouble in its way? Sister, it is wealth. Chorus.—See, sister mine, the sorrows deep, &c.
- What brings the learned at one's nod, 5. Yet drives real friends from board and hall? What causeth men to turn from God-The great Purandala Vithal? Sister, it is wealth.

Chorus.—See, sister mine, the sorrows deep, &c.

THE COURSE OF LIFE

- I. Within my father's frame three months I passed,
 And then, unknowing, came to mother's womb.
 For nine long months—each day was as the last—
 I burned with pain within my living tomb.
 Before I knew my fate a year had gone—
 A year of pain. Oh Indra, Hear my moan!
 Chorus.—Oh, Sir, my youth is past, my youth is past!
- 2. Immured in darkness, vows I made to thee;
 But sorrow in my birth made me forget.
 When childhood came, not yet from sorrow free,
 To ease my pain my earnest mind was set.
 The filth of self made hell to gape around,
 Yet still I knew thee not—to earth was bound.
 Chorus.—Oh, Sir, my youth is past, &c.
- 3. My boyhood came. The dreams of sixteen years Ran through my soul. The sports of boys Drew me from thee. My follies drowned my fears, And lust enticed me on. I drew my joys From earth. Oh Vishnu! God! whose feet I left, My sorrow hear, who am of hope bereft Chorus.—Oh, Sir, my youth is past, &c.
- I grew to manhood, tall and straight as palm, Made friends with elders, middle-aged and youth. I went from house to house. Without a qualm My life I spent, nor feared nor sought the truth I fell—the sea of sin was ever nigh—And lost the sweetness of thy lotus-eye. Chorus.—Oh, Sir, my youth is past, &c.
- Now, old and imbecile I groan with pain, And sink beneath the swelling of the wave.

Paràndalà Vithàla, Lord, disdain Me not, but take me in the ship I crave— The sturdy ship, by meditation built. Save quickly, Lord of Lakshmi! Cleanse my guilt! Chorus.—Oh, Sir, my youth is past, &c.

THE BEST FRIEND

- One begs of others for a wife,
 On her bestows both rule and home,
 He counts her half of all his life.
 But when death comes, he dies alone.
 Chorus.—Of all good things the best are three—
 Wives, lands, and countless gain.
 Which is the dearest friend to thee?
- One mounts the throne of mighty kings,
 His palace girds with fort and wall;
 Of his great power the whole world rings,
 His lifeless corse to dogs will fall
 Chorus —Of all good things, &c.
- 3 King's grace, good luck, hard work and trade,
 May load with wealth of coin or land
 What tyrants leave, the moths invade;
 For riches fly like desert sand.
 Chorus.—Of all good things, &c.
- 4. In vain wives mourn, in vain sons weep, Wealth helps e'en less in death's last scene. Two things alone the gulf can leap— The sin, the good, our life has seen. Chorus.—Of all good things, &c.
- 5. In this weak frame put not your trust,
 But think on Him with inward calm
 Is your heart clean? For Him you lust?
 Then Vishnu is a healing balm.
 Chorus.—Of all good things, &c.

WHY I LAUGH

- I. One night I saw a man

 Kissing a harlot's lips.

 Next morn to bathe he ran,

 And prayed on finger tips!

 Chorus.—Oh, how I laugh! I laugh out loud.

 It makes me laugh to see the crowd,

 Such tricks they do. I oft have vowed

 I'd laugh no more: with it I'm bowed.
- 2. A woman left her house
 And joined a man as mean.
 She made a thousand vows
 And washed at holy stream!
 Chorus.—Oh, how I laugh, &c.
- J. I saw one live in lust, His gentle words were few. He fed upon a crust, And thought upon Vishnu! Chorus—Oh, how I laugh, &c.

TRUE PURITY

- The purity which keeps the soul?

 Behold the things the good resists,

 The works that make the wounded whole.

 Chorus—Oh man, why boastest thou in pride,

 The smallness of thy mind to screen?

 Go, bathe thy vile polluted hide

 In meditation's sacred stream.
- 2. Thy parents honour and obey,
 Release the prisoner from his chain,
 In Heaven's road for ever stay,
 And think on Vishnu's wondrous reign.
 Chorus.—Oh man, &c.
- 3. The common woman hate and scorn,
 At neighbour's head no hard words send,
 With honesty thy life adorn,
 Desire the things which please thy friend.
 Chorus.—Oh man, &c.
- Examine oft thy inner self,
 Deal justly in the market seat,
 Proclaim the truth at loss of pelf,
 Think long on Hari's golden feet.
 Chorus—Oh man, &c.
- 5. With good men let thy life be spent,
 True wisdom strive to understand,
 Read oft the Shastras God hath sent,
 And seek for good from Vishou's hand.
 Chorus—Oh man, &c.

- 6 Pay soon thy vows at sacred shrine,
 Despise not e'en the lowliest thing,
 Of evil eye fear not the shine,
 But meditate on Lakshmi's king
 Chorus.—Oh man, &c.
- 7 Abhor the pride that falsely tells
 That thou art good and clean,
 And bathe thy soul in sacred wells
 From meditation's stream
 Chorus.—Oh man, &c

LIFE

- If men have no health, Sir,
 What good is their wealth?
 If men have no wealth, Sir,
 What good is their health?
 If both of the twain should o'er him reign
 Do you think a good wife he will gain?
 Chorus.—Oh, Vishnu, thou wilt never give
 Thy grace—the good man's vital breath—
 To those who still in sin do live,
 Whose feet run in the way to death
- Our frame is a house, Sir,
 Short notice we get.
 Our wives have the nous, Sir,
 Examples they set.
 Our houses we quit, like smoke we flit
 But the next is as bad or worse fit.
 Chorus.—Oh, Vishnu, &c.
- 3. If life you will trust, Sir,
 Old Scratch will you nab.
 To death go you must, Sir,
 Your alms he will grab.
 "To-morrow" you say—'tis just your way—
 My advice is but this, give to-day.
 Chorus. -Oh, Vishnu, &c.
 - Oh, where will you be, Sir,
 In twenty-four hours?
 Grim death you will see, Sir,
 Your pleasure it sours
 You say you won't go? I'm sure you know
 How they grin as they hear you say so.
 Chorus.—Oh, Vishnu, &c.

D

- You see that men die, Sir,

 How sick you soon grow!

 You cannot tell why, Sir,

 In turn you must go.

 "That's mine, this is thine"—such is his whine.

 Better pray, so I say, while there's time.

 Chorus.—Oh, Vishnu, &c
- 6. Oh man, only dust, Sir.

 A weak broken reed!

 If flesh you would trust, Sir,

 A friend you will need.

 In Vishnu you'll find a tender mind,

 Take his feet to your heart—he'll be kind

 Chorus—Oh, Vishnu, &c

COORG HUTTARI OR HARVEST SONG

(Coorg)

Sun and moon the seasons make, Rule o'er all the sky they take God is Lord of heaven and earth All the joyous earnest toil Happy ryots give the soil, Our rich land is fully worth

Famous Jambudwipa's bounds
Circle many fertile grounds,
Which among them is the best?
Far above the highest hill
Mahameru's snows are still
Showing where the saints are blest.

Midst the beauteous forest trees
Brightest to the eye that sees
Is the brilliant Sampigè
Sweeter than the sweetest rose,
Purer than the mountain snows,
Better than mere words may say;—

Thus is Coorg the noblest land,
Rich and bright as golden band
On the neck where youth doth stay
In this happy lovely realm
No misfortunes overwhelm
Live and prosper while you may!

Now my friends with one accord,
Joyous on the verdant sward,
Sing we our dear country's praise.
Tell us then, from first to last,
All the wondrous glorious past,
Trolling out a hundred lays.

Like a robe of precious silk,
Green or golden, white as milk,—
Like the image in a glass,—
Bright as shines the sun at noon,
Or at night the silver moon,—
Sweet as fields with flowers and grass,—

Thus in happiness and peace,
Riches knowing no decrease,
Apparandra lived at ease.
In this glorious land he dwelt,
Forest girt as with a belt,
Coorg the blessed, green with trees

Soon he said within his heart,—
"Now's the time to do our part,
For the tilling of the field.
Sow we must, and speed the plough,
Dig and plant, spare no toil now,
Harvest then the ground will yield"

Thus he said, to Mysore went,
To her fairs his steps he bent,
Where the country met the town
Thirty-six great bulls he bought
Of the best and largest sort;
White and black, and some red-brown

Nandi, Mudda were one pair,
Bullocks both of beauty rare.
Yoked together were two more;
Choma, Kicha were they called.
With them was their leader stalled,
Kale, best among two score

Then did Apparandra say,—
"All my bulls will useless stay,
If I give not tools and plough"

Know ye why they worked so well? No? Then listen as I tell How he made those we have now.

Choosing sago for the pole,
At the end he made a hole;
Pushed the palm wood handle through.
Sampige was for the share,
On its edge he placed with care,
Iron plates to make the shoe

Sharp as tiger's claws the nail
Fixing to the share its mail.
Yoke and pins he made of teak
Strongly tied the whole with cane
Strong and lithe as any chain;
Other strings would be too weak.

When, in June, the early rain
Poured upon the earth and main,
Sweet as honey from the bee;
All the fields became as mud,
Fit for plough and hoe and spud,
Far as e'er the eye could see.

Then before the break of day,
Ere the cock began his say,
Or the sun had gilt the sky,
In the morning still and calm,
Twelve stout slaves who tilled the farm,
Roused the bullocks tethered nigh

Six and thirty bulls they drove
Through the verdant fragrant grove,
To the watered paddy field,
Brilliant 'neath the silver moon
As a mirror in the gloom,
Or at noon a brazen shield.

Turning then towards the east
Apparandra gave a feast,
Milk and rice, unto the Gods,
Then unto the rising sun
Glowing like a fire begun
Lifts his hands, his head he nods.

After that they yoke the bulls.

Each than other harder pulls,

The ground they quickly plough.

Day after day the work goes on,

For the seed seven times is done,

Then the harrow smooths the slough.

Six times more they plough the field Before the planting drill they wield. This requires full thirty days Then a dozen blooming maids Crowned with heavy glossy braids, Leave the house like happy fays

Each one brings into the fields
An offering to the God that shields
House and home from drought and pain.
Each one lifts her tiny hands,
Before the Sun a moment stands,
Offers thanks for heat and rain

Then they pluck the tender plant,
The in bundles laid aslant;
Twenty bundles make a sheaf.
Next the sheaves are carried thence
To their future residence,
Where they spend their life so brief.

But they only plough a part
Of the field to which they cart
Plants so tender and so young.

Just enough is done each day For the plants they have to lay The new-made soil among.

In the following month they weed,
Mend the bunds as they have need,
Place new plants where others died.
Two months after this they wait
Till with corn the ears are freight
Near the western ocean tide.

There the Huttri feast they make
For the bounteous harvest's sake.
Spreading ever towards the east
By the Paditora ghaut,
Gilding all the land about,
Coorg receives the Huttri feast

To the Padinalknad shrine
Gather all the Coorgi line,
Offering praise and honour due.
There they learn the proper day
From the priest who serves alway
Iguttappa Devaru

When at last the time has come,
And the year's great work is done
In our happy glorious land
When the shades are growing long,
All the eager people throng
To the pleasant village Mand.

First they praise the God they love,
Thronèd high the world above,
Then the Huttri games commence
And the evening glides away.
Singing, dancing, wrestling, they
Strive for highest excellence

When the seventh bright day begins, Each man for his household wins
Leaves of various sacred plants
Five of these he ties with silk
Then provides a pot of milk,
Ready for the festive wants.

When the evening shades draw nigh
Each the others would outvie
In rich and splendid dress
Thus they march with song and shout,
Music swimming all about,
For the harvest's fruitfulness

First they pray that God's rich grace
Still should rest upon their race.
Waiting till the gun has roared
Milk they sprinkle, shouting gay,
Polè! Polè! Devare!
Multiply thy mercies, Lord!

Soon the tallest stems are shorn
Of the rich and golden corn,
Carried home with shouts and glee
There they bind with fragrant leaves,
Hang them up beneath the eaves,
On the north-west pillar's tree.

Then at home they drink and sing,
Each one happy as a king,
Keeping every ancient way.
On the morrow young and old,
Dressed in robes of silk and gold,
Crowd the green for further play

Here they dance upon the sward, Sing the songs of ancient bard, Fight with sticks in combat fierce.

All display their strength and skill Wrestling, leaping, as they will;
Till with night the crowds disperse.

Last of all they meet again,
Larger meed of praise to gain,
At the district meeting place.
There before the nad they strive,
All the former joys revive,
Adding glories to the race?

Now, my friends, my story's done.

If you're pleased my end is won,
And your praise you'll freely give.

If I've failed, spare not to scold

Though I'm wrong or overbold,
Let the joyous Huttri live.

WEDDING SONG

Our sovereign be, protection give

Though Coorg is but a tiny land, It shineth like a pearly band Across the bosom of the earth.

Twelve valleys he within its girth, And thirty-five bright nads there are Amidst the whole the brightest far

Is that in which for aye doth bloom

A heavenly flower, whose rich perfume Has published Apparandra's name And from this house a great man came

Mandanna was a mighty man

Whose fame throughout the country ran For when he asked his Lord for land

The king could not his wish withstand,

But gave, without a price or fee,

The richest land his eyes could see. Then with his wealth he bought a band Of Holeyas to till his land.

He purchased next at prices great Sufficient bulls for his estate,—

To plough the field and drag the wain, To house the corn and tread the grain

With this Mandanna's toils were done,
And ease and comfort fully won.

But though he was a mighty man Mandanna would the future scan. For constantly this one idea

Would fill his mind and haunt his ear:—
"Much rice have I and costly dress,
But none to clothe or souls to bless

With precious stones my chests are rife,—
A useless heap when I've no wife.
And all my toil is toil in vain
Unless a child the house contain.
For no! There is no joy on earth
Without a wife or children's mirth
The tank that never gathers rain
Was surely dug and built in vain.

"Of little use is garden fair
Unless the flowers flourish there
For who would like to eat cold rice
Unless some curds should make it nice
So every house should have a son,
And little children in each room"

With thoughts like these within his heart
He needs must act a manly part.
So on a lovely Sunday morn,
The dew yet sparkling on the corn,
He took his meal, put on his best,
Then lifted up his hands and blessed
The God who through all time had cared
For him and those whose love he shared
His sturdy staff with silvered bend,
His arruva and trusted friend,
Were all the company he took
When he his house and home forsook
To seek through hill and dale a wife.
Through weary weeks of anxious life

He wandered all the land about,
Until his shoes were quite worn out

He sat and pondered on each green
Until his clothes were torn and thin.

So long he journeyed in the sun
His reeling brain was quite undone
And e'en his stick grew much too short
Although at first too long 'twas thought.

In every place the mighty man
Sought high and low, through every clan,
A girl who would be good and kind
At first no house would suit his mind
Perchance the house was good enough,
But there the servants were too rough
The servants might not be such fools,
But then he did not like the bulls.
The bulls were sometimes large and strong,
But then the lands were all tilled wrong
The culture perhaps could be set right,
The pastures then were poor and light
If all his carpings were in vain
The maid herself was very plain

At last he heard some joyful news, And hope his mind could not refuse Repaid his pains to bear so hard There livèd in the Nalkunad, In Pattamada's house and care, A maid of grace and beauty rare The maiden's name was Chinnawa When great Mandanna heard of her, The aruva and he set out And slowly like two men in doubt, Proceeded to the house, and sat Upon the pyall, where a mat Was placed beneath the leafy shade. When Chinnawa, the lovely maid, Was told that weary men from far Were come to them, she brought a jar Of water, poured it forth for them And next she brought a mat with hem Of gold, for them to sit upon Then at the door she waited long

[&]quot;My friend," she asked, "Why take you not The water from the silver pot?

Pray use it, and then call for more."
"I will, my dear one, and will pour
It on my feet, if always thou
Wilt give it as thou gav'st it now."

She answered, "If you come each day The water I will give alway"

"To-morrow I will come again,"
Mandanna thought, and so did deign
To wash his feet and hands and face
Then, seated in the highest place,
Mandanna said unto the maid,
"My pretty maiden, give thy aid
And tell where doth thy father stay."

Then she—"My father went this day
To join a meeting on the green"

"And where then hath thy mother been?"

"She went to grace a wedding feast At potter's village towards the east."

"Your brother, is he not within?"

"My brother took his bulls to win A load of salt from down the ghaut"

An hour or two were passed in thought
Before the father could return.
Mandanna's heart towards him did yearn,
He bowed and touched the old man's feet.
Another hour or two they wait,

And then the mother homeward came Mandanna bowed before the dame.

Once more an hour or two pass by And then the brother cometh nigh

To him Mandanna lowly bowed.

And now, in eager converse loud,

They talk about their friends and kin.

"Oh cousin dear," they all begin,

"We wish so much you'd let us know

For why you on your travels go?"

"My dearest father, I have heard Amongst the bullocks of your herd Are many that you wish to sell. "Tis also said, I trust it well, A lovely maiden dwelleth here Of age to wed this very year."

"Last month the bullocks were all sold Two months before, a suitor bold Was wedded to the lovely maid"

To this Mandanna answer made—
"Let those who went be as they will,
Give her to me that's maiden still"

Again the grey old farmer spoke—
"Why did you say before these folk
That I your dearest father am?"
Then wisely said that mighty man—
"Your lovely daughter I admire,
And hence I count you as my sire
The stately palm, when once 'tis seen,
Demands our ardent praise, I ween
But we forget to look once more
Upon a tree both old and poor"

Again the father spoke and said—
"I give to thee my dearest maid
If you will take her, give a pledge"

"Shake hands with me. I do allege Before these men, that I will wed The lovely maid," Mandanna said. "And as a pledge I give this coin"

And now with one accord they join,
Preparing for the marriage feast.
The father called the aged priest,
The women swept in merry mood,
The stores were filled with luscious food,
And all was ready for the night.
Then, where the beauteous brazen light
Hung from the ceiling's wooden beam,
The arrivas and friends did stream
From both the houses of the pair,
Betrothal rites to see and share,
And fix the lucky wedding day.

The bridegroom gave his blushing fay
A necklace all of yellow gold.
And, waiting till away had rolled
Eight slow-gone days and sleepless nights,
Claimed from his bride a husband's rights.

A CIRCLE OF THE SEASONS SUMMER

o, the season of heat has returned to us, my beloved, with the sun of fire, and tenderer moons by night, with our long bathing in mirror water broken by plunging bodies, and delicate evening ends in a spent ardour

Brown nights that are barred with lunar silver, and our palace open to the four breezes, wheels for the spreading and raising of waters, and bright jewel work, lo, these have returned to us, my beloved, because you desired them

The glory of our palaces within, a perfume floats there pure wine that wavers below the breath of the lover, inflaming mystical songs: midnight, and the hour for these things, the hour for lovers

The fever of Summer thickens in the heart of man, you can assuage and appease it, sorceress whose loins are great in silk, whose breasts are rubbed with sandal and set in pearl, whose hair, coming from the bath, is heavy with winged odour; sorceress having feet reddened by scented lac and arched under gold rings which chime like the song of the rose flamingo, their lines dream upward

Who would not know enervation because of women whose breasts are wetted with red sandal? Their garments of pearl are mingled with fresh jasmine, who would not feel ardour? Their haunches are held in gold

Robes are cast off from the tall breasts and quick bodies, there are but tissues afloat over their sweating 'Choose out a woman, for they are dressed in youth.

Sleep wakes under the kiss of fans, among singing and the calling of guitars and birds. The fans stroke scented breasts. Girls set a man on fire with eye glances on moon evenings.

While lovers, heavy with happiness, lie deep in the palaces, the moon grows white for shame, and pales as the night pales

The hot earth sends up dust to blind the wanderer, and he weeps for his woman. "Will there be water at the edge of the wood?" the deer say anxiously: they have seen a small cloud upon the sky life fard.

The burned snake fails in the ardent dust, she lowers her head and forgets her hatred. She comes to he under the shade of the prostrate peacock's tail spread high in the sunlight.

The breathless lion is dying, and his mane hangs piteously; the elephant with ivory swords esteems him not. He begs for water along the vanished rivers in the dust and the gold light. Also the wild boars dig into mud hairy with burnt grasses to escape the splendid sun.

The frog leaps from the dry marsh and goes to the snake, he lies under the black shadow of her swollen hood.

The buffaloes are driven, their muzzles are thick with a hot spume; lolling a baked tongue, each wanders wearily seeking for water

Many birds pant on the spoiled trees. A dying ape draws himself under the thicket. Grasshoppers have fallen on the last cistern.

The lake is a moving slime, filled with dying fishes and dead lilies; the water birds have gone from it; it is poached by the feet of the anxious elephant.

Fear takes us suddenly as we look down upon the dead fields, for there is fire in the forest. In pastures on all that is new and the green latest born. It flares in the brittle windy leaves, and they fly forth.

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The fire is a red flower; it eats the trees, the watery lianas and the buds on the branches. The wind is an angry fan, and the world a furnace. The crackings of the cane forest go clap from rock to rock, and the grasses burn; the beasts are cut off by the scarlet flame and go mad.

It climbs to the sky above the cotton trees. It is a gold snake in the crooks of the branches. It leaps at the sun and reddens the high storm of dead leaves.

The beasts come out from the burning forest, the elephants and the wild oven and the lions come out with sparks upon them. They seek the river bed, but it is filled with islets; then there is peace between them, as with men before death.

Ah. may the season be favourable to you, my beloved: a procession of mistresses, and night of terraced pleasure; the palace has beds of lotus over cool water, laughing patalas, rays of distracting moon.

SEASON OF RAINS

The clouds advance like rutting elephants, enormous and full of rain; they come forward as kings among tumultuous armies; their flags are the lightning, the thunder is their drum.

The clouds come forward and mass together, like the dark blue petals of the lotus, like the full breasts of nursing women, like sombre fard upon the face of the sky.

They spread in rain, falling with a new sound and pleasing the soul, in rain the desperate chataka birds have awaited and now drink drop by drop in the high air.

The traveller grows afraid under the thunder, for the clouds have strings of bright lightning and shoot forth arrows of hail. The earth is starred with coloured mushrooms and new shoots, young grasses glittering with lapis. As diamonds upon a woman, so are her fireflies upon the earth, gold shepherds of Indra

The tails of the peacocks are spread like separate flowers; they wake at the call of love and gather for dancing; the bees, supposing their feathers to be flowers, touch kisses among them.

The rivers are swollen with waves as tainted as harlots, they have burst their banks and snatched the trees away, and ever more swiftly roll to sea

The woods have taken on a pleasant tiring, shoots on the trees, carpets of young grasses, and lotus fretted by the teeth of gazelles.

We are moved unaware to see the antelopes on guard, with flower eyes, fearful among the clearings.

And nomen on black nights wrapped with cloud are brave in spite of the thunder, they go to love by paths made bright with lightning. When the rolling of the thunder takes them in the arms of their lovers, they forget their difference; they grip them in terror.

But the reglected woman is weeping, and throws her jewel and her flower and her scent from her. There are tears out of the blue likes which are her eyes, and her lips drink them; her lips which are the cups of red flowers

A thick and yellow stream, rolling insects and earth and grasses, comes down like a rearing snake. Its deep throat threatens the frogs, and they watch it with stupefaction.

The black bees forsake the cups of the lotus, being wined with love. They hurl themselves upon the plumes of the peacock, esteeming him to be lotus of a new sort. They make a deep music with their thundering.

The wood elephants run in sounding herds, for the sky is mad, and they would taste its madness. A thunder cloud of bees is about them, lured by the rutting foam on their white tusks, as white as lotus.

The rocks are wet beneath the kisses of the cloud, the streams are hastening: the dance of the mad peacocks, the scented marriage of rain to the young breeze, red mpas and orange kadambas: who is unmoved, my love?

The girls make themselves ready to be desirable, with mastic upon their mouths. They brighten their ears with coloured blossom. They set new pearls about their mpples, and let fall their hair.

Being and nature call in chorus: the rivers move forward and the lovers dream; rain is rustling, the peacock dances; the elephants trumpet and apes hunt for each other and the thickets glisten. And all things live and are moved and seek out their kind.

The sky has her lightnings and the bow of Indra; the women their diamonds and bright belts, but also crimson ketaki for their hair and blue keshara buds, also live jewels of kakubha to be their ear-rings.

The girl runs from her father's house to the bed of her lover; she has rubbed her body with sandal; she has thrown balm blossom among her hair, and sleeked it with black aguru. But the spirit of the deserted bride is rocked in the low clouds slowly, they are heavy with rain and blue with shadows; the lotus is a blue shadow rocking slowly.

Heat dies in the appeasing rain; the woods put out their joy in yellow flowers, in wind-touched branches, and buds breaking their capes like bursts of laughter.

The season has love garments for women, robes of mimosa and jasmine, scarce open blown flowers, and ronage ear-rings of the wet kadamba

Now we see women with strung pearls about red nipples, and with a white garment straining their haunches; a pleasant, an irresistible shade at their dividing, a godlike attraction.

The breeze, sifted with fresh rain, lilts in the flowerbended branches, stealing an odour from the pollens, bearing the souls of parted lovers

INDIAN DOHRAS (PEASANT POETRY) (Hindi)

'Tis Sawun; mark—the river flows With rippling eddies to the sea; The slender jasmine closer grows, And clings about its wedded tree

The lightning wantons with the rain,
And brighter seems to gleam around;
The peacock woos in jocund strain,
While laughing earth returns the sound

'Tis Sawun, love!—'twixt man and wife
Let no sad parting moment be,
Who journies now what gain or strife
In Sawun tears my love from me

A husband preparing to go a journey, is dissuaded from it by his wife; who tells him that it is now the month of Sawun, when all the works of Nature rejoice, and indulge in connubial joys. The Hindoo poets not only feigh the various and beautiful creepers that adorn their groves to be wedded to the more robust tress, but with the latitude of Orientalists, assign the sea as a husband to the rivers, and the lightning, which in Sawun, when the rainy season has completely set in, is very frequent, as a consort to the rain. That month falls about the middle of July, and in the reanimation of vegetable life, almost suspended by the preceding heats, presents to the delighted senses all the natural phenomena of the spring of Europe

The lively drum is heard around;
The tambourine and cymbals sound;
I in the flames of absence burn,
And languish for my love's return.

The women all around me sing, And own th' inspiring joys of spring; While I, from darts of ruthless love, Never-ending torments prove.

The amorous Kokil strains his throat, And pours his plaintive pleasing note; My breast responsive heaves with grief, Hopeless and reckless of relief.

When he again shall glad my hours, Then, girl, I'll take thy blooming flowers, But now my love is far away, Where should I place thy Busant gay?

The pangs of absence are sung in this little poem by a woman, who observes the general joy diffused around her, upon the approach of the Busunt or Spring.

If other voice than this was near, It seemed a worm within my ear. He went—I heard the dreadful sound; Yet both my ears unhurt I found.

Hid by my veil, my eyes have burned,—Yet weeks passed on;—nor he returned Then, heart, no more on love rely; Beat on, and Death himself defy.

A young girl so intoxicated with a first passion as to suppose that she could not survive a separation from her lover, finds, after he had quitted the village for some weeks, that her ears still served her to hear with, though they no longer received the soft sounds of his voice; and her eyes for all the purposes of vision, though no more impressed with the image of her beloved. In the above stanzas she expresses her astonishment at all this, and very wisely determines never again to involve herself in so fleeting and troublesome a passion.

Is it, sweet maid, the breathing flute
That tells to Love some plaintive suit;
While o'er the cup of Indra's bed
Passes a shade of deeper red?

Art thou some diuta's mistress bright, Or the fair sister of Delight? Or wit's gay parents art thou born,— Such winning words thy lips adorn?

No; thou art Music's melting queen; Or Love's enchanting bride I ween. And Muttra's shepherd owns thy flame, And Kokils stay their notes for shame

O fairest of the Muttra maids! While thy soft voice my soul pervades, Seems on thy rosy hips to die The Beena's heavenly minstrelsy.

A soft voice has in all ages and by all nations been deemed an irresistible charm, and a proper subject for poetic praise, in the above stanzas of Kesheo Das, Krishna is supposed to celebrate, and certainly not inelegantly, the voice of his beloved Rhada

TO BURKA

From the full clouds descend, and drench the plains. Quick lightnings flash along the turbid sky, Pierce the fresh moisten'd earth, and parch it dry. O'er the pale moon a showery veil is thrown; The frequent floods the lily's leaflet drown; Like curling dust the distant showers appear, And the swan flies before the watery year. Dark with her varying clouds, and peacocks gay, See Burka comes, and steals our hearts away.

Mark,—her slender form bend low, As the zephrs lightly blow! Mark,—her robe, like blossoms rare, Scatter fragrance on the air! See, her face as soft moon beaming; From her smiles ambrosia streaming; And on brows, more white than snow, See, the raven tresses glow. Lotus-like her dewy feet Treasures yield of nectar'd sweet: Light as on her footsteps pass, Blushes all the bending grass; And rings of jewels, Beauty's powers, Freshen into living flowers: While brighter tints, and rosier hues, All the smiling earth suffuse

Her forehead some fair moon; her brows a bow, Love's pointed darts, her piercing eyebeams glow: Her breath adds fragrance to the morning air, Her well-turned neck as polished ivory fair. Her teeth pomegranate seeds,—her smiles soft lightnings are.

Her feet, light leaves of lotus on the lake, When with the passing breeze they gently shake;

Her movements, graceful as the Swan, that laves
His snowy plumage in the rippling waves,
Such, godlike youth, I've seen; a maid so fair;
Than gold more bright, more sweet than flower-fed air!

In the above little poem, an old woman is supposed to describe to Kunya the charms of a nymph who, like all her companions, was a candidate for his notice. The poet has indulged his fancy in particularizing her several attractions. The simile of the lotus is not less just; whose velvet leaf always floats on the surface of the water, seeming scarcely to rest upon it.

To view the waning moon at evening hour, Fasting, a lovely maid ascends her bower; Herself a full-orbed moon!—though brighter gleamed The rays of beauty that around her beamed. The women, wondering, from their Pooja ceased; And thus with taunts addressed the wondering Priest: "To you is heavenly science given!—then say, Is't the full moon, or only Chout to-day?"

On the fourth of the month Katik, the Hindu women fast till the moon rises; when they offer up Pooja, or sacrificial rites; praying at the same time that their husbands may not grow prematurely old. The day is called "Kurwa Chout"; chout signifying fourth, and kurwa being the name of certain little earthen vessels, which the women stain with a mixture of rice and turmeric called aipun, and filling them with water and grass, place them before figures drawn upon the wall, called Ahoi; where they are left till the festival of the Diwalee, which occurs nine days afterwards. The Hindu months commence on the day subsequent to the full moon (Poorum masee); and the foregoing lines describe a beautiful young woman ascending her balcony to await the rising of the planet on the evening of the Kurwa Chout.

Though hair as black as glossy raven, On me's bestowed by bounteous Heaven; The gift I find a source of pain; Yet who of Heaven may dare complain? They sneer, and scoff, and taunting swear I'm proud, because my face is fair, And how should such a child as I Restrain their cruel raillery? My mother, if I stir, will chide, My sister watches by my side; And then my brother scolds me so, My cheeks with constant blushes glow: Ah then, kind Heaven! restore to me The happy days of infancy; And take this boasted youth again, Productive but of care and pain!

A merry group at evening hour Kunya spied in shady bower, Lovely as pearls on lady's breast, And Rhada shone above the rest Sweetly to their chiming bells, On the glad ear the chorus swells, And, as so true they strike the ground, Each heart grows lighter at the sound. Th' enraptured youth no more concealed, At once his radiant form revealed. And how shall I by words convey Their consternation and dismay! Their cheeks, till then unknown to shame, Now redden with the mantling flame; And their sweet eyes, of lotus hue, Bend just like lilies filled with dew.

TO KRISHNA

Tor thy dark form and look divine, The god of love upon thy shrine A million times I'd lay; And give the riving flame of night In millions, for those smiles of light Around thy lips that play.

O let a million moons redeem
The glorious sun, whose cheering beam
Illumes thy awful face!
And let me for thy nature bland
A million suns, with pious hand,
Upon thy altar place!
The trembling lilies of the lake
In blooming millions let me take,
Meet offering for thine eyes!
Come then—descend into my soul;—
There dwell and reign without control,
Bright regent of the skies!

Why should I Baids or Shasturs name,
The venerable leaves, that claim
Our pious care and love,—
The three vast worlds unawed I'd take,
Nor shrink to offer for thy sake,
Sweet gardener of the grove!

Pleasure and pain pass away; and wealth and poverty depart from us O, therefore, learn wisdom.

The land remains not, nor the landholder; the princes of the land remain not: yet be thou fixed, O my soul

If love or hatred, avarice, passion, or pride, have influenced thee; now, O my heart, receive the rigid lessons of virtue:

They admonish thee night and day to cry, Rhada Krishn! Rhada Krishn! Rhada Krishn!

On an enemy, a prisoner, a trader, a gamester, a thief, or a liar,

An adulterer, a diseased man, a debtor, or a whoremaster, (On the whoremaster especially) place no reliance. Let them swear an hundred oaths; but believe not one. The poet Gidhur has said, if an enemy enters your house, Though he vows eternal friendship he is still an enemy.

It becometh not a gentleman to desert his patron The tiger to skulk from the elephant; Wisdom to dwell in darkness; A warrior to shun the combat: An adviser to speak words of detriment; A Pundit to forget his learning; A man of noble birth to associate with the vile, Nor a wise man to consort with harlots

Shame to him who solicits without worth,
Shame to him who beholds worth, and is not pleased;
Shame to him who is pleased, yet bestows not,
Shame to him who bestows with reluctance;
Shame to the gift that is without sincerity,
Shame to the sincerity that is without conscience;
Shame to the conscience untempered with mercy,
Shame to mercy when extended to a foe;
Shame to the foe who cannot dive into the heart,
Shame to the heart, where the mind is without honour;
Shame to the honour that is devoid of wisdom,
Shame to wisdom which is without the fear of God.

Your anger cease, and know me still The humble bearer of his will.
You, who have seen and shared his pleasant ways,
On me your rage and scorn unjustly pour:
Truly I state, what he in pity says;
Nor dare say less, nor add one sentence more.

Lord of three worlds, a present Godhead named,
What single tongue to speak his praise may dare!
Wanton you've known him still as colt untamed;
And sportive as the bee in summer air.

With him the days of infancy rolled by;—
And is he now a traitor deemed by you!
You're doubtless wise;—and poor of wit am I—
Speak what you will; I'm bound to call it true

Yet still my heart would heal this mortal hate;
If I speak false, may wealth, may honour fly!—
Softened, they own 'tis hard the bolts of Fate
To shun; and sighing, yield to Destiny.

Why on my neck with fondness hang?—
I am not she, who all night long
Upon thy panting bosom lies;
Who can thy wasted flesh imbue,
With Chumpa's dye, of yellow hue,
With Goolilala tinge thine eyes

Go thou perverse; nor foolish, say,
That heart can own another's sway,
Which once for thee has fondly beat:
With neem-leaves who would heat his lip,
That e'er had known the bliss to sip
The cooling grapes' delicious treat?

In vain I court the noon-tide rays, In vain I wrap my cloak of baize;— Fierce winter reigns; nor will give place, But to a warm and fond embrace.

Yes, genial warmth has fled the earth, And yields to chilling winter's wrath: But, banished, finds a place of rest, Impregnable,—in Woman's breast

Say, lovely moon,—say, deer-eyed maid Whose locks like lilies wave in air, While this green Kewra scorns to fade, Say, why neglect a form so fair?

O, would the Kewra's leaves were sere!
In ashes would the village lay!
For he, those false hands placed it here,
From love and me stays far away!

And why should the Kewra's leaves be sere?

Or, tell me, why the village burned?—

For he, whose true hands placed it here,
Behold, in beggar's garb returned.

Was paper then more dear than gold?—
Or ink more scarce than rubies bright?
Were slender reeds for thousands sold,
One line of love you could not write?

I strove;—but only strove, to sigh;—
When memory placed thee in my sight,
My fingers failed, my heart beat high.—
I strove in vain;—I could not write.

A man, soon after his marriage with a beautiful young girl, is obliged to travel into some distant country. Upon taking leave of his bride, he plants a Kewra (supposed to be the spikenard), in the garden, and bids her observe it well; for that, so long as it continued to flourish, all would be right with him; but should she, on the contrary, behold it wither and die away, she might be assured that some fatal accident had happened to himself. After several years' absence, the man returns to his own country, and resolves to appear before his wife in the character of a Jogee, or Hindu mendicant; and thus to ascertain how she had employed herself during his long absence. He finds her listless and sad; her person and dress neglected; and her sole employment, watching and weeping over the still flourishing Kewra plant. The above dialogue then takes place between them.

The terrace now she gains,—and now Unwearied seeks again the ground. Like juggler's ball tossed to and fro, And fast in Love's soft fetters bound.

A cord, of eager glances spun,
They mount, what will not lovers dare!
From roof to roof on eye-beams run,
And darts like vaulters through the air

In these stanzas, a girl is described as anxiously expecting the appearance of her lover, upon the terraces of their respective houses: and in a metaphor, allowable perhaps only to an Asiatic poet, their transport upon seeing each other is depicted

Wife, why thus sadly gaze around,
And why thus heave such sighs profound,
And whence these strange alarms?
Husband, because thy locks are grey,
And all thy youth hath passed away,
In wicked syrens' arms

Disclose that lovely face, sweet maid,
And glad the eyes of all around
No,—for the lily's bloom will fade;
And taunts the vanquished moon confound

From my Love's hair some loosened tresses hung,
And angry round her ring of jewels grew.

Just like, at early dawn, a snake's soft young,
Curling with eager fold to sip the dew.

In this stanza, the poet merely means to say that a lock of his mistress' hair was blown by the wind and entangled in her ear-ring. The constant strife between the natural and artificial ornament is a favourite fiction of the Hindu poets.

How that dark little spot on thy chin Enhances thy beauty and power! 'Tis a rose, and a poor bee within, Deceived, lies entranced in the flower.

My eyes as sly robbers I use,

To ensnare silly hearts passing by,

And when bound by a smile for a noose,

In that dimple I plunge them,—to die

A fatal dart upon her brow she placed,
And once upon her lover turned to gaze;
And slow rettred, and peeping as she paced,
Gleamed like the flashing of a sudden blaze.

Wear not rings and chains of gold, And deem the words of friendship true, Like rust upon a polished mould Of steel they seem, when worn by you.

These jewels on my neck are tied, And crimson dyes my feet adorn, Not to increase my beauty's pride, But mark a matron's honoured form.

A handsome woman, richly adorned with jewels and other ornaments, is addressed in the street by a man, who pays her the compliment contained in the first of the above stanzas, in the second she replies, and delicately reproves his presumption. It will be recollected that among the Hindus married women only are permitted to wear such ornaments.

Eager my lover tow'rds me run;
His hand an army, and his plan
The careless city to surprise:
But my eyes form a fortress good,
And eye-lashes a fencing wood,
Where modesty securely lies

Enter quick, O fly the place!—
Veil, O Veil, thy fairer face!—
See, you planet's fate delayed,
See, the monster's grasp is stayed!—
Thou, whose face no spot defiles,
Dread his force, and dread his wiles;
Soon a meaner prey he'll free,
And quit a moon less pure, for thee.

The popular superstition of the Hindus respecting an eclipse of the moon is that it is caused by a giant, who attacks and devours the planet, in revenge for her having, in conjunction with the sun, discovered him when, in the disguise of a Deota, or good spirit, he endeavoured to secure a portion of the Umvit, or water of life. It is necessary to premise so much that the English reader may comprehend the foregoing lines, which are supposed to be addressed to a beautiful woman looking at an eclipse of the moon from her terrace.

The spring returns with all its joyous train, Yet he so fondly lov'd, stays far away. My fluttering soul will quit its present clay, In some avenging form to live again

A fowler's, to ensnare the murmuring dove, Or monster's fell, to quench the moon's pale light, Or his fierce eye, the Lord of wondrous night, Whose lightning glance consum'd the god of love

The transmigration of souls is one of the doctrines of the Hindu religion. In the preceding stanzas, a young bride laments the protracted absence of her husband, and wishes that after death she may revive in some form to avenge herself on the objects which now increase her misery by exciting the tenderest emotions, the ring dove, the full moon, and the God of love himself.

O say, within that coral cell
What mighty magic power can dwell,
That cheats my hopes, my sight misleads,
And makes my pearls seem coral beads!
In those black eyes now fury burns;
To crabs'—eyes all my coral turns!
But see, she smiles,—my fears were vain,
My worthless beads are pearls again.

The daughter of a certain Raja, young and beautiful, fell suddenly into a deep melancholy. No art was left untried to effect a cure; plays and pantomimes were acted before her; the most ridiculous mimics and buffoons were sent for, and exhibited in her presence. but all in vain, The young Ranee could by no means be induced to smile. At length a facetious Brahman undertook to cure her; and, in the character of a jeweller, offered some fine pearls for sale. The above lines contain the Brahman's speech, with its effect the first hyperbole failed; but in the next attempt he was more successful.

INDIAN EPIGRAMS

(Hındı)

VII

Or droop in virgin rue,

The prattling words of wonder uncontrolled
When world and life are new:

The startled flight and dallying slow return, And all their girlish sport,— Ah me, that they time's ruinous truth must learn, Their flowering be so short!

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My love within a forest walked alone, All in a moonlit dale; And here while she rested, weary grown, And from her shoulders threw the wimpled veil To court the little gale.

I, peering through the thicket, saw it all, The yellow moonbeams fall, I saw them mirrored from her bosom fly Back to the moon on high.

XI

I fair Acoka-tree, with love's own red Thy boughs are all aflame; Whither, I pray thee, hath my wanton fled? This way I know she came

In vain thy nodding in the wind, thy sigh Of ignorance assumed, I know because my flower-love wandered by For joy thy branches bloomed

I know thee: ever with thy buds unblown, Till touched by maiden's foot; And thou so fair—one fairest maid alone Hath trod upon thy root.

XX

Harder than faces in a glass designed, A woman's heart to bind, with Like mountain paths up cragged heights that twist, Her ways are lightly missed

Like early dew-drops quivering on a leaf, Her thoughts are idly brief; And errors round her grow, as on a vine The poison-tendrils twine.

IXXX

Oil from the sand a man may strain, If chance he squeeze with might and main; The pilgrim at the magic well Of the mirage his desert thirst may quell.

So travelling far a man by luck
May find a hare horned like a buck;
But who by art may straighten out
The crooked counsels of a stubborn lout?

XXXIV

I saw an ass who bore a load
Of sandal wood along the road,
And almost with the burden bent,
Yet never guessed the sandal scent;
So pedants bear a ponderous mass
Of books they comprehend not,—like the ass

XL

This have I done, and that will do, And this half-done must carry through, So busied, bustling, full of care, Poor fools, Death pounces on us unaware.

To-day is thine, fulfil its work, Let no loose hour her duty shirk; Still ere thy task is done, comes Death, The Finisher,—he ends it with thy breath.

XLV

O'er perilous mountain roads with pain I've journeyed, yet acquired no gain, The pride of birth I have forsworn And toiled in service, yet no profit borne

In strange homes where I blushed to go My food I've taken, like the crow, And eaten shame Oh lust of gold! Oh Greed! that younger grow'st as I wax old!

XLIX

I see a dog—no stone to shy at him; Yonder a stone—no dog's in view. There is your dog, here stones to try at him—The king's dog! what's a man to do?

LIV

The harvest ripens as the seed was sown, And he that scattered reaps alone,—
So from each deed there falls a germ
That shall in coming lives its source affirm.

Unseen they call it, for it lurks
The hidden spring of present works;
Unknown before, even as the fruit
Was undiscovered in the vital root.

And he that now impure hath been, Impure shall be, the clean be clean; We wrestle in our present state With bonds ourselves we forged,—and call it Fate.

LXV

Seated within this body's car
The silent Self is driven afar,
And the five senses at the pole
Like steeds are tugging restive of control.

And if the driver lose his way, Or the reins sunder, who can say In what blind paths, what pits of fear Will plunge the chargers in their mad career?

Drive well, O Mind, use all thy art, Thou charioteer!—O feeling Heart, Be thou a bridle firm and strong! For the Lord rideth and the way is long.

LXIX

A hundred years we barely keep, Yet half of this is lost in sleep; And half our waking time we spend In the child's folly and the old man's end

And of the hours remaining, fears
And gaunt disease and parting tears
Are all the prize:—fie on the slave
Who life more values than a buddling wave!

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Fallen our father, fallen who bore
For us the pangs—they went before.
And some without years grew, but they,
They too now tread on memory's dusty way.

And we ourselves from morn to morn Now shiver like old trees forlorn Upon a sandy shore, and all Our care the lapping waves that haste our fall.

THE POSSESSION OF LOVE

(Kurral)

ND is there bar that can even love restrain? The tiny tear shall make the lover's secret plain.

The loveless to themselves belong alone; The loving men are others' to the very bone.

Of precious soul with body's flesh and bone, The union yields one fruit, the life of love alone.

From love fond yearning springs for union sweet of minds; And that the bond of rare excelling friendship binds.

Sweetness on earth and rarest bliss above, These are the fruits of tranquil life of love.

The unwise deem love virtue only can sustain, It also helps the man who evil would restrain.

As sun's fierce ray dries up the boneless things, So loveless beings virtue's power to nothing brings

The loveless soul, the very joys of life may know, When flowers, in barren soil, on sapless trees, shall blow.

Though every outward part complete, the body's fitly framed;

What good, when soul within, of love devoid, lies halt and maimed?

Bodies of loveless men are bony framework clad with skin,

Then is the body seat of life, when love resides within.

THE UTTERANCE OF PLEASANT WORDS

PLEASANT words are words with all pervading love that burn;

Words from his guileless mouth who can the very truth discern.

A pleasant word with beaming smile's preferred, Even to gifts with liberal heart conferred.

With brightly beaming smile, and kindly light of loving eye,
And heart sincere, to utter pleasant words is charity.

The men of pleasant speech that gladness breathe around, Through indigence shall never sorrow's prey be found.

Humility with pleasant speech to man on earth, Is choice adornment; all besides is nothing worth

Who seeks out good, words from his lips of sweetness flow;

In him the power of vice declines, and virtues grow.

The words of sterling sense, to rule of right that strict adhere,

To virtuous action prompting, blessings yield in every sphere.

Sweet kindly words, from meanness free, delight of heart In world to come and in this world impart.

Who sees the pleasure kindly speech affords, Why makes he use of harsh, repellent words?

When pleasant words are easy, bitter words to use, Is leaving sweet ripe fruit, the sour unripe to choose.

ROYALTY

THE GREATNESS OF A KING

N army, people, wealth, a minister, friends, fort. six things—
Who owns them all, a lion lives amid the kings.

Courage, a liberal hand, wisdom, and energy. these four Are qualities a king adorn for evermore

A sleepless promptitude, knowledge, decision strong. These three for aye to rulers of the land belong

Kingship, in virtue failing not, all vice restrains, In courage failing not, its honour grace maintains.

A king is he who treasure gains, stores up, defends, And duly for his kingdom's weal expends.

Where king is easy of access, where no harsh word repels, That land's high praises every subject swells.

With pleasant speech, who gives and guards with powerful, liberal hand,
He sees the world obedient to his command

Who guards the realm and justice strict maintains. That king as god o'er subject peoples reigns.

The king of worth, who can words bitter to his ear endure, Beneath the shadow of his power the world abides secure.

Gifts, grace, right sceptre, care of people's weal. These four a light of dreaded kings reveal.

LEARNING

So learn that you may full and faultless learning gain, Then in obedience meet to lessons learnt remain

The twain that lore of numbers and of letters give Are eyes, the wise declare, to all on earth that live.

Men who learning gain have eyes, men say; Blockheads' faces pairs of sores display.

You meet with joy, with pleasant thought you part, Such is the learned scholar's wondrous art!

With soul submiss they stand, as paupers front a rich man's face:

Yet learned men are first; th' unlearned stand in lowest place.

In sandy soil, when deep you delve, you reach the springs below;

The more you learn, the freer streams of wisdom flow.

The learned make each land their own, in every city find a home;

Who, till they die, learn nought, along what weary ways they roam!

The man who store of learning gains, In one, through seven worlds, bliss attains.

Their joy is joy of all the world, they see; thus more The learners learn to love their cherished lore.

Learning is excellence of wealth that none destroy, To man nought else affords reality of joy.

IGNORANCE

IKE those at draughts would play without the chequered square,

Men void of ample lore would counsels of the learned share.

Like those who doat on hoyden's undeveloped charms are they,
Of learning void, who eagerly their power of words display.

The blockheads, too, may men of worth appear, If they can keep from speaking where the learned hear!

From blockheads' lips, when words of wisdom glibly flow, The wise receive them not, though good they seem to show.

As worthless shows the worth of man unlearned, When council meets, by words he speaks discerned.

"They are": so much is true of men untaught; But, like a barren field, they yield us nought!

Who lack the power of subtle, large, and penetrating sense, Like puppet, decked with ornaments of clay, their beauty's vain pretence.

To men unlearned, from fortune's favour greater evil springs
Than poverty to men of goodly wisdom brings.

Lower are men unlearned, though noble to their race, Than low-born men adorned with learning's grace.

Learning's irradiating grace who gain, Others excel, as men the bestial train.

KNOWING THE FITTING TIME

Chow will conquer owl in broad daylight;
The king that foes would crush, needs fitting time to fight.

The bond binds fortune fast is ordered effort made, Strictly observant still of favouring season's aid

Can any work be hard in very fact, If men use fitting means in timely act?

The pendant world's dominion may be won, In fitting time and place by action done

Who think the pendant world itself to subjugate, With mind unruffled for the fitting time must wait

The men of mighty power their hidden energies repress As fighting ram recoils to rush on foe with heavier stress

The glorious ones of wrath enkindled make no outward show

At once, they bide their time, while hidden fires within them glow.

If foe's detested form they see, with patience let them bear, When fateful hour at last they spy,—the head lies there

When hardest gain of opportunity at last is won, With promptitude let hardest deed be done

As heron stands with folded wing, so wait the waiting hour,

As heron snaps its prey, when fortune smiles, put forth your power

MINISTERS OF STATE

THE OFFICE OF MINISTER OF STATE

MINISTER is he who grasps with wisdom large, Means, time, work's mode, and functions rare he must discharge.

A minister must greatness own of guardian power, determined mind,

Learn'd wisdom, manly effort with the former five combined.

A minister is he whose power can foes divide, Attach more firmly friends, of severed ones can heal the breaches wide

A minister has power to see the methods help afford, To ponder long, then utter calm, conclusive word

The man who virtue knows has use of wise and pleasant words,

With plans for every season apt, in counsel aid affords.

When native subtilty combines with sound scholastic lore, 'Tis subtilty surpassing all, which nothing stands before.

Though knowing all that books can teach, 'tis truest tact To follow common sense of men in act.

'Tis duty of the man in place aloud to say
The very truth, though unwise king may cast his words
away.

A minister who by king's side plots evil things Worse woes than countless foemen brings.

For gain of end desired just counsel nought avails To minister, when tact in execution fails.

HONOUR

Though linked to splendours man no otherwise may gain, Reject each act that may thine honour's clearness stain

Who such the glory to combine honour's untarnished fame,

Do no inglorious deeds, though men accord them glory's

Bow down thy soul, with increase blest, in happy hour;

Lift up thy heart, when stript of all by fortune's power.

Like hairs from off the head that fall to earth, When fall'n from high estate are men of noble birth

If meanness, slight as "abrus" grain, by men he wrought,
Though like a hill their high estate, they sink to nought.

It yields no praise, nor to the land of gods throws wide the gate:
Why follow men who scorn, and at their bidding wait?

Better 'twere said, "He's perished!" than to gain The means to live, following in foeman's train

When high estate has lost its pride of honour meet, Is life, that nurses this poor fish, as nectar sweet?

Like the wild ox that of its tuft bereft, will pine away, Are those who, of their honour shorn, will quit the light of day.

Who, when dishonour comes, refuse to live, their honoured memory

Will live in worship and applause of all the world for aye!

POVERTY

Ou ask what sharper pain than poverty is known;
Nothing pains more than poverty, save poverty
alone.

Malefactor matchless! poverty destroys This world's and the next world's joys.

Importunate desire, which poverty men name, Destroys both old descent and goodly fame.

From penury will spring, 'mid even those of noble race, Oblivion that gives birth to words that bring disgrace

From poverty, that grievous woe, Attendant sorrows plenteous grow

Though deepest sense, well understood, the poor man's words convey.

Their sense from memory of mankind will fade away.

From indigence devoid of virtue's grace, The mother e'en that bare, estranged, will turn her face.

And will it come to-day as yesterday,
The grief of want that eats my soul away?

Amid the flames sleep may men's eyelids close, In poverty the eye knows no repose.

Unless the destitute will utterly themselves deny, They cause their neighbour's salt and vinegar to die

THE PRAISE OF HER BEAUTY

FLOWER of the sensitive plant! than thee More tender's the maiden beloved by me.

You deemed, as you saw the flowers, her eyes were as flowers, my soul,

That many may see; it was surely some folly that over you stole!

As tender shoot her frame, teeth, pearls, around her odours blend;

Darts are the eyes of her whose shoulders, like the bambû, bend.

The lotus, seeing her, with head demiss, the ground would eye,

And say, "With eyes of her, rich gems who wears, we

The flowers of the sensitive plant as a girdle around her she placed,

The stems she forgot to mp off; they'll weigh down the delicate waist.

The stars perplexed are rushing wildly from their spheres;
For like another moon this maiden's face appears

In moon, that waxing, waning shines, as spots appear, Are any spots discerned in face of maiden here?

Farewell, O moon! If that thene orb could shine Bright as her face, thou shouldst be love of mine.

If as her face, whose eyes are flowers, thou wouldst have charms for me,

Shine for my cyes alone, O moon, shine not for all to see!

The flower of the sensitive plant, and the down on the swan's white breast,

As the thorn are harsh, by the delicate feet of this maiden pressed.

PATIENCE

(Kurral)

Mow good are they who bear with scorn And think not to return it!
They're like the earth that giveth corn
To those who dig and burn it.

E'en when you can repay in kind, Reproach should e'er be borne with But not to keep the thing in mind Is best to repay scorn with.

No poverty so deep as that Which leaves the stranger cheerless No strength so mighty in combat As his whom right makes fearless

Should you desire to bear for aye
A name of highest merit?
Then patience should adorn each day
And exercise thy spirit.

None can esteem a hasty boor, Yet all will love the peaceful. For they are like a golden store, So sweet they are and blissful.

Resentful hearts may joy a while;
It will not last the morrow.
But long as earth with flowers shall smile
The meek shall know no sorrow.

Though men should injure you, their pain Should lead thee to compassion.
Do nought but good to them again, Else look to thy transgression.

The proud are hateful to their friends,
Offend when they caress you
Be patient—they will make amends,
Be overcome and bless you.

Ascetics should be holy folk,
But those who bear with rudeness,
E'en when intended to provoke,
Are blessed with far more goodness

'Tis good to overcome desire,
Abstain from dainty dishes.
To better things thou shouldst aspire,
Endure discourteous speeches

LOVE

Oan the skill of man devise
Aught to bar love's sway?
When we would its hopes disguise,
Tearful eyes betray.

Loveless natures, cold and hard, Live for self alone. Hearts where love abides regard Self as scarce their own.

Love and virtue once were wed In the days of old, Soul and body then were bred As we now behold.

Love begetteth strong desire,
Thirst for intercourse
This createth something higher—
Friendship's sacred force.

Heaven's happiness, they say, Crowns the good above. It began when virtue lay In the arms of love.

Vice from love doth often grow,
Love from deepest sin
Yet the foolish say they know
Love is virtue's kin

Thus is it when virtue firm
Hath no loving goal,—
As the sun doth burn the worm,
So it kills the soul

In his home the loveless man Withers as he lives.

Like a tree beneath a ban,

Which no stream relieves.

What will active limbs avail,
Lands or growing wealth,
If no love o'er all prevail
Giving manly health?

Where the body hath a soul,
Love hath gone before.
Where no love infills the whole,
Dust it is, no more.

CHILDREN

In all the world there is no greater good than this— To have between the knees a son Whose intellect is bright.

The evils of the seven births shall ne'er be his Whose sons are free from vice, and shun The deed that hates the light.

Men call their sons their wealth because they reap in bliss. The good they do the little one. Whose weakness is his might.

The rice in which their child's small hand has played, I wis, Is sweeter to the parents' tongue

Than could the Gods invite.

What touch is sweeter than our children's loving kiss? What sound thrills deeper than the tone Of childhood's wild delight?

"The pipe is sweet, the lute is sweet," say they who miss The music of their child's hot fun, When play is at its height

One mighty good a father gives his children is To be the best when wise words run From lips in learned fight

To e'en the greatest man it cannot be amiss To joy in that his son has come Where higher views excite.

The mother when she hears her darling son called wise, Joys more than when his life begun,
And he first blessed her sight.

That son is good whose life compels the crowd to guess—
"What penance has the father done
To get a son so bright?"

THE WIFE

THE wife who excels in the duties of home And prudently spends the household means, Is a help-meet indeed wherever she come, Though still in her teens

The house may be great, may be rich and well known,
And full of the rarest that money can buy;
Yet all are as nothing if the wife be a drone,—
Will not even try

What can that householder desire or wish more
Who has a good wife to take charge of his folk?
But if she be bad, e'en the richest is poor,
And death will invoke

What treasure on earth can compare with the prize That falls to the man who obtains a good wife? As stable and chaste as the lofty blue skies. She brightens his life.

Each morning adoring her own master and swain,
Forgetting the God that is greater than he,
She yet so prevails—if she say "let it rain,"
A storm there will be.

Who guards from reproach her own matronly fame,
And cares for her husband throughout his whole life,
Preserveth unsullied the family-name,—
She is a true wife

The guard of a woman is chastity's fence,
Without it defenceless and shameless is she
High walls might prevent her departure from thence,
Yet guilty she'd be.

The wife that due reverence pays to her lord Will reap her reward in the heavens above; The Gods in their Swerga high place will afford, And her they will love.

No husband can walk with a honlike tread, Be bold when his neighbours or foes should revile, Whose wife has not chastity's mantle o'erspread; But selleth her smile.

Good children are jewels adorning the wife Who crowneth her husband with loving delight. Her excellence seizes all causes of strife, Withdraws them from sight.

THE HUSBAND

He who is a firm support
Of the good wherever found,
With domestic bliss is fraught
And his joys abound.

Household joys shall crown his head Who doth aid the helpless poor, Pays due reverence to the dead, Opens wide his door.

Man's whole duty is expressed
In five-fold service and its cost—
Done to God, himself, his guest,
Those he loves, and lost.

Sons shall always fill the house Where the master shares his food With the poor; and ne'er allows Vice to taint his good.

Love and virtue when combined Wedded life to bless and guard, Show its worth as God designed And its great reward

He who rules his house in peace, Making virtue's rule his law, Hath mighty ment, swift release; No recluse hath more.

Thousands strive for future bliss He comes nearest to the goal Who at home is not remiss, Blessing every soul

Swerving not from virtue's path,
Ruling well the household store,
Sheltering hermits by his hearth,—
Penance can no more.

Marriage is a virtue true:

Marrying not is sometimes right
But, amongst a world, how few
Can abstain aright.

Who on earth in wedlock lives
As the strictest duty calls,
Place among the Gods receives,
Rests in heavenly halls

THE EXCELLENCE OF RAIN

'Is the showers sustain All nature's domain, Fit name is Ambrosia for life-giving rain

'Tis the showers of rain
That produce the grain,
Yield the food that we eat, and the draught that we drain.

If the clouds grudge us rain,
Drought, dearth and their train
Will cause the vast sea-girdled world to complain.

If we get not our rain,
The source of all gain,
Farewell to the plough in the hands of the swain

The showers of rain
Lay waste the plain,
Then haste to repair their havoc again.

If the clouds withhold rain,
Through the whole champaign
Not a blade of bright green grass will remain.

Did the clouds not, in rain,
Pay the drops they have ta'en,
They would minish the wealth of the measureless main

Could mortals no rain
From heaven obtain,
No feasts would they keep, they would brood o'er their
pain

If the sky gave no rain,
Alms, penance were vain,
And soon would mankind abandon the twain

Without water, would wane
All that earth doth contain;
But there cannot be water, unless there be rain

A RIDDLE

am very old.
When the first man was,
I was there with him
Ancient kings thought me
Best among their friends:
Me they worshipped oft

I sing praise to God And have long done so God gave me a house, Where I live on earth. Yet he gives to all What he gave to me.

Round my house are built Mighty palisades, Keeping out my foes Outside these again Is another wall, Guarding me from hurt.

Like raw meat I seem, Yet am well and strong When my friends are sick, I am out of health Sometimes I get sick Then my friends are ill

Members two have I.
Guess my first, I pray
When my last comes forth,
Seems as if a man
Called an idle slave.
When my whole is said
Dogs collect in crowds,
Running fast and long
Lest they be too late

TUKARAM THE MOTHER'S HOUSE

(Marathi)

And goes, but with dragging feet,
So my soul looks up unto thee and longs,
That thou and I may meet

As a child cries out and is sore distressed, When its mother it cannot see, As a fish that is taken from out the wave, So 'tis, says Tuka, with me.

WAITING

I sit and wait in vain
Along the road to Pandhari
My heart and eyes I strain

When shall I look upon my Lord?
When shall I see him come?
Of all the passing days and hours
I count the heavy sum

With watching long my eyelids throb,
My limbs with sore distress,
But my impatient heart forgets
My body's weariness.

Sleep is no longer sweet to me,
I care not for my bed,
Forgotten are my house and home,
All thirst and hunger fled

Says Tuka, Blest shall be the day,—Ah, soon may it betide!—
When one shall come from Pandhari
To summon back the bride

FORSAKE ME NOT!

F far from home, the poor faun roam, With grief its heart will break.

Thus lonely I with thee not nigh,
O do not me forsake!

Thy heart within, all, all my sin Ah, hide; make no delay. Eternal thou—look on me now In love, I, Tuka, pray.

THE RESTLESS HEART

on the bank the poor fish lies
And gasps and writhes in pain,
Or as a man with anxious eyes
Seeks hidden gold in vain,—
So is my heart distressed and cries
To come to thee again.

Thou knowest, Lord, the agony
Of the lost infant's wail,
Yearning his mother's face to see.
(How oft I tell this tale!)
O at thy feet the mystery
Of the dark world unveil!

The fire of this harassing thought
Upon my bosom preys.
Why is it I am thus forgot?
(O who can know thy ways?)
Nay, Lord, thou seest my hapless lot;
Have mercy, Tuka says.

HE LEADETH ME

My comrade everywhere
As I go on and lean on thee,
My burden thou dost bear

If, as I go, in my distress
I frantic words should say,
Thou settest right my foolishness
And tak'st my shame away.

Thus thou to me new hope dost send,
A new world bringest in;
Now know I every man a friend
And all I meet my kin.

So like a happy child I play
In thy dear world, O God,
And everywhere—I, Tuka, say—
Thy bliss is spread abroad

LOVE'S CAPTIVE

Bound with cords of love I go,
By Hari captive led,
Mind and speech and body, lo
To him surrenderèd.

He shall rule my life for he Is all compassionate.
His is sole authority,
And we his will await.

THE UNVEILING OF LOVE

Making me lowly wise;
Thy love to me unveil
Then in the world I'll be
As, from all soilure free,
The lotus pure and pale

Whether men praise or jeer, Hearing I shall not hear; Like the rapt yogi I. To me the world shall seem Like visions of a dream That, with our waking, fly

Till we that state attain All, all our toil is vain, I, Tuka, testify.

THE TRAVELLER

Over life's tempestuous sea
We must fare.
Soon the body perisheth;
Life is swallowed up of Death.
O beware!

Seek the fellowship of saints;
Seek, until thy spirit faints,
Heaven's ways!
Let not dust make blind thine eyes,
Dust of worldly enterprise,
Tuka says.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

Soon as the season of Simhasth comes in, The barber and the priest—what wealth they win! Thousands of sins may lurk within his heart, If only he will shave his head and chin!

What is shaved off is gone, but what else, pray? What sign that sin is gone? His evil way Is still unchanged. Yea, without faith and love All is but vanity, I, Tuka, say.

NAMDEV THE REIGN OF PEACE

Now all my days with joy I'll fill Full to the brim,
With all my heart to Vitthal cling And only him.

He will sweep utterly away
All dole and care;
And all in sunder shall I rend
Illusion's snare

O altogether dear is he
And he alone,
For all my burden he will take
To be his own.

Lo, all the sorrow of the world Will straightway cease, And all unending now shall be The reign of peace.

For all the bondage he will break Of worldly care, And all in sunder will he rend Illusion's snare

From all my foolish fancies now Let me be free In Vitthal, Vitthal only is Tranquillity.

ILLUMINATION

That to his chamber crawling in There comes the snake,—and heedless so Am I to lure of sense or sin,

Since inward vision to bestow,

My Késav has so gracious been.

Alike are gold and dross to me;
Jewel and common stone, the same.

Now ne'er my soul can harmed be,
Walk I in heaven or in the flame.

Since one with final bliss are we,
Then what is either praise or blame?

JANABAI GRINDING

ISPASSION'S mill, with earnest mind,
Lo, here grind I,—
While for a handle faith I find
To turn it by.

A handful of past deeds I deem
Grist for the mill,
And grind in the one Soul supreme
My good or ill.
All outward form to dust is ground
All eyes can see,
For 'tis the Lord himself, I've found,
Who grinds for me.

Strange that this God should come and sit
His servant nigh;
For I've had nought to do with it,
Says Janabai

EKANATH MEN'S REVILING

Me, servant of the soul of all

Vile is my Ganga next they say, Which sweeps my sins all, all away

Vile is my friend who all for nought Cleanses my robe of every spot

Yea, vile my guru, he who hath Made great Janardan's Ekanath

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ DHRÛ

I

(Punjabi)

HERE was a well-known Râjâ Uttânpât of Ajudhiâ. His Queen was barren and he had no hope of a son. He was hopeless and full of sorrow. To him continually said his Queen: "Râjâ, we have no son and the palace is (therefore) empty; The garden is dry and hath no gardener"

II

Rájá Uttánpát

"The goat hath but two udders at its waist. If I cut them off its beauty goes, if I keep them it is in pain Râni, a co-wife is an evil and burneth the heart. Thou wilt understand when thy heart burneth Râni, if thou wilt and sayest it from thy heart, I will bring (home) another (wife) and be at peace."

111

First Queen

"Râjâ, marry and I will say naught against it Let there be a son in the palace to succeed to the throne. Râjâ, who hath milk and a son in his house, Knoweth no sorrow and sleepeth in great comfort. Without a son rule and honour are empty; Therefore, Râjâ, it will be well with thee (to marry)."

īν

The Râjâ wrote a letter to (Râjâ) Mân Pâl (saying): "I wish to marry as I have no son. I have no son and my Queen weepeth.

She eateth not her food, nor sleepeth at her ease My beloved Queen hath desired me To marry and beget issue."

The messenger took the letter and went to Amrâwatpûr, And showed the letter to Râjâ Mân Pâl (sayıng): "Behold, Râjâ, I have brought it thee. Rough was the way and much trouble I endured Let me have the answer to it Accept the letter gladly, Râjâ."

VI

The Râiâ saw the letter and was glad (saying). "My desire is fulfilled and my ambition satisfied There is no evasion in this; know it for the truth There is no doubt in it, hear my words I have a daughter and I give her gladly Have no fear, I accept thy letter."

VII

It was the fifth of Magh and the spring had begun. (Said he): "Get ready the food and all the necessaries Make ready the rejoicings for the marriage Prepare all the necessaries and the supplies" The Râjâ replied sincerely (to the letter and said):—
"I will never be separated from him"

VIII

The messenger went thence and arrived at Ajudhiâ, And explained all the preparations for (receiving) the marriage-procession. (Said he): "Râjâ, he took my letter with gladness,

And was very kind to me

He wrote that it was the spring time (and said): 'Go, Messenger,

Bring a great marriage-procession to my doors."

IX

Hearing this the Râjâ made preparations and they sang songs of rejoicing

He made a splendid show of elephants and horses and litters.

He lighted up the whole garden of flowers.

The bands played and the women sang songs.

The monarch went forward with a splendid procession, Taking his elephants and falcons and all his army.

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He made a marriage-bracelet and fastened it and the music played,

While the handsome Râjâ advanced with his splendid procession

They halted at Amrâwatpûr,

And were received with all courtesy and attention They pitched their tents and made their halt, And servants waited on them with every kind of food

IX

Awaiting the favourable moment, they prepared for the marriage

The Râjâ was quickly called and the priest read the ceremony.

The (marriage) fire was kindled and their genealogies read

All the maids came to the marriage.

The maiden was given away with gladness The marriage was performed with every grace

XII

Elephants, horses, chariots and jewels in plenty were the dower:

Servants and maids were given and bowed low to them They were all dismissed and the procession sent away, And the Râjâ showed great humility

Taking the (new) Queen in a litter he returned to Ajudhiâ, And all the household came out to see.

IIIX

The (new) Queen's litter was lowered at the palace, And many of the maids of the town came to look on. All the women sang together and played They sat the bride down and gave her a feast All the household rejoiced in groups, All rejoicing over the (new) Queen

XIV

The Râjâ came to the (new) Queen in the palace (and said) "I will do as thou desirest, hear my say A bed of pure gold and an ewer of gold (I will give thee), That thou mayest dwell in the palace, my beloved Queen Tell me thy desire with thy lips. Be not down-hearted, but dwell at ease"

XV

Second Queen

"As the litter was raised a crow cawed overhead I have a co-wife in the palace, make her a widow! Make her a widow, this is my desire. Thus will it be well for thee, Râjâ Give the (first) Queen a separate dwelling Hear this my petition, Râjâ"

XVI

Râjâ Uttânpât

"Well has thou done, and spoken the wish of thine heart I will do to her as thou dost desire

I will make her a widow and I will cherish thee

I will not go back upon my promise."

(But) hearing (the Queen's wish) the Râjâ was in great trouble, (and said)

"O God, what sorrow hast Thou given me this day?"

XVII

In the early morn the Râjâ arose and was sorrowful at heart

(And said): "Tell me, what should I do, I can think of nothing!"—

The Râjâ went to the (first) Queen and said, Telling all the secret of his heart.

"To make thee a widow, this is in my heart The decrees of fate cannot be blotted out."

XVIII

First Queen

"Greatly hath the fortune of the (second) Queen advanced, my Lord!

How canst thou make me a widow without any fault, Râjâ?

Forgive my fault, Râjâ

Who hath urged thee to do this thing?

I was pleased that she should come

I will have patience, if thou go to her."

XIX

Râjâ Uttânpât

"Rânî, take off the red veil from thy head Put on the garb of a widow, my rose hath become a thorn! I will put thee into a separate dwelling

Give up sweet water and take to salt! Food shall be given thee daily, Rânî, But give up good food and eat barley grain!"

XX

Then she took off her clothes before the Râjâ (and said). "I have no friend here. O my Creator, what hast thou done (for me)?

I have no relatives and friends here. Faithless co-wife, may it be well with thee! What is thy fault (in this)? It is my evil fate! The lines of God cannot be blotted out "

IXK

He sent the (first) Queen to a broken-down dwelling, Gave an old and worn out bed and ordered barley for her food.

Making the (first) Queen a widow the Râjâ came And said to the (second) Queen: "Be happy now!" And the Râjâ said other things with his lips, Telling all the hidden secrets of his heart

IIXX

After ten months had passed (the Râjâ) went a-hunting He took his horse into the woods and slew a deer He took up the deer and returned, And stopped at the house where the widowed (first) Queen was He stayed with her and ate his dinner. She became pregnant, by the will of God!

IIIXX

In the early morning the Raja arose and came to the (second) Queen.

He took her to his heart and was happy and remained the night

She, too, became pregnant, by the will of God!
Said the (second) Queen, asking (suspicious) questions:
"Where didst thou pass yesternight, Râjâ?
I am ashamed to say more"

XXIV

Râjâ Uttânpât

"I went hunting in the forest, Rânî
I had no other thought in my heart
I was overtaken by the night while hunting,
And had to stay in a hut in the forest
As soon as it was dawn I came to thee
Thou art thus suspicious of me without cause"

XXV

When nine months had passed a son was born (to the first Queen).

When her co-wife heard of it her heart was jealous She was distressed in her mind through jealousy. Jealously thus thought the (second) Queen. "Tell me, how shall there be a son without a father? When my husband hears of it he will feel disgraced!"

XXVI

Drums were beaten for the (second) Queen, for a true son was born to her:

Who hath such a son in his house shall ever prosper!— The drums were beaten at the (second) Queen's door.

All the city came to see and the world heard of it. The Râjâ gave her a separate palace And how dear to his heart became the prince!

XXVII

Second Queen

"Doth a devil or demon dwell in my co-wife's house? Râjâ, I have not fathomed thy heart I cannot fathom it; it is a mystery to me. How did the (first) Queen dare to disgrace thee? Take a sword and cut off her head: And then take her over the waters"

HIVXX

Rájá Uttánpát

"Rânî, have patience and be not distressed I will not keep her, but will send her abroad What thou hast said is on my heart; What thou hast said is true. I will make some plan, so do thou eat thy food Be not distressed and take thy needful rest"

XXX

(The second Queen) too had a son and much music was played
Alms were given, and there were rejoicings everywhere
The Râjâ was very pleased in his heart;
And gave away many platters of pearls (saying):
"Riches had I in plenty, I but wanted fruit:
God hath made my boat to cross over!"

XXX

When Dhrû was five years old he said: "Mother, tell me all about my father. Mother, tell me all about him How camest thou to dwell here? How do we get our living. Mother? Such trouble as this is intolerable!"

IXXX

First Queen

"My son, thy father did a great injustice He discarded me without a fault, and became unloving, my son.

Thy father became unloving to me Go not to his house mark my words The Râjâ listened to the teaching of my co-wife, And so the Râjâ became angry with me!"

IIXXX

As soon as he heard this he went (to his father) and saluted him

He went up to his father's throne without any hesitation. The Râjâ loved him and took him to his heart

He took his other (son) too and sat him down beside him

And the Râjâ fondled them both, As the partridge flieth to the moon

IIIXXX

Dhrû

"One city and two kings and both would rule I ask thee, Father, how shall they both rule? The gardener maketh a garden and knoweth every tree.

He knoweth all apart, shoot and branch.

They have good food, we have barley grain!

They have jewelled couches, we have old straw!"

VIXXX

When the Râjâ heard his son's words, they sank into his mind

And he loved the boy very much

Then the (second) Queen would have nought to do with him.

He was distressed at heart and began to tremble. The Râjâ, too. was altogether distressed (saying): "How shall honour remain to me to-day?"

XXXI.

When (the second Queen) saw the boy her heart began to burn.

She threw him down off the throne and struck him. She struck him (and scid): "Come no more! Go, wretch, and eat thy barley grain!" And then in writh she scid to the Raja: "I desire him not, I say to thee!"

IIIIII

Réjé Unémés

"I tell thee. Rani, that on the day I went a-hunting. I stayed at the house (of the first Queen). I stayed there and are my food.

And at the dawn I came to thee.

Thus was this son born. I tell thee.

My son came to me and I had pity on him."

ZZZZI

Search Queen

From the day a son was born in my co-wife's house. There hash been estrongement betwint me and thee. Then didst then tell me an untuit,. And did not tell me the secrets of thy heart. Then didst not hearken to my say, my husband, And now, my Lord, it is hard for me to say!"

XXXVIII

$Dhr\hat{u}$

"I went to the throne and my father was kind.

My (step-)mother came in wrath and threw me from throne.

She threw me down and spake harshly, And at her injustice my body trembled It is not right for me to stay, Mother. In this there is no fault of thine, Mother."

XXXXX

First Queen

"My son, call on God with thy lips, he is the Creator the world.

The decrees of the Creator must be fulfilled in the wo

(The second Queen's) words are as sweet (to the R as the song of the cuckoo and peacock;
My words are as harsh as the caw of a crow!
In whose house sin prevails its fruit will be obtained,
Sunlight will desert it and darkness cover it up!"

XL

Dhrû

"My father hath been duped into doing injustice Mercury, water and woman should never be beloved. He became a jogî, and wandered over the earth. However much one spake to him he spake not with his He sat in his (jogî's) seat with a pure heart. None else saw him, so secret was he.

XLI

From gold he became pure gold, and changed all his nat He conquered the three (vices), murder, robbery violence

'His playmates came to him and spoke their mind:
"Thou didst play with us day and night,
And now thou sittest dumb and speakest not with thy lips.
Thou hast lost thy (old) ways and hast taken to piety."

XLII

He became a *jogî* and it was noised in the city. And the people all went together (to see him) as a partridge to the moon.

All the city went when they heard That the Râjâ's son had separated himself from all (the world)

The crowd went to the Râjâ and spake; Speaking all together they came to him

XLIII

When the Raja heard their say he spake thus. "Go and tell the boy I will give him what he asketh If he ask for all my goods I will give them I hold him to be no bastard; he is dear to me. Go and tell him at once, That he should go at once to his house"

XLIV

The Râjâ gave the order, the minister heard it and went, And coming to the boy said to him.

"Thy father calleth thee

Take thy fill of food, and, if thou desirest, wealth. Come with me and come now, And obtain from him all thy desire "

XLV

Dhrû

"As a blacksmith's pincers are sometimes in water and sometimes in fire

So are the unfortunate encompassed by life and death

I have no need of wealth,

I have become of one hue. Say to him, that

I will not heed a word of his

I have given up the world and will dwell in the forest."

XLVI

Then the minister left him, hearing his wisdom. He said to the Râjâ. "Hold him not to be thine Hold him not to be thy son, my King He hath left the world and dwelleth in the woods He hath no doubt in his heart, And hath given up thy golden Lankâ"

XLVII

Hearing this the Râjâ went and with him went all the city

He took his son into his lap and said:

"Tell me more of thy desire

Hear this much from me, my son—

If thou desire rule and goods and lands,
And throne and all my portion, take them from me."

XLVIII

Dhrû

"Every subject should be given his right Where a man hath settled he should not be taken thence.

A Râjâ should make his subjects his own

And give to each according to his deserts.

To the house where right dwelleth the attachment of all is attracted.

There is sunlight, and darkness fleeth thence"

XLIX

Râjá Uttánpát

"When a father hath a dutcous son it behoveth him To give him all his rule and honour and wealth Give the blind man sight, that he may see. Thus shalt thou win the reward of profuse charity. Come home now and hear my words. Tell me, moreover, what of thy desire remaineth"

L

Dhrû

"When the iron is beaten and burnt in the fire, A man of it becomes a ser, but is sold for much When the iron is hot none can touch it; When it loseth its heat it loseth its value. The water put into the pitchers is all one water, But it becomes as the caste (of the owner)"

LI

His son would not hearken to the Râjâ's words Taking his leave the Râjâ went and took all the city with him,

Taking all the people with him he reached the town. And the Râjâ learned nothing of his (son's) secrets Sitting on his throne he gave an order, That all the people should return to their homes

III

Leaving that place (Dhrû) went into a thick forest, Where were tigers and jackals and deer, and there the boy took his seat.

Taking his seat he meditated on God. No friend came near him in the forest.

He put away body and wealth far from him. So did he meditate that he could not see!

LIII

Nârad, the Munî, met him in the forest and showed him the way (saying).

"God will meet thee, be not afraid in thy heart! Jackals and tigers wander in this forest And will put their paws on thy shoulders and roar! They will all worry thee together, Tearing thy flesh with their mouths!"

LIV

Nârad the Munî

"Sit cross-legged and gird up thy loins.
Sit straight upright and fix thy gaze above!"
He had no bed and his body was naked,
And had no companion with him
The tigers leapt upon him,
But prevented him not: such was his meditation!

I.V

When it was completed he met God Himself, Who gave him 80,000 followers and banners to wave. He gave him the rule of the whole forest, my friends, And heutenants on every side Drums of war were beaten in the field, And the turban (of war) was duly bound upon him

LVI

(God) sat Dhrû on an elephant with His own hands He came to the city with all his forces All the army came into the city,

And the people hearing it fled astonished They all went and told the news to the Râjâ (saying) "Hear, my Lord, with attentive ear!"

LVII

The People of the City

"An enemy hath come roaring into thy land!"
All the city was taken with a trembling
It was as it were a dark cloud covering them
Whither should they fly? There was no place (to go to)!
(Said they): "Râjâ, hear the cry of the world;
They are beating the drum of death in the forest!"

LVIII

Râjâ Uttânpât

"I have become unable to fight!"
Then the Râjâ hung an axe round his neck
The Râja filled a tray with gold,
And taking elephants and falcons he went with hands
joined (in supplication)
Taking presents the king went on,
And seeing (the enemy) powerful was distressed at heart.

LIX

Seeing his father's condition (Dhrû) came off his throne
He fell prostrate at his feet (and said). "Great is thy good
fortune!
I am thy son, my Lord!
Be not afraid of me, Râjâ!
I am come to salute thee, my Lord

LX

It is owing to my (step-)mother that I have attained to this estate!"

The father and son together left the place, And went each to his home and palace

(The Râjâ) gave up all his kingdom and honours to his son; And dwelt on one side apart from him The monarch (Dhrû) sat upon the throne, And all my Lord's subjects were in awe of him

LXI

(Dhrû) fell at his (step-)mother's feet and spake to her with his lips.

He explained to her all that had happened to him He told his mother all that had happened (saying).

"Through thee I became beloved of God! Be not ashamed, hear, my Mother, All this wealth and land is through thee!"

LXII

He sat on the throne and sent for his mother,
(And said to her): "When I was altogether ignorant thou didst cherish me.
Through thee I went to the forest,
And bringing the gifts (of God) I have returned.
Thy city hath been blessed, Mother,
And without delay (God) at once gave me a kingdom!"

LXIII

Dhrû

"Be happy, my kingdom, my people and their children! I practised virtue and I met God! Mother, I so practised virtue
That God Himself hath saved me!
Through virtue hath my hope been fulfilled,
And may I live on for 36,000 years!"
To Kishan Lal and Shib Kanwar hath been born the flower of knowledge
As a ball from a cannon it goeth through the field!

KABIR PANTH

(1) My Lord's a store supplier great, in merchandise he deals; nor beams nor scales, in his own hands this great world weighs and feels (Fallon).

(2) He who made the whole world, that Gurú was manifested, the Gurú who saw him with his eyes, that

Gurú revealed Him to men.

(3) One poor spirit bound with many ties, in its own

strength it cannot escape, till God rescue it.

(4) The chelá whose Gurú is blind, while he himself is more blind; the blind one gives a push to his blind fellow; they both fall into the well

(5) The soul (Atmá) and the great soul (Paramátmá) for many ages remained apart; the true Gurú came as a dealer (dallál) and made of them a beauteous mixture

(6) À sinner from my birth, in sin from head to foot, I he; O generous giver, comforter, but listen to my cry (Fallon)

(7) A Gurú should be as a knife grinder, the rust of a

lifetime he removes in a moment

Regard your Gurú as a knife grinder, let him grind your heart; cleansing the heart from all impurity, let him make it bright as a mirror.

(8) Kál hovers over the head, Kál comes not into sight, Kabír says, Lay hold of the Gurú's words (the Mantra) that he may rescue your soul from death

(9) The Gurú is the potter and the disciple the vessel, he removes all defects. He places the support (sahárá) within before with blows he fashions the vessel into shape

(10) As he revolves his rosary, life passes away and he knows not the secrets of his heart, throw away the rosary of the hand and revolve the rosary of the heart

(11) A man steals an anvil, and offers a needle as alms,

he climbs aloft to see how distant is the chariot

(12) Apart from life, life comes not into existence, life lives on life, refuse not to have pity on life, Pandit, take thought on this

(13) Under the influence of Shabda one man died to the world, another gave up his throne; those who have understood Shabda, their work is completed.

(14) A man may be a great preacher, as the vulture soars in the sky, but its food is on the earth; does flying

in the air make of it a saint?

(15) Whatever I have is not my own it is thine; it is thine own that I give thee; what have I?

(16) Strain your water before you drink it; test your

Gurú before you commit yourself to him.

(17) The humble obtain salvation to a man, so many as are submissive; those sink who are puffed up with the pride of high birth.

(18) When the Gurú is covetous, his disciple will be grasping; both employ trickery; both will be drowned

in their folly, having boarded a ship of stone.

(19) From one country have they come; at one ghat have they disembarked. They have breathed the air of the world, and on twelve paths have they gone their way.

(20) The lascivious, the ill-tempered and the covetous, for such devotion to God is impossible. Brave is the man who for devotion to God is ready to give up caste and

family.

(21) Small is the door of devotion (Bhakti), as the tenth part of a mustard seed. The heart of a man is swollen with pride to the size of an elephant, how can he pass within?

(22) The great having attained greatness become exceeding proud. Those who have no knowledge of the true

Gurú, whatever their caste, are chamárs.

(23) The worship of a devotee and the water of a torrent in the rains, both flow deep; but that only should be called a river which continues to flow in the hot weather (Jeth-June).

(24) He who sows for you thorns, for him do you sow flowers; you will have flowers at the time of flowering;

he will find a trisill.

(25) Do not oppress the weak, their sighs have great power; by the puffs of the bellows iron is converted to flames (or is utterly consumed).

(26) Be true to God and loving to his servants whether

your hair be long or entirely removed

(27) The ghát in which love dwells not, know that ghát to be a burning ghát (Masán); that heart is as the blacksmith's bellows which breathe, but have no life

(28) Love grows not in the fields nor is it on sale in the bazar; the man devoid of love will be bound and cast

into hell (Yampárú, the city of Yám)

(29) He may drink the cup of love who gives his all (lit his head) to God, the covetous cannot give all, but only know the name of love, or He drinks the cup of love who lays down his life for others; he who works for reward merely speaks of love.

(30) A man may read many books before he dies and yet not be a Pandit; he is a Pandit who understands the

two and a half letters which form the word Love

(31) There is no work of merit equal to truth and no sin equal to falsehood; in whose heart Truth dwells, in his heart dwells God himself.

(32) Those who say and do not are great hars; in the end, when God holds his Durbar, they will be thrust out

(33) When the sun rises, darkness disappears; before the wisdom of the Gurú the corrupt thoughts of men disappear; covetousness destroys sound judgement and pride devotion to God

(34) Weeds destroy the crops, the ignorant destroy the assembly; covetousness spoils devotion, as a mixture

of earth destroys the value of saffron

(35) Those who sought found, diving down into deep waters; the heron in its helplessness remained sitting

upon the bank.

(36) All say "Lord, Lord" (Sahib), but my fear is of a different kind, when I know not God by sight, where can I take my seat or how shall I sit down with a God whom I have not known?

(37) The house of God is distant, as is a tall palm; he who climbs to the top, tastes of heaven; he who falls

is ground to pieces

(38) What you would do to-morrow, do to-day; what you would do to-day do at once; in a moment the deluge (*Parlai*) will come, then what time will there be for doing

(39) When I went in search of evil men, none appeared to view; when I searched my own heart, I felt that none

were so evil as myself.

(40) Full knowledge of God is not attained when the heart has not been united with God, devotion is simply that of imitation, the colour is not fast.

(41) A cage with nine doors, in it a bird like air, that it should remain there is the marvel; what wonder if it

escape ?

(42) In times of trouble men remember God, but not in times of ease, should they remember God in times of ease, would they ever experience trouble?

(43) Live on friendly terms with all, be ready to speak about all; in word agree with all men, but abide in your

own abode.

- (44) Upon seeing the mill revolving, Kabir wept; the grain that falls between the stones can never escape entire.
- (45) All men speak of the mill, but none make mention of the pin, the grain that abides by the pin, even its hair is not disturbed.
- (46) The Brahmins of this age are objects of ridicule; give not to them alms; they with their families will go to hell, and take with them their employers (*te* those who give them fees or alms)

(47) The company of the saints will make your burdens light, the company of the evil means quarrelling through-

out the eight watches

(48) That day is blessed which causes you to meet a holy man; as you embrace him fervently, sin is driven from the body.

The Golden Treasury of Indian Literature ANANANANANANANANANANANA

(49) Through association with a Sádhú comes remembrance of God; that hour is recorded to a man's credit in his account with God; all the rest is as valueless as air

(50) The mirror of God is the body of the Sádhú, he who wishes to see, let him see the invisible in him (the

Sádhú)

(51) The Sádhú is the river, love is the water, in that place wash your body, Kabir says, Be clean, in company with the Sádhús

(52) The tree does not store its fruit for its own use, nor the river its water, for the benefit of others has the Sádhú adopted human form

(53) Yam roars like a lion, cries aloud Kabír, were not

the Gurú merciful, Yàm would tear and rend

(54) He who has chosen a bodily Gurú and has failed to recognize the true Gurú, time after time he rises and sinks, ensuared in the ocean of existence

(55) The Chelá should be willing to give everything to his Gurú, the Gurú should refuse to take anything

from this Chelá.

(56) The true Gurú took the arrow of the Shabda and prepared to shoot, that which he shot with love found its home within the body.

(57) You are the wife of one, but have become the prostitute of many, say with whose corpse will you be burnt? for you are the wife of many

(58) The true Gurú is a great money changer, testing the good and the evil, rescuing from the world the good, he takes it under his own protection

(59) As the snake when it sees the man who has received the mantra, lowers its hood, so Kál, awed by the name

written on the Pan leaf, turns his head away

(60) The Chakwi remains apart from her mate throughout the night, in the early morning they meet, the man who remains apart from God meets him neither by day nor night.

(61) He who removes another's head, removes his own,

in God's Durbár the account will have to be settled

- (62) The power that cannot be described, the form that imparts life (the vision of God is life), whoever becomes one with him (as milk with water); that man, says Kabír to Dharm Dass, Kál cannot destroy.
- (63) He who reproaches me is my friend; he supplies the soap to wash my dirty linen.
- (64) Made articles are quickly destroyed and once destroyed are not put right; by an admixture of vinegar milk is curdled and cannot again be turned to milk.
- (65) For man to assume a body is difficult, it cannot be done twice. The ripe fruit that falls to the ground, cannot again be attached to the tree
- (66) We know not what the quarter of a second may bring, and yet we make plans for the morrow; death comes suddenly as the hawk pounces down on the partridge.

(67) The gardener comes to the garden and seeing him the buds cry out, "The full-blown flowers are culled to-day, to-morrow our turn will come."

(68) The earth said to the potter, why do you trample on me? the day will come when I shall trample on you

- (69) All help the strong; no one helps the weak. A breeze gives fresh life to the fire, but extinguishes the candle
- (70) What place has the coward on the wrestling ground? when wrestler meets with wrestler then is a real contest
- (71) Consider him a wrestler, striving to attain the favour of God, who though crushed to pieces, refuses to give up the struggle.
- (72) The days of yore are gone; he loved not God (Harí); of what use is remorse, when the birds have eaten all the crops?
- (73) The wood that has already been burnt (in the process of conversion into charcoal) that too cries out. "If I go to the blacksmith's forge, I shall be burnt a second time."

(74) Remain apart from the world, as water refuses to mingle with oil, deposit your heart where is neither death nor the dungeons of Kál

(75) Who saves his head, loses his head, who severs his head, finds a head; as the wick of a candle gives ad-

ditional light when trimmed

(76) The pearl is found in the oyster, the oyster is in the sea; the diver brings him up; with no one else is the power

(77) Consider the parable of the sieve; it suffers the flour to pass, but retains the husk; so men let pass what is

good and swallow what is useless.

(78) Consider the sugar cane press, the juice flows

out, the fragments of cane remain

(79) All Sádhús are in appearance alike, resembling a field of poppies, some few thinkers are as red flowers, the rest are perfectly white

(80) Holy men will not relinquish holiness, though they associate with crores of unholy men; though snakes may cling to the sandal tree, it will never lose its coolness

(81) Ask not a Sádhú about his caste, but about his knowledge of God, when you are determining the price

of a sword, there is no need to consider the sheath

(82) The methods of a Sádhú should be those of a winnowing fan; he should lay hold of the weighty matters and let subjects of little moment fly away.

(83) Kabír says; to associate with a Sádhú is like sitting near a seller of perfumes; though the seller sell you

nought, yet you enjoy the scent of his perfumes

(84) An ant is carrying off a grain of rice, it falls in with a grain of dàl Kabír says, both you cannot carry away, take the one and leave the other.

(85) A madman was beating the hole of a snake, but the snake was not hit, fool, it is not the snake's hole that

bites, it is the snake that devours men

(86) Where is the boundary of the heavens? what is the weight of the world? what is the caste of a Sádhú? What is the price of the Alchemist's stone?

- (87) The dog of a Sádhú is virtuous, while evil is the mother of one who becomes not the chela of a Gurú; the one sits and hears the praises of Harí; the other speaks evil of Gurús.
- (88) Learn to distinguish the honest man and the thief from their manner of speech; all the works that are within proceed forth by way of the mouth
- (89) In the midst of the highest heaven there is a shining light; he who has no Gurú cannot reach the palace; he only will reach it who is under the guidance of a true Gurú.
- (90) Feel no care; be free from care; the giver is powerful; the beasts of the field, the birds and the insects have neither wealth not store house.
- (91) The tortoise takes care of its egg; without breasts it supplies its needs, so God provides for all, and makes provision for the three *loks* (earth, heaven and hell).

 (92) Whatever I did, you did, I did nothing myself,
- (92) Whatever I did, you did, I did nothing myself, should man say, I did it, it was in your strength that it was done.
- (93) Everything is from God and nothing from his servant, he can change a mustard seed into a mountain and a mountain into a mustard seed.
- (94) Should all the earth be turned into paper and all the trees into pens, should the seven seas be turned into ink, yet could not an account of God be written.
- (95) In blessings, O God, thou surpassest all, in thy dealings with men thou art without a rival; God is chief of all kings, and yet He lived upon earth as a faqir.
 - (96) We shall not die, though all creation die; we have

found one that quickeneth

- (97) Whoever forsakes what is false and productive of pride and becomes as dust on the road, he will find God
- (98) The difference between the true and the false Sádhú is as that between the A'm (mango) and the Babúl trees; the former bears life-producing fruit, the latter thorns

(99) When you see a Sádhú approaching, run, touch with your hands his feet (and apply them to your forehead) It may be that in this form God himself will meet you (100) All say 'Rám, Rám,' but there is a difference in the saying; one associated with many, another was absorbed in one.

JUDGEMENT ACCORDING TO OUR DEEDS ON EARTH

MEN do not become saints or sinners merely by calling themselves so;

They carry the record of their own acts themselves.

The primal Being is the Giver; He alone is true.

No account shall be due by the pious who serve Him.

They who practise truth and perform service shall obtain their reward

When hair groweth white, it shineth without cosmetics.

Death shall not punish godly people.

Nor shall they experience the pain of the difficult road.

Those who worship God and repeat His name,

They shall go with a robe of honour to His court and be happy by the true King's order.

See how wrong it would be, that givers should go to hell and receivers to heaven

Becoming a shop-keeper I take a scale and try to weigh my actions,

My sins are numerous as the sands of the sea.

Man soweth poison and expecteth ambrosia; behold that for justice!

Nanak, it is only the fruit of what man giveth from his earnings that he shall obtain in the next world.

Some people show the way to others, but walk not in it themselves.

Him whom the Creator destroyeth He first depriveth of virtue.

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As a fish without water, so suffer the godless

In eating, drinking, sleeping and laughing, death is torgotten.

Evil is the result of forgetting the Lord; a wasted life and a mortal end

The more one readeth and writeth, the more is one tormented,

The more one wandereth on pilgrimages, the more one babbleth,

The more religious garbs man weareth, the more discomfort he causeth his body

Bear, O my soul, the result of thine own acts He who eateth not corn hath lost the relish of life: Men suffer pain through their attachment to mammon

Whatever you sow that you reap, life remains barren without virtue.

We gather the fruit of whatever company we keep Bad company, like poison, destroys life, Mind and body become evil, trading in evil.

Whosoever thinketh evil of others, will never prosper

Everyone bows to himself, no one bows to others In the scale, the side that goes down is the heaviest

Good deeds bring good results and bad deeds bad results He is not a true lover who keepeth an account.

The work one does, is his caste and his birth

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THE PATH OF SALVATION

RELIGIOUS men perform no religious acts, and yet want the door of salvation.

Forsake vice and pursue virtue,

Abandon covetousness and slander; forswear falsehood

and thou shalt obtain the true fruit through the Gurú's
instruction.

Thou mayest earn lakhs of rupees, thou mayest amass and spend lakhs, lakhs may come and lakhs may go;

But, if thy soul obtains not credit in account with God all else is useless.

Does any one take anything with him?
Then knowing this why amass wealth?
Become a true business man and make some profit to carry with thee.
Sow the seed of truth in the soil of honesty,
Forsake vice, practise virtue and obtain true wealth.

Health, beauty, youth, and power are four robbers. These robbers have robbed the world. Only they who fall at the Gurú's feet escape their raids.

The terrible ocean is deep, and fathomless, There is no boat nor raft, no sailor with an oar.

O Lord, be Thou the Saviour and by Thy grace take me across.

If thou art to cross the water, consult those who have the skill to cross

They are very wise and will keep clear of the whirlpool.

Domestic entanglements are a whirlpool, O brother; Sin is a stone which prevents swimming.

Make a raft of devotion and penance, so mayest thou cross the stream.

Put thy soul on the raft of God's fear, and thou shalt be saved

Saith Nanak, such a raft God giveth but to few.

The city is frail, the King is a boy and loveth the wicked; He is said to have two mothers and two fathers; O Pundit, think of it.

How am I to obtain the Lord of Life?

Within me is the fire and an ocean, and the garden is in bloom,

The moon and sun are both in my heart; hast thou obtained such knowledge, O Pundit?

In me are all demerits; I have not one merit; How shall I meet my Beloved?
No beauty of lustrous eyes is mine,

No family, no manners, nor sweet speech

O God mercifully attach me to Thy feet. I have no wisdom, understanding, or cleverness.

I have suffered through being separated from Thee from birth to birth.

Intoxicated with avarice, covetousness, and pride, and absorbed in mammon,

O foolish woman, by these means the loved one is not obtained;

Go and ask the happy wives by what means they have won the Beloved

I will go and ask my friends, how they have won the Beloved



Put the Gurú's word into thy heart for the rings in thine ears; wear the patched coat of forbearance;

Whatever God doeth consider as good; in this way shalt thou obtain the treasure of Yoga.

Reduce thy five senses to subjection, O Yogi, and make a pure heart thy staff;

In this way shalt thou obtain the way of Yoga.

Make wisdom thy mother, contentment thy father, Truth thy brother—this is right relationship.

Make mercy thy cotton, contentment thy thread, continence its knot, truth its twist.

Place this sacred thread on the soul

If thou hast it, O Brahman, then put it on me.

It will not break, or become soiled, or be burnt, or lost. Blest the man, O Nanak, who goeth with such a thread on his neck.

Make continence thy furnace, resignation thy goldsmith, Understanding thy anvil, divine knowledge thy tools, The fear of God thy bellows, austerities thy fire, Divine love thy crucible and melt the self therein. In such a mint true union is attained.

The up virtue as thy travelling expenses, and think not of to-morrow.

Make faith in the Name thine occupation and devotion, Restraint of evil thy service, inclination thy asceticism; so shalt thou obtain grace.

When thou arrivest in the land of God, thou shalt obtain

happiness in His abode.

Put thou lust, wrath, and slander away;

Abandon avarice, and covetousness, and thou shalt be free from care.

Bathe in the waters of virtues; apply the perfume of truth to thy body.

Then shalt thy face become bright, and the Giver will bestow hundreds of thousands of gifts on thee.

Make understanding thy blandishment, the love of God thy drum;

Make the perpetual vision of God the bells for thy feet.

In this wise dance beating time;

This is devotion, this is austerity.

In this wise dance beating time with thy feet;

Other dances are sensuous pleasures.

Why should I go searching in the wood? My heart is a verdant forest

The true Word hath come to my heart and abideth there.

Wherever I look there is God; I see nothing else

Whosoever doeth the Gurú's work, shall find God's Court.

There is one Lord and two ways, Which shall I adopt, and which reject? There is but one Lord and one way, Adopt the way and reject the darkness

Without the true Gurú none hath found God, without the true Gurú none hath found God

God hath put Himself into the true Gurú; He hath made manifest and proclaimed this.

Salvation is ever obtained by meeting the true Gurú, who hath banished worldly love from within him.

Who hath fixed his mind on the True One and is absorbed in meditation.

He hath found the Giver of Life to the world.

The holy meet the holy; by love for the Gurú, contentment dwells in the heart.

The gate of deliverance is only through the Gurú's instruction, who bestows God's name which fills the mind for ever.

He who drinketh the nectar of the Name, shall be satisfied, and go to God's court in robes of honour.

Do business, O man of business, and take care of thy merchandise

Buy such goods, as shall go with thee

In the next world the knower will accept only the genuine treasure.

O my brother, utter God's name with all thy mind. Take with thee God's praise as thy merchandise, so that when the Master seeth it, He may be pleased.

He who obtaineth the ambrosial name of the pure One, and fills his Yogi's cup with it, makes divine knowledge his staff, and he who smeareth on his body the ashes of renunciation shall enjoy the elixir of divine knowledge. O father, in this way the soul which hath been a pilgrim in every age, uniteth with the Supreme Lord.

It is proper to utter the words by which honour is obtained. Injury resulteth from uttering harsh words, hearken,

O foolish and ignorant man.

They in whose heart God is contained possess wisdom,

honour, and wealth

The sweat of ploughman's brow falleth to his heels, And everyone eateth of his earning.

They who eat the fruit of their earning and bestow a little from it,

O Nanak, recognize the true way.

The saints of God are absorbed in God's name, and have destroyed the pain and fear of transmigration.

By searching abroad thou shalt suffer much affliction, the water of life is at home in thy heart.

By meeting the Gurú, my brother, the fear of God entereth the heart

To die in the fear of God is man's true destiny.

I am neither an ascetic nor truly learned, I was born a stupid fool.

I have sought the shelter of those who forget Thee not, O God.

The heart cannot be cleansed without the word from the True One.

Very narrow is the way, like the edge of a sword

He shall obtain nectar in his own heart, whose conduct is according to the Gurú's precious instruction Nanak, in the next world He fares the best who walketh not in the way of sin.

In the supreme state there is no rejoicing and no mourning; In the supreme state there are felt no hopes or desires;

In the supreme state are seen no castes or caste-marks, In the supreme state are no sermons or singing of hymns, In the supreme state is realized true meditation, In the supreme state are those who know themselves. Nanak, my mind is satisfied with the supreme state

There vibrate harmonies from which millions of joys and pleasures proceed.

Beauty is the attribute of the realm of happiness

O! wandering Jiva, remember God, and be saved. Nanak speaks the truth.

As the humble bee thirsts for flowers, I thirst for thee night and day

Give the water of thy favour to the thirsty Nanak, so that his thirst be quenched.

Nanak says · this being is bound by his deeds Salvation is not obtained without the true Gurú

What mind says wish performs This mind is director of good and evil

Mind established in truth loves contentment and attains emancipation

Man ruineth himself by perpetual silence, how can he who sleepeth in ignorance be awakened, without a Gurú?

The ignorant man who dwelleth in the wilderness and at burial and cremation grounds, knoweth not God and shall afterwards regret.

He who meets the true Gurú and fixeth God's name in his heart, obtaineth comfort

Nanak, on whom God looketh with favour, obtaineth

He becometh free from hopes and fears and destroyeth his pride by means of the Word

By repeating His name as the Gurú guides, thou shalt attain the true fruit

Praise God, praise the Word, and let His will be done.

The hand is blessed, that writes praise of God. Feet become pure and sacred, walking in God's path. He who lives on the fruit of his own labour gives part of it in charity, such a one knows the path of salvation.

O mind, practise such renunciation as to hold your senses
- in subjection, and create a wilderness in the heart.
Abstinence in diet, restraint in sleep, practice of compassion,
Forgiveness, love of modesty and contentment will give
freedom from the slavery of Gunas

When desire, anger, egoism, avarice, self-assertion and attachment are not allowed to affect the mind, Then the self is seen, and union attained with the great, all-pervading God

Awake dear soul, the Gurú is speaking—hear and grasp infinite truth.

The mysterious story, the changeless word, some rare follower of the Gurú will understand.

He would give himself up in the name of God, lose his own self and know the three worlds.

He will remain beyond reach, devoted to the Supreme, filling his mind with truth

It is only by His grace, we can repeat His name, and fill the Atma with love.

Then the Atma becomes one with the Paramatma, and duality is destroyed.

By the grace of the Gurú, He is found: when mind rests with God, death doth not destroy it

The wise, the true Gurú, revealeth the secret home of the self.

Hearing the music in Sukhmani, devoted to the plane of stillness

Meditating on the inexpressible truth, the desires of the mind disappear.

The resounding note of the true ruler pervades and the sound of the five notes is heard

The mind wanders no more, and the lotus of immortality turns upwards.

The seven companions of knowledge unite with the five senses of action and find peace.

Nanak, he who in the light of the true Word finds this true place of peace is indeed exalted

The true devotee becomes one with the Beginningless

The Yogi satisfied in the contemplation of self, identifies individual self with the source of life, then light appears

Unless outgoing energies of mind are overcome, success cannot be attained.

When desire dies, man sees the Lord in the secret places of the heart.

The Golden Treasury	•	
O my mind, treasure is in th	y heart, do not	search outside
• •	•	•
The mind is like an elephant, the body a forest, the Gurd leads it straight by the magic of the Word. By accepting the Gurú's teaching, desire dies.		
		•
With the birth of true und contemplation of God. The inner light flames up a God's grace samadhi is a	nd subdues the	
•		

The true Bairagi without desire, concentrated on the self within,

Content with the food of God's name, drinks of immortal nectar.

The body has six shrines in it.

When renunciation fills the mind and the mind is concentrated on the Word.

Then the eternal music harmonizes the mind.

And through the Gurú's word, the true name is realized.

Without meeting a true guide emancipation cannot be gained

GOD

In the beginning there was indescribable darkness; There was no earth or heaven, naught but God's unequalled

There was not day, or night, or moon, or sun;

There were no sources of life, voices, or wind, or water, Neither creation nor destruction, nor coming nor going There were no continents, or hills, or seven seas, or rivers or flowing streams,

Nor was there paradise, nor a vortex of earth, nor nether

regions;

Nor the Hell nor Heaven of the Muhammadans, nor the destroyer, Death;

Nor the Hell nor Heaven of the Hindus, nor birth, nor

death; nor did any one come or go.

There was no male or female, or caste, or birth; nor did any one feel pain or pleasure There was no Brahma, Vishnu, or Shiva

No one existed but the One God

There is but One God whose name is True, the Creator, Immortal, Unborn, Self-existent, without Fear and without Hate.

The True One was in the Beginning, the True One was in the Primal age.

The True One 15, was, O Nanak, and the True One also shall be.

By thinking I cannot obtain conception of him, even though I think a hundred thousand times

From the True One proceedeth air, from air water, And from water the three worlds

God in union with Maya gave birth to three children One of them is the Creator, the second the Provider, the third performeth the function of Destroyer.

As it pleaseth God, He directeth them by His orders. Separation and Union are the law, by which He regulateth this universe.

Seeing all He is not seen.

The Creator beholdeth His creation.

Nanak, true is the work of the True One

The Unseen, Infinite, Inaccessible, Incomprehensible God is not subject to destiny.

He is of no caste, unborn, self-existent, without fear or doubt.

He hath no form, or colour, or outline; He becometh Manifest by the true word.

He hath no mother, father, son, or kinsman; He feeleth not lust, and hath no wife,

Or family; He is pure, endless, and infinite, all light—His light is concealed in every heart.

It is the one God who created Brahma;

It is the one God who created our understanding;

It is from the One God that the mountains and the ages of the world emanated

It is the one God who bestoweth knowledge
It is by the Name of the One God that the pious are saved.

Beyond this earth, there are numberless earths and skies, Rivers and earths innumerable. Who can describe this creation?

His lamps are the Sun and the Moon, and His light pervadeth the three worlds.

The pious have light day and night, but for the perverse there is only sable darkness.

The ascetic sitteth in meditative posture, and ever argueth, but can he see God even with both his eyes?

They in whose hearts there is light, are awakened by the sound of the Word; the true Gurú hears their prayers.

Wherever I look, there art Thou
Thy worth cannot be estimated or described;
They who seek to describe Thee are absorbed in Thee.
None knoweth the extent of Thy being.

Though all meditative men were to meet and meditate

upon Thee,

Though all appraisers were to meet and appraise Thee, They could not comprehend even the smallest part of Thy greatness

To Thee sing angels who men's deeds record For judgement final by the King of Justice. To Thee sing the chaste and patient of mankind, Unyielding heroes of true faith approved. To Thee sing Pundits, and Chiefs, and Saints; To Thee sing heroes and men of might, And the sources four, from which all life doth spring, To Thee sing those whose deeds delight the eye, The hosts who wear the colours of Thy faith; The whole Creation sings Thy glorious name.

In fear the winds and breezes ever blow;
In fear flow hundreds of thousands of rivers;
In fear performeth fire its forced labour,
In fear the earth is trodden into dust;
In fear are the stars and the firmament;
In fear are mighty men and divine heroes,
In fear rivers of men come and go,
In fear are the Siddhas, the Buddhas, demi-gods, and the Naths,
In fear sitteth Dharmaraj at God's gate,

God hath destined fear for everyone, Nanak, the Formless One, the True, is the One without fear.

God the first principle, the Pure One, is in all things, of this there is no doubt.

Nanak hath obtained God the Infinite, Supreme Being, as his Gurú.

God having created his creation, gave the names, and appointed Dharmaraj to judge its acts. At His court the real truth is adjudged; There the false find no place,

The Hypocrites are revealed as they truly are; They go to Hell with blackened faces.

There is the One God, the God of all Gods, the Supreme God of Souls.

All creatures are subject to destiny from the beginning, there is none not subject to it.

God alone is not subject to destiny; He beholdeth the work of His own omnipotence;

He causeth His order to be executed.

How many shrubs and trees have we seen?
How many beasts are created by Thee?
How many species of creeping things, and how many birds hast Thou caused to fly?
Men rob and steal, and they hide themselves.
They look before them, they look behind them, but where can they hide themselves from Thee?

The One Lord who created the world is the Lord of all, Whose form is subtle, whose name is the Bright One and whose image is in all minds.

He continueth to give us our daily bread which never

faileth.

The lamp that the knower lights,

He moulds it on the wheel of good deeds, and lights
the wick by the fire of his heart;

The lamp burns through day and night;

It cannot be put out by wind or rain;

It shows the way of true knowledge;

By its hight God's throne may be seen.

Why should we worship a second who is born and dieti? Remember the One God, Nanak, who pervadeth sea and land.

Thou are the tablet, O Lord, Thou are the pen; and Thou are also the writing.

In Tree I shall dwell in peace: to dwell in Thee is all wish.

If it p'ease Thee, Thou bestowest a throne and greamess; If it p'ease Thee, Thou makest man a forlorn beggm; If it p'ease Thee, rivers flow over dry land, and the lems bloometh in the heavens:

If it please Take, man crosseth the terrible ocean; When I have Thee, I have everything; Thou, O lord, art my treasure.

What worder would it be if God crused to live without breath all the emirals which live by breaking?

Nanak, as it pleaseth the True One, so He giveth us substenance.

How great, O God, is Thy power! How great Thy gift! Myriads of men and animals utter Thy praises day and

How many are Thy forms and colours, how many are Thy castes both high and low!

When the true Gurú is found, he awakens truth, and man becoming true is absorbed in the truth.

What is that gate, that mansion what, where Thou dost sit and watch o'er all Thy wondrous works? Many the harps and songs which tune Thy praise. Yea countless: Thy musicians, who can Tell? How many measures sung with high delight, And voices which exalt Thy peerless name! To Thee sing water, wind, and breathing fire; To Thee sings Dharmaraj in regions drear.

Nanak uttereth the word of the True One, and will proclaim the truth at the True Ones appointed time God can cause lions, hawks, kestrels, and falcons to eat grass,

And the animals which eat grass He can cause to eat meat. He can cause hills to appear in rivers unfathomable, and rivers in sandy deserts;

He can appoint a worm to sovereignty, and reduce an army to ashes.

The One Lord who created the world is the lord of all. Fortunate is their advent into the world, whose hearts remain attached to God's service.

O foolish man, why hast thou forgotten Him?

When thou adjustest thine account, my friend, thou shalt be deemed instructed

The Lord hath a tree whose fruit is ambrosia. They who have partaken of it are satisfied.

Why appearest Thou not unto me, O Lord, since Thou abidest with all?

How shall my thirst be slaked when there is a screen between Thee and me?

Soul and body are all in Thy power,

Thou art near, Thou art distant, and Thou art midway; Thou seest and hearest; by Thy power dost Thou create the world

Whatever order pleaseth Thee, saith Nanak, that is acceptable

Birds have no money in their possession, They depend on trees and water only, God is their Giver There is only Thou, there is only Thou, O God

No one hath a son, no one hath a mother: Deceived by worldly love man wandereth in doubt By the Gurú's favour evil inclinations depart Wherever I gaze there is only one God

If a beggar at God's gate cry aloud, God heareth in the next world

Some Thou blendest with Thyself; others Thou leadest astray from Thee

All the world is Thine, O Lord; Thou alone art the Giver; there is none other, my brethren.

God Himself bestoweth greatness, He Himself causeth man to do good works;

He appointeth all men to their respective duties; He is the greatest of the great; great is His word.

Gifts are the Lord's; what can prevail against him? Some who are awake receive them not; Others who are asleep He awaketh, and conferreth blessings

O Lord, be thou the Saviour and by Thy grace take me

Steep is the mountain and difficult of ascent; there is no ladder which will reach it;

Everything that came into this world shall depart, the Creator alone is immortal

O vicious unbeliever, know thine own origin

As the moon to the night, Thy gift, O Lord, is as light to the mind By which darkness is dispelled.

The One God fashioned the vessels, and it is His light that filleth the three worlds.

Everything is inferior to truth, the practice of truth is

All men err; it is only the great Creator who erreth

The body is the palace, the temple and the house of God; in it His eternal light dwelleth.

There is none but Thee, O my Beloved, there is none but Thee, O God

In all colours and forms art Thou; Thou pardonest him on whom Thou lookest with favour.

The virtuous wife enjoyeth true union; why doth the bad one bewail?

If she becomes virtuous, then she, too, shall find her beloved.

Illimitable, infinite beyond reach, needing no support beyond time and action;

Beyond birth, unbirth, fear and desire, self-existent and true, Without form and colour, Supreme Being, known by the true word,

Having no father or mother or son or relation or wife, passionless, pure and free,

Unattainable, spotless, without attributes and yet appearing with attributes.

In all the three worlds is His shining light; He is the great world-protector

My Lord is one, O brother, He is one, He is one

In all things is His light and it is in His light that all things find light

Always present; He is watching; nowhere is He absent

This world is the dwelling place of the True One, in it the True One dwells

His command reigns and He pervades the universe

I cannot count the worlds and the underworlds innumerable

Says Nanak, fear is ordained for all, only He the True One is without fear.

The sun and the moon, O Lord, are Thy lamps, the firmament Thy salver;

The stars are the pearls encased in it.

The perfume of the sandal is Thine incense;

The wind is Thy fan; all the forests are Thy flowers, O Lord of light.

The light which is in everything is Thine, O Lord of

From its brilliancy everything is brilliant;

By the Gurú's teaching the light becomes manifest.

What pleaseth Thee is real worship.

Know the one God to be inside and outside, and then by the grace of thy Gurú the fire of desire will die out.

He who filleth all space, O Nanak, Him I carry in my heart-

His light filleth the three worlds.

In every being is present the unapproachable and the endless one and the true;

By subduing thine own self, join Him.

When the meditation turns the flower upward, then the stream of immortality enters the tenth door. God himself pervadeth the three worlds

Sitting in the secret cave in soundless Samadhi, Pervaded by the God filling that dwelling, The Lord holds conversation with the devotee.

Rising in splendour of beauty, Out of kindness He gracefully

Out of kindness He gracefully enters His own home. Then rains the immortal nectar; the supreme word purifying and producing rapture

If one understands the nature of this One, Himself becomes one with the One, the Creator.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

His instruction hath placed me in tune with God; My soul and body are bedewed with nectar,

And in my heart is the jewel of love, and I feel one with

the primal essence

I applied the great salve of divine knowledge to my eyes, and saw God's form which filleth the three worlds.

On beholding Him I have become free from desire, the pain of birth and death is at an end

In the realm of knowledge the divine light is luminous There are fashioned knowledge, wisdom, intellect, and understanding

Which illuminate demi-gods and men of supernatural

power

You say, O Pundits · "As darkness is dispelled when a lamp is lighted,

So by reading the Vedas sinful inclinations are destroyed!" I say to you "When the sun riseth the moon is not seen" "Where divine knowledge appeareth ignorance is dispelled."

I have inquired of my Gurú regarding the true knowledge of God

I have inquired of the true Gurú, regarding the knowledge of God; O humble bee, thou art enamoured of the flowers:

When the sun riseth, thou flutterest about the flower; Without the Ord thou art bound and punished on the road of death

Verily, saith Nanak, think of it, thou shalt die, O humble bee

He who knoweth divine knowledge is the learned Pundit. He who knoweth the one God in all creatures would never say "I exist by myself."

God cannot be known by cleverness.

Without chastening the mind how can God be appraised? In the house is nectar, which the thieves are taking away; No one tries to restrain them

If thou wilt learn to guard the nectar, God Himself will confer greatness on thee.

Pleasant is the night for those who long for Him in their hearts;

By the Gurú's instruction to his disciples this knowledge is obtained

The kind one saveth those on whom He looketh with favour,

The worshippers on whom God bestoweth kindness worship Him

Why hold woman as weak, from whom are born Kings and Saints?

Call not by the name of wisdom, skill in argument.

It is by wisdom what is read is understood, it is by wisdom alms are properly bestowed.

By wisdom the Lord is worshipped, by wisdom honour is obtained.

Manak saith, these are the ways of wisdom; all others are ways of ignorance

It is useless to endeavour to instruct a fool,
Just as placing a light before a blind man, or burning fifty
lamps for him, is of no avail

The Golden Treasury of Indian Literature NONNANDONNANDONNANDONNANDON When man is filled with fear through the Guru's instructions, then he obtaineth understanding, and honour resulteth. Nanak, the true King then blendeth man with Himself I, Nanak, have sought and searched, and seen that the world is a mansion of smoke. Repeat Om, the three worlds are in it. Make your life a shop, with the true Name as its capital Store it with the Word and true knowledge. You go to bathe in the holy water, the Name is the holy pool. Bathe in the meditation of the Word and raise the shrine of knowledge In each and every one there is eternal light, know this the essence of the Gurú's teaching

Forest and home are the same to one who realizes the self

Keep the fast of non-desire, repeat God's name without outward recitation.

Know the One God filling the three worlds; then thou knowest the true meaning of the self-restraint of senses, and the divine truth

Water is contained in the vessel, it could not stand without a vessel

Knowledge is contained in the mind, and knowledge cannot be acquired without a teacher

Daylight is there, here is all night
Three states of mind are known;
The fourth state is known through the help of the true
Gurú,
It leads to the knowledge of God

He who avoids the three, lives in the fourth,
He has attained the supreme state,
Having killed hope and desire, the rising above the three
gunas, beyond the stings of disappointment,
In the fourth state, the follower of the true Gurú is found
in saintly company.

JAPJISAHIB

"OM" is His true name He is the Creator, the All-pervading Being, devoid of fear and hate, Imperishable, Unborn and Self-Existent He is attainable through the favour of a true spiritual guide only *Him* thou worship, O inquirer

He existed in the beginning, He existed before Time began its existence. He does exist now, and He shall be

for ever.

- I He cannot be realized and grasped by a million efforts of an (impure) mind, He cannot be realized (by the hypocrites) though they keep absolute and persistent silence. On the other hand, those engrossed in earthly concerns should bear in mind that the greed of a worldly man is never satisfied though he should be made sovereign over the whole host of habitable globes, and that worldly shrewdness, in all its thousand and one forms, does not help the soul in its passage to the next world. How, then, are truthfulness and purity of heart to be acquired? And how is the barrier of falsehood to be broken? This can be accomplished, O Nanak, by carrying out the Divine commands.
 - 2 Bodies come into being at His command, which no one can fore-know. At His command sentient creatures spring into existence, and at His command are acquired honour and glory. He decrees the birth of high and low, and He decrees happiness and misery alike. He decrees rewards to some, and dooms others to disappointment and ceaseless wandering. His control extends over everything, and there is naught independent of Him. "If His power were rightly understood, then none, O Nanak, would indulge in self-conceit."
 - 3 Some sing to Him because unto them is given the gift; some sing in grateful recognition of His bounties; some sing to Him because of His Divine qualities and greatness; some sing to Him, having known Him through their abstruse scientific studies, some sing to Him because

He creates and destroys corporeal forms; some sing to Him because He has power to take and give back life; some sing to Him thinking Him to be manifest though far, some sing to Him, being face to face with Him;—verily there is no end to His praise Millions upon millions have sung to Him Unceasing are His gifts, tiring the recipients by their abundance Through ages untold have His creatures received meat and drink from Him He, the Lord, has been guiding and controlling all throughout He, the unconcerned, rejoices in his now goodness.

- 4. True is the Lord, true is His name, and language expresses His infinite love. Ceaseless are the appeals to His munificence, and He, the great giver, bestows His good things upon all. What shall we offer him in return for His bounties that we may, thereby, stand in His presence? We must, know O inquirer, meditate every day, early at dawn, on the greatness of His holy name Food and drink comes from destiny, but salvation is the fruit of Divine grace. Thus, O Nanak, is the True one realizable.
- 5. Him no one can make or create. He is the self-existent Supreme Being Glory and honour are his who worships Him. Sing, O Nanak, the praises of Him who is the repository of virtue By thinking and hearing of Him, and by internally loving Him always, the devotee secures exemption from pain, and consequent happiness God is the source of sound, and He is the source of the Vedas, which eternally dwell in Him. He is the destroyer, the preserver, and the sustainer of all. Even if I knew Him, I could not define and explain Him; for He is a subject which does not admit of elucidation. My spiritual guide has grounded into my soul one thing, and that is, that God is the sole preserver of all sentient creatures. Him I can never forget
- 6 I can have a bath at a sacred bathing-place if it please Him But what have I to do with bathing if it please Him not? Is there any thing in the whole range of creation, that I can get if I am not pre-destined to? The words of

a true preceptor are brimful with truths, precious as diamonds and rubies, if only the disciple will listen to him. To me the advice of my preceptor is, "The preserver and sustainer of the whole creation is One and One only." Him I can never forget

- 7 If a man's term of existence should extend over four cycles running—nay, if it were to become ten times as long, if his fame were spread through the nine regions of the earth (*i.e.*, in every nook and corner of the world), and every one followed his retinue, if, having established a name for himself, he had won the golden opinion of the whole human race,—even then would he be discarded and forgotten if he was not acceptable in the sight of the Lord He, the just, would visit his sins on him, and doom him to the meanest forms of life He, the unconditioned, O Nanak, is the dispenser of mercies He is gracious to the virtuous, and there exists none that can bestow favours on Him
- 8 By hearing the holy name of the Lord have spring into existence saints of every degree and denomination, by hearing His holy name have spring into existence the earth, the mountains, and the sky, by hearing His holy name have spring into existence islands, and other habitable lands, as well as the nether regions, yes, the hand of Death itself is itself paralysed by hearing His holy name His worshippers O Nanak, are ever happy for the hearing of His holy name destroys both pain and sin
- 9 By hearing the holy name of the Lord, Shiva, Brahma, and Indra sprang into existence, by hearing His holy name even the depressed sing His praise, by hearing His holy name is acquired the power of concentrating the mind, and an insight into the mysteries of the human organism; by hearing His holy name the sense of the Shastras and Simritis and of the Vedas is grasped His worshippers, O Nanak, are ever happy. for the hearing of His holy name destroys both pain and sin

of His holy name destroys both pain and sin

10 By hearing the holy name of the Lord, truth, peace
of mind, and divine knowledge are obtained; by hearing

His holy name the merit of bathing at sacred bathingplaces untold is secured, by hearing His holy name honour and distinction is won, and by hearing His holy name absorption of mind is acquired. His worshippers, O Nanak, are ever happy, for the hearing of His holy name destroys both pain and sin.

assemblage of virtues, by hearing His holy name social precedence and spiritual superiority are obtained, by hearing His holy name the blind emerge into light; and by hearing His holy name impenetrable mysteries are solved His worshippers, O Nanak, are ever happy: for the hearing of His holy name destroys both pain and sin

of God, cannot be described Whoever tries to describe it has in the end to regret the attempt. There is neither pen, nor paper, nor a writer that would, in counsel assembled, portray the mental state of the devotee. Such is the name of the Supreme Being—for sincere worshippers. But how many are there who meditate on it sincerely?

13 By meditating on Him and by believing in His holy name sense and enlightenment of the mind are obtained; by meditating on Him and believing in His holy name a knowledge of every part of the universe is acquired, by meditating on Him and believing in His holy name disgrace and ill-treatment are escaped; by meditating on Him and believing in His holy name Death itself loses its terrors to the devotee, and affects him not Such is the name of the Supreme Being—for sincere worshippers. But how many are there who meditate on it sincerely?

14 They encounter no obstacles in their path, who meditate on His holy name with a sincere heart; They shine with honour and glory; they go about with their minds free from anxiety and fear, and their souls become linked with piety and virtue. Such is the name of the Supreme Being—for sincere worshippers. But how many are there who worship Him with a sincere heart?

15 They obtain salvation, who meditate on His holy name sincerely, and they are the salvation of their families. The preceptor, who meditates on His holy name sincerely, obtains salvation not only for himself, but for his disciples also Never do, O Nanak, wander about, from door to door, for alms those who meditate on His holy name sincerely. Such is the holy name of God—for his true worshippers. But how many are there who worship him with a sincere heart?

16 The righteous are chosen of God, the righteous are foremost in His sight, and honour and glory is theirs in heaven. They are the pride and ornament of a monarch's court, and to them the Supreme Being alone is the object of contemplation. Whoever would think and speak of His works, he would find that they defy all calculation

The bull, that is the real stay and support of this world, is Righteousness, the offspring of mercy. It is the foundation of all contentment and peace. The (popular myth) of the earth-supporting bull those only can see through who are intelligent. What a load must this bull have to bear! There are earths, many and many in number, far away from this our own. Who props them up (if the bull supports ours)?

The names of all orders of living beings and of all colours owe their origin to the pen of the Supreme Who can count God's creatures! What immense proportions does the calculation swell to! Infinite is His power and infinite the beautiful forms He has created Infinite is His bounty, infinite the measure of meat and drink He bestows upon His creature. This vast universe He created by a single word of His. At His bidding rushed into being millions of streams. "What particular manifestation of Thy power, O Lord, am I to dwell upon! I could not offer a fitting tribute to the majesty and grandeur of Thy power even if I sacrificed my life and soul to furnish it Whatever is pleasing to Thee, that is alone virtuous and fraught with good. Thou alone, O Formless Being, art ever above harm."

- 17. Countless are those that are engaged in repeating Thy name, and countless those that live in Thy love Countless are those that worship Thee, and countless those that practise austerities for Thy sake Countless are those that recite Thy praises by means of the Vedas and other holy books, and countless those that are absorbed in contemplation and secluded in the closet of their own hearts Countless are the devotees that meditate on Thy attributes and qualties, countless those that are wedded to truth, and countless those that delight in charity. Countless are the heroes who would even masticate iron, and countless are the anchorites with their lips perpetually sealed. "What particular manifestation of Thy might, O Lord, am I to dwell upon! I could not offer a fitting tribute to the majesty and grandeur of Thy power, even if I sacrificed my life and soul to furnish one!"
- 18 Innumerable are the fools, groping in utter darkness, innumerable are the thieves living on the wages of iniquity; innumerable are the robbers who accomplish their purpose by violence and brute force, innumerable are the cutthroats who commit murder and charge their souls with the blood of the innocent; innumerable are the sinners who revel in sin of every description, innumerable are the liars who wander about telling falsehoods, innumerable are the impure barbarians who live upon all kinds of loathsome food; innumerable are the calumniaters who put "load of sin on their heads" These, says Nanak, are the most depraved classes in society. "I could not, O Lord, offer a fitting tribute to the majesty and vastness of Thy creation even if I sacrificed my life and soul to furnish one Whatever is pleasing to Thee that alone is virtuous and fraught with good Thou alone, O Formless Being, art ever above harm"
- 19 Innumerable are the names, and innumerable the places, innumerable are the worlds, accessible and inaccessible, innumerable are the devotees who sing the praises of the Lord with their heads bending downwards. From the fate-letters comes the power to repeat his name and

to glorify Him; from the fate-letters come divine know-ledge, and the impulse to sing the praises of His attributes, from the fate-letters comes the gift of writing, and of speech and voice: these fate-letters are a record of destiny He, who has transcribed them on the forehead,—He himself has none of them on Himself As He commands, even so it falls in the case of every one of us. All that He has created has a name; there is no place in the universe to which He has not given a name "What particular manifestation of Thy power, O Lord, am I to dwell upon! I could not offer a fitting tribute to the majesty and vastness of Thy power even if I sacrificed my life and soul to furnish one! Whatever is pleasing to Thee, O Lord, the same is virtuous and fraught with good. Thou alone, O Lord, art ever above harm"

20 If one's hand, or foot, or body, or trunk is defiled, he can wash off the dirt with water. If cloth be polluted with urine, one can clean it by applying soap to it. But the heart, when defiled by sin, can be cleansed by the magic power of His holy name alone. Goodness and wickedness are not idle words: every soul carries a record of its actions with it to the Supreme Being. As the soul soweth, so it repeath. It transmigrates according to the orders of the Lord.

The merit of bathing at sacred bathing-places, of practising austerities, of doing charitable deeds, and of gifts bestowed is but slight. Those who hear of the Lord and believe in Him, and love Him in their hearts, the same enjoy an inward bath. "In thee, O Lord, dwell all virtues, I have none. Thou canst not be served and worshipped by those devoid of virtue." "Be blessed," is the benediction of a Brahman. But unto the Lord those alone are pleasing who are ever longing for Him. What was the hour and minute, what was the lunar-date and the day of the week, what was the season and the month, when corporeal beings were formed? The Pandits could never find out the time though they referred to the writings of the Puranas, nor could the Mohammedan doctors determine

the hour though they resorted to the verses of the Kuran. The Yogis do not know the lunar-date, nor the day of the week, when the world was formed; nor can anyone else discover the season and the month of creation. He, the Creator, alone knows all How can I describe Him, how can I praise Him, how can I define Him, and how can I know Him? O Nanak, everybody pretends to describe Him by what he has heard of Him from others, each pretending to be wiser than the rest. Verily, He is the great Lord, of great name, and the creator of the world He, who thinks the world to be self-created, will not be honoured in the next world.

- 22 Infinite is the number of the nether regions, and infinite the number of heavens. The learned have taxed their resources and powers to the utmost to discover the limits of creation, but have invariably broken down in the attempt. The Vedas alone throw light on the subject. The religious works of the Mohammedans estimate the number of the worlds at eighteen thousand, but this number is like unto "one single hair out of the hairs of a horse" The works of God could be put in black and white if they could be counted, but they are past all counting He is the great Lord, O Nanak, and He alone knows His own greatness
 - 23 Incessantly do I sing His praises, but I do not know much of Him I am like the rivers and brooks which are continuously flowing into the ocean but know nothing of its depth and vastness. Kings and princes, with the fine horses, palaces, wealth and riches, never dwindle into insignificance in the sight of the Lord if they keep him constantly in their thoughts
 - There are no limits to His praise, nor to the speech in His praise. There are no limits to His creative energy, nor to His bounty. There are no limits to what we hear of His works nor to what we see of them. There are no limits to His mental activity, nor to the organic forms He has made. Verily, everything about Him is infinite: we cannot see the limits of His power in any direction. There

are many and many who are groaning because they know not His end There is none who knows the limits of Divine power. The more one dwells upon it, the greater and vaster it appears He is the great Lord, and high is His place He is higher than the highest None but who is great as the Lord can know Him! He alone knows His own greatness, and by His grace and by man's own good deeds is the gift of realizing Him obtained

25 No one can over-praise His benevolence the great giver, entirely devoid of greed or stinginess Many are the warriors asking for boundless things at His door, many have not sense or the thought to ask Him anything, many there are who retire weary and exhausted with their supplications, many receive His bounty, but deny it, many are the fools who are revelling in plenty, and many there are who are afflicted with hunger Even pain and hunger, O Lord, hast thou decreed in the plenitude of thy wisdom and justice Bondage and freedom both come from thy just dispensations. Even this is the truth, and no one can assert aught to the contrary No recipient of His gifts, who is ungrateful, shall escape ignominy and disgrace It is He, the Lord, who knows the needs of every one and bestows His gifts accordingly, though His subjects, in their ignorance, indulge in various idle assertions He is blessed above all on whom the Lord bestows the gift of repeating His holy name

26 Invaluable are His attributes, and invaluable His dealings Invaluable are those who deal with Him, and invaluable are His stores. The suppliants come to Him empty-handed, but carry away gifts that are above all price. Invaluable are those who love Him, and invaluable those who are absorbed in thoughts of Him. Invaluable is His justice, and invaluable His tribunal. Invaluable is His balance, and invaluable His pleasure. Invaluable is His bounty, and invaluable His seal. Invaluable are His works, and invaluable His mandates. All things are invaluable that are the Lord's, and they defy description. Those that have attempted a description of them, have, in the end,

been compelled to seal their lips His attributes have been dwelt upon by the readers of the Vedas and the Puranas; they have been dwelt upon by the learned expounders of religious doctrine; they have been dwelt upon by the rishis Brahma and Indra, they have been dwelt upon by Krishna and the Gopies; they have been dwelt upon by Shiva and the holy men of austere life, they have been dwelt upon by the numerous Buddhas that have appeared in the world from time to time, they have been dwelt upon by the godly and the ungodly alike; they have been dwelt upon by saints, common mortals, and profound divines who have served the Lord Many are now engaged in dwelling upon His attributes, many are just beginning to dwell upon them, and many there are who dwell upon His attributes and depart this life one after another. Verily, vast is the number of rational beings that the Lord has already created, and vast the number of those that shall be created. But none shall exhaust His praise He can be as high and great as He pleases, and Him alone Nanak looks upon as the True One The man who uses impious language towards the Lord is the greatest of fools.

27. What kind of gate is that, and what sort of mansion, where, seated on His throne, He directs and supports all? Countless are the musical instruments and the tunes in the Lord's mansion, and countless the players Countless are the songs sung there, and countless the singers To Thee sing wind, water, and fire, and Death itself glorifies Thee at Thy door To Thee sing the recording angels, who are perpetually engaged in preparing deed-rolls of mortals, and in weighing their ments and de-ments To Thee sing Shiva, Brahma, and Devi, receiving honour and glory by always thinking of Thee Indra, seated on his throne, and the whole host of the celestrals glorify Thee at Thy gate To Thee sing recluses absorbed in deep meditation, and the devotees lost in thought To Thee sing the virtuous celebates, the truthful, the contented, and the hardy heroes To Thee sing, from age to age, the learned and the divine sages by means of the Vedic

hymns To Thee sing lovely females, who enchant the heart, in heaven, in the mortal world, and in the nether regions to Thee sing the gems and precious stones Thou has created, and the whole host of bathing-places into the bargain To Thee sing the most powerful warriors and brave men, and the four quarters. To Thee sing the diverse habitable regions and countries, and the different worlds, which Thou sustainest and preservest. To Thee sing those unto whom Thou art gracious, and Thy worshippers, absorbed in thee, are affluent in bliss. To Thee sing many and many others whose names I cannot recall. for how far can Nanak think. He is and He alone is the real Lord, eternally true, and of true name. He is and shall be for ever, and He shall not be destroyed. He is the creation of the universe. He is the author of all this visible creation, with its diverse colours and various forms. Having made all and everything He contemplates His own work, which bears witness to His greatness. He does what He pleases, and none can over-rule His pleasure. He is king, the king of kings, and His order abides for ever

28 Let contentment be the ear-ring to the god-seeker, modesty and honour the wallet, and knowledge and meditation the ashes Let him make Death and Purity of Body his patched quilt, and Faith his staff Even this is the religion for all classes for in the subjection of the mind (to which it leads) lies the victory over earth and flesh Salutation to the Lord! Salutation to the Primeval Being!
—who is spotless, without beginning, and immortal. He is the same, unchangeable Being through all ages

29 His omniscience chastens the wicked, while His mercy is His steward (the dispenser of His gifts) His glory is being proclaimed in every quarter of the universe He is the Lord of lords His prosperity and perfections are the object of the admiration of His creatures. He ordereth the union of the soul with organic bodies, as well as its separation from them, and everyone gets what is decreed to Him, Salutation to the Lord! salutation to the Primeval Being!—who is spotless, without beginning,

and immortal He is the same unchangeable Being through all ages.

There is the *Prakiti* wedded to Economy. It has three favourite assistants: the creative energy, the preservative energy, and the punitive energy The Lord guides and directs it as He likes. It obeys His mandates He sees all, Himself unseen by His creatures, which is truly wonderful Salutation to the Lord! salutation to the Primeval Being!—who is spotless, without beginning, and immortal. He is the same unchangeable Being through all ages.

31. The worlds, one and all, are His seat, and they are His store-house Whatever He has placed in them, that has been placed once, and for ever. Having made all things, the Creator contemplates His own works The works of the True one, O Nanak, are true (eternal). Salutation to the Lord, salutation to the Primeval Being! who is spotless, without beginning, and immortal. He is the same unchange-

able Being through all ages

32 If my tongue were changed into a hundred thousand tongues, and if those hundred thousand tongues were changed into twenty times as many, then would I repeat His name a hundred thousand times, and would not rest till I had repeated the process twenty-one times The meanest mortals are moved to make an effort at betterment when they hear of Heaven The Lord is realized by His own Divine grace only. Baseless is the idle boasting of the false ones

33 They are not mighty that have the gift of fine speech, nor they that have that of silence and reserve They are not mighty that live upon alms, nor they that bestow gifts. They are not mighty that try to live, nor they that court death. They are not mighty that are lords of wealth and kingdom or are victorious on the battle-field; they are not mighty that are intelligent, nor they that are thoughtful or meditative Neither by might nor shrewdness can liberation be obtained He, the mighty Lord, O Nanak, wields all power and He exercises it There is none high or low in His sight

34 He is the creator of nights, seasons, lunar-dates, and week-days; and He is the creator of wind, water, fire, and the nether regions. In the midst of these He has installed this earth as a temporary place of rest. It is covered with living beings and with beauty and variety. These living beings have names many and endless. Their deeds are separately taken into consideration, for He, the Lord, is just, and just are His judgments. The godly and righteous are acceptable in His sight, and salvation is the fruit of His grace and the soul's own merit combined. Those wanting in purity and righteousness make up their deficiency by His grace. This, O Nanak, is realized by those who see him face to face

35 Such is the universe when viewed as presided over by the Lord in His capacity as the supreme Dispenser of justice therein It shall now be described as presided over by the self-same Lord in His capacity as the giver of Divine knowledge There are in this universe numerous Winds, Waters, and Fires, Krishnas and Shivas, and numerous are the Brahmas, engaged in the creation of forms of every cast and colour There are numerous "regions of works," moving each on its own axis like this earth, and numerous are the polar stars declaring forth the Lord's glory. There are numerous Indras, moons, and suns, and numerous are the other heavenly orbs and regions. There are numerous Sidhs (saints), Budhas (men with their minds completely enlightened), and Naths (men with their minds absorbed in the thought of the Deity), and numerous are the enlightened and chaste females There are numerous gods, demons, and sages, and numerous are the nectarproducing oceans. There are numerous mines, numerous speeches, and numerous lords and kings, and numerous are the chanters of the Vedas There is no calculating his creation, O Nanak.

36 In the universe, viewed as presided over by the Lord in His capacity as the giver of Divine knowledge, Divine knowledge is the chief attraction. There are songs of praise, spiritual amusements, pleasures and joys. The characteristic

of the universe, viewed as presided over by the Lord as the source of happiness, is beauty. Incomparable forms are there being created, and it is so marvellous as to defy all power of description. If anyone attempted to describe it, he would in the end only repent the effort. Here are formed discernment, intelligence, mind, and wisdom, and here is created the understanding with which saints and sages are gifted

37. Energy and action are the characteristics of the universe, viewed as presided over by the Lord in His capacity as the Repository of force There is nothing but activity therein. There are heroes very powerful in battle, and the Lord is pervading them all Their females like Sita surrounded with greatness Their beauties cannot be described Those men are beyond the reach of death and decay, that recognize the constant presence of the Lord in their minds. There are numerous classes of devotees there, and they are happy, for the True One is in their hearts In the universe of Truth dwells the incorporeal Lord He sees His worshippers and showers His blessings upon them There are in this universe numerous regions, heavenly orbs, and habitable globes If anybody essayed a description of them, he would find that their number is beyond calculation There are worlds upon worlds and forms upon forms, and they all move and act as the Supreme Being orders The Lord contemplates the work of His hand, and rejoices To describe His doings, O Nanak, is hard

38. Continence is my workshop, Patience is my gold-smith, Intellect is my anvil, the Veda is my tool. Fear is my bellows, and the heat of austerity my Fire. Love is my crucible, and therein I have melted the nectar. Thus have I fashioned, in the true mint, the (foregoing) hymns in praise of the Lord. Such blessed work falls to the lot of those to whom the Lord is gracious. Happy is Nanak by the merciful look of the Omniscient.

THE CONCLUDING VERSE

Air is the protector, Water the preserver, and the great Earth the mother of all sentient creatures. Day and Night are the two nurses in whose lap the world sports. The merits and demerits of all shall be duly considered by the Supreme Dispenser of justice, and all shall have their deserts sooner or later. Those, who meditate sincerely on the holy name of the Lord, the same do away with pain and suffering when they throw off the mortal coil. Their souls glow with spiritual light, and through their instrumentality many fellow-mortals obtain liberation.

NARGAS

(Punjabi)

THE BIRTH OF GANGA

SPARK of life, I saw shooting into the heavens The half-visible mist, borne on the southern seascented winds, seemed to roll it on,

A ruby glowing in the mist!

It was winging in an aerial cradle, hung on the gold rays of the sun in midmost sky.

It was the cradle of mists,

And a spark of life was glowing within;

And the angels with their breath were fanning the spark of life that was soon to have its birth on the earth

Down below, far below the mist, the white clouds gathered on the Himalayan summits, like many hoary-headed sages to receive the spark of life from on high

A burning ruby, like the morning sun, shot through the

air.

And down it fell into the clouds.

The mist rolled on the life-spark to grow and generate on earth!

Those were the clouds of the Himalayas,

With the spark of life glowing within.

The clouds could hardly hold for long the precious gem, so heavy they were with it

The clouds dropped down in a storm of snow on the

Himalayan peaks.

And concealed in this storm of snow, the spark of life descended on the loftiest mountain of the globe!

And the spark of life burned within!

The spark of life, the Ganga of ancient fame, was seated like a Yogi in the perennial snows;

Her legs were crossed, her backbone straightened as she brooded in thought;

Her eyes were closed, her mind lost in Nirvana calm! Her soul was gathered all within,

There was she seated like a Yogi in the snows.

But not the mists, the clouds, not the snows, could hold for long the spark of life;

No trance of Yogi nor of Nirvana could long hold the

moving life motionless

There is a grain of burning fire, a gleam of the seed of eternal life still glowing in the heart of Ganga.

This little grain of fire melts the glaciers,

And from the opened Gaumukh of the glaciers flows the Ganga down

It is a little silver current of crystal joy water, And the spark of life glows within!

Stealthily tumbling out of the Himalayas' lap, Down she rolls dancing over rocks and stones,

And sparkles bright, catching the flying rainbows in her hundred waves.

Undaunted flows the River Ganga, and nothing bars her

way.

Each little current of water, each little drop of dew, that falls on the Himalayan grass, she beckons to herself, and everyone obeys her call

The rivers come, the rivulets come:

And mightier, and larger, and happier flows the River Ganga!

Day and night, unresting, doth the river go, And the spark of life glows within! From the Himalayas down she descends on the Sivaliks, And from the Sivaliks on to the East, On to the East, the river goes, Still brighter burns the spark of life within!

On to the East the Ganga flows, Scattering the heavenly wealth around! Plenty and prosperity to each and all! The gifts of horses, cows and bulls!

The gifts of corn, of fruits and flowers!

Jewels and gems she scatters as she goes.

The mighty cities stand on either side of her banks, waiting, like so many beggars, for her alms

Something for all, nothing denied, the Ganga distributes life and joy as she rushes down

The thirsty creatures of the forests drink from her cup as she holds it to their lips.

Man, bird and beast rejoice!

The Ganga knows the ways in which heaven does good to all,

The heat of the heat-oppressed she takes to herself.

She fain would be muddy, if only others may be made clean

She gives and forgives; she knows how to serve with her coolest waves, if only others may be happier thereby.

Attracted onward by the vision of the ancient teachings, The Ganga seeks the sea,

To be one with the great infinite,

To be lost in the one great stream—the oneness of things,

At last she goes to the great ocean, blue and broad, one infinite stretch of things,

To rest in one unmoving motion.

All day and night, unresting, through the land she goes, and never turns back.

The sea to the approaching Ganga said, "Who and from whence art thou?

Thou art great, full of every gem and scent

Thou art fragrant with the fragrance of the earth and of many a herb!

Thou bringest the joys of the land of the people, richladen with gold and pearl thou comest!

Thou hast been showering joys on all,

Thou hast brought blessing to all:

Pray, tell me thy tale, where is thy land, thy home, O beautiful one?"

Proud of her Father-Himalaya and her high descent from heaven,

The Ganga raised her head aloft and said:

"I come from the Himalayas,

From the largest, greatest, highest height,

And the deepest deep,

From him self-lost in Yoga.

All I have now or did ever bring with me is his, O sea! All I gave to any that met me on my way is his.

The gifts are his, he the giver!

I am but a messenger of the great Himalaya—stern ancient lover of men

His waters are sweet

His ore and precious stones are so fair and bright.

The gold shines in the sands there.

His air breathes everlasting ecstasies

His trees are talisman-trees

His herbs are weighted with charms.

His seasons revolve in endless fascination.

All glorious are his lights

Those shades of deodar, the moonlit-snows, The sudden falls of Auroras of the north"

When the sea heard of the greatness of the Himalayas, a snake-like wave coiled round his heart, and he angrily replied:

"True," he said, "he is high, but is not a very Hell below

in the depths of his valleys?

That greatness is of no avail which has so much low, dark littleness by its side.

O beautiful one! those that are high have enough of the low!

Look at me! O fair new-comer from afar! I am always of one level, neither high nor low, Nor great nor small; one great vastness I. I receive a thousand rivers and I increase not,

A thousand rivers go out of me and I decrease not Nor have I any high peaks to show, Nor is there any sudden rise or sudden fall in me. No deep dark valley is in me, no half-scooped caves, No cracked fissures or frowning wrinkles are on my face One great level, one vastness, one oneness I am!"

The Ganga collected herself, in supreme wrath, And turned her steps back from where she came She murmured to herself:

"Back I will go I will not stay with such a jealous wretch as the sea, so proud of his own low level"

And aloud she spoke with the voice of an angry goddess' "Ah! I had thought that the ocean is ever calm, silent and deep

Thou hast spoken but as a shallow water-pot. Thou hast not weighted what thou hast said.

It is true the Himalaya has deep valleys, deep wrinkles on his face;

But, O seal his lowest level is higher far than the highest thou canst boast

The high ones are ever high,

But higher even their lowest pitch than the highest crest of thy waves

I wonder thou, so low thyself, speakest ill of lum who sends thee feeding streams

Knowest thou not the Gehenna-depths of hell below this water-grub of honour!

Knowest thou not thy treacherous caves below!

Knowest thou not how mean is this deceptive level of thine!

But thou knowest how to hide thy ugly gulf below this shining water sheet.

And there the high Himalaya, my father, stands bare in his own glory and joy, caring not to conceal even a single blot on his skin

There stands he, the highest, with all his scars and wrinkles

on him

There rise up his highest peaks, abode of angels and gods, in the transparent blue—

The snowy summits are kissed daily by the rising sun Behold the daily showers of gold on the hoary head of my father!

Heaven pouring itself down on him,

How sublime is he! How mean art thou!

How he stands for eternity to feast the world with his flesh and blood!

How thou cringest here eating every crumb that each one throws to thee!

He is the giver,

Thou art but a beggar.

A beggar can brook not the greatness of his benefactor Concealing well thy black depths, thou proclaimest thyself without shame and fear, so faultless thou, that art so low

Go! I curse thee, thou shalt for ever drown in the deeps of thy own black hate"

Then the Ganga turned away from the sea. And the sea, self-drowned in shame, cried out:

"Go not, Ganga, go not away! Come back, come back to me,

I have been waiting so long for thee."

But the Ganga turned away indignantly from the ocean, The spark of life blazing high within!

The sea flatters her;

But on she goes; her eyes turned to heaven, heaven's eyes gazing into hers,

Still the sea, catching her by the hands, and holding her round the waist, tries to take her back to his home.

"O God! I will not stay with this monster of winds and waves,

I will not stay with the slanderer of my great father.

Pray, heaven' send down thy beams and bear me upwards in their embraces

And take me back to the lap of my father!

I will not stay with this monster of the waves"

The Ganga ascends.

On the shoulders of the winds, in the cradle woven of the rays of the sun and moon, she is lifted high to the mid-sky,

To the Himalayas back the Ganga flies.

In the cradle of light is her ascent,

Where the spark of life is fanned by angels.

Once again she tries to forget the world,

Once again, in the lap of Himalayas, the Ganga has and plays.

Once again she is lost in Nirvana.

Once again her legs are crossed, her backbone straightened as she broods in thought.

Her eyes are closed, her mind is lost in calm.

Once again her soul is all gathered within,

Seated like a Yogi in the snows,

The eternal unmelting snows,

And buried in them, and aglow is still the spark of life! The Ganga sleeps, she sleeps again in trances on the snows.

But the spark of fire she has in her soul rouses her again. Again she moves, again she flows; again she goes to bless and love.

Tired and spent, again she returns.

Filled and refreshed, again she flows;

She is alive, and the spark of life in her soul burns for ever.

THE SWING OF LOVE

Ι

REMEMBER I was on the wing of love, and it was swinging high

The very height made me pure and selfless.

II

As we swung, the beloved held a bowl to my lips

I drank of it, my lips were honey-sealed.

It was, I saw, the wine of life, the bestower of love and freedom

I cast but casual glances downwards, the things on earth looking up with sweet appeal

I knew not that my very looks and smiles would be my

bondage

My own smiles and looks became the chains by which the things of earth bound me down

They began to sling their sorrows and shades, and the

pains of hell, about my heart

I blame no one, I only blame my binding looks and smiles.

III

Ah! again the swing of love and the freedom of the air, the sun, and the soul!

These chains would drop, if I could but catch again, as

before. . . .

As before the hem of the flying garment of him who flies so high!

If he would only hale me, and if I could but hold firm his

helping hand!

Ah! if I could bind him down to myself by his image of love within my heart!

If he would only lift me up, and if I could but hold his helping hand in mine!

ΙV

And now I fly again, for thus my chains did drop.

Again I am seated in my swing of love.

It is swinging full and high.

And the bowl is sweet, my love holds to my lips.

I drink of it, and to its lips my lips are honey-sealed:

It is, I see, the wine of life, the bestower of love, and the freedom of the air.

THE SUTTA OF THE GREAT DECEASE (Pah)

(An account of the last days of the Buddha and of his passing away)

THUS have I heard.

Now the Blessed One addressed the Brethren, and said O Bhikkhus, take up your abode round about Vesali, each according to the place where his friends and companions may live I shall remain for the rainy season here at Beluva And the Brethren assented, and did accordingly

Now when the Blessed One had thus entered upon the rainy season, there fell upon him a dire sickness, and sharp pains came upon him, so that he was sick even unto death but the Blessed One, controlled and self-possessed, bore

them without complaint

And the thought came to him. It would not be right for me to pass away from existence without taking my leave of the Order By a strong effort of will, therefore, he kept his hold upon life and the sickness abated, so that he was able to leave the monastery again and sit in the grounds around it

And on one of these occasions, Ananda, his faithful attendant, addressed him and said "I have seen the Blessed One in health, and I have seen the Blessed One in his sickness, and have grieved at his sufferings at the sight of his sufferings my body became weak as a creeper, the horizon became dim to me, and my faculties were no longer clear, yet I nevertheless took some comfort from the thought that the Blessed One would not pass away from existence until he had at least left instructions regarding the Order"

"What then, Ananda? Does the Order expect that of me? I have preached the Doctrine without making my distinction between exoteric and esoteric doctrine: for in respect of Truth, Ananda, the Tathagata has no such

thing as the closed fist of a teacher who keeps some things back. And as to the Order, Ananda, should there be anyone who harbours the thought, 'It is I who will lead the Brotherhood,' or 'the Order is dependent upon me,' it is he who should lay down instructions in any matter concerning the Order. Now the Tathagata, Ananda, thinks not that it is he who should lead the Brotherhood, or that the Order is dependent upon him

"Why, then, should he leave instructions in any matter

concerning it ?

"I am now grown old and full of years, O Ananda, and my journey is drawing to a close I have reached my sum of days, I am turning eighty years of age; and just as a worn-out cart can only with continual care and attention be kept going, so the body of the Tathagata can only be kept going with continual care It is only when the Tathagata ceases to attend to outward things and is plunged in that devout meditation of heart which has no concern with material objects—it is only then that the body of the Tathagata is at ease.

"Therefore, O Ananda, to you and to the Brotherhood I say 'Be ye lamps unto yourselves; islands of refuge unto yourselves. Betake yourselves to no external refuge Hold fast to the Truth as a lamp: hold fast to the Truth as an island of refuge. Look not for refuge to any one

beside yourselves.'

"And now, Ananda, is each brother to be a lamp unto himself, and island of refuge to himself, by betaking himself to no external refuge, looking not for guidance to any but himself? Let each Brother as he dwells in the body so regard the body that he, being strenuous, thoughtful, and mindful, may, whilst in the world, overcome the sorrow which arises from bodily attachment and craving: whilst subject to sensations, continue so to regard sensations that he, being strenuous, thoughtful and mindful, may whilst in the world, overcome the sorrow which arises from attachment to sensation; and so also as he thinks or reasons let him overcome the sorrow

which arises from the attachment due to ideas or to

reasoning.

"Such of my disciples, O Ananda, who shall hold fast to the Truth as their lamp, who shall hold fast to the Truth as their refuge, looking not for refuge to anyone beside themselves shall reach the supreme Height and attain the Goal—but they must be earnest and sincere"

And the Blessed One said "Come, Ananda, let us go to the Kutagara Hall, to the Mahavana"

"Even so! Lord!" said the venerable Ananda, in

assent, to the Blessed One

He then proceeded, with Ananda, to the Mahavana, and having arrived there said: "Go now, Ananda, and assemble in the Service Hall such of the Brethren as reside in the neighbourhood of Vesali" And when they were thus assembled the Blessed One proceeded to the Service Hall, and addressed the Brethren thus.

"O Brethren—ye to whom the Truths I have perceived have been made known—having thoroughly made yourselves masters of them, practise them, meditate upon them, and spread them abroad, to the end that pure religion may last long, to the end that it may continue for the good and for the happiness of the multitudes, out of pity for the world, for the good and the gain and the welfare of gods and men

"What then are these Truths, O Brethren? They are

these:

I The Four Earnest Meditations;

2 The Fourfold Struggle against Sin;

3 The Four Roads to Saintship,

4 The Five Moral Powers,

5 The Five Organs of Spiritual Sense,

6 The Seven Kinds of Wisdom, and

7 The Noble Eightfold Path

"These, O Brethren, are the Truths which I have made known to you, and which it behoves you to practise, meditate upon, and spread abroad"

And the Blessed One exhorted the Brethren, and said: "Behold now, O Brethren, I exhort you: All compounded things must grow old, must decay, must cease to exist. Work out your own salvation with diligence The final extinction of the Tathagata will take place before long At the end of three months from this time the

Tathagata will die!"

Now the Blessed One rose early and said to Ananda. "Come, Ananda, let us go on to Pava." "Even so, Lord," said the venerable Ananda in assent And at Pava the Blessed One stayed at the Mango Grove of Chunda Now Chunda, who was a worker in metals, and a disciple of the Blessed One, having heard that he had come to Pava, went there, and having saluted the Blessed One, took his seat respectfully on one side And when he was thus seated, the Blessed One instructed and gladdened him with religious discourse

Then he, instructed and gladdened with religious discourse, addressed the Blessed One and said: "May the Blessed One do me the honour of taking his meal, together with the Brethren, at my house to-morrow" And seeing that the Blessed One consented, Chunda arose from his seat, bowed down before him, and keeping him on

his right side as he went, departed thence.

Now that night Chunda made ready in his dwelling sweet rice and cakes, and a quantity of truffles, known as suk karamaddavam (boars' delight) And on the following morning, at the hour announced, the Blessed One having robed himself and taken his bowl, proceeded with the Brethren to the house of Chunda And when he was seated he addressed Chunda, and said. "As to the dish of truffles you have prepared, Chunda, serve me with it: as to the other food, the sweet rice and cakes, serve the Brethren with them" "Even so, Lord!" replied Chunda, who did accordingly

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And after instructing and gladdening Chunda with religious discourse, the Blessed One arose and departed thence And soon there fell upon him a dire sickness: but he, mindful and self-possessed, bore it without complaint. And after resting awhile he went on with Ananda to Kusınara, where Pukkusa, a disciple of Alara Kalama, visited him And having instructed, aroused and gladdened Pukkusa with religious discourse, he renounced his faith in Alara Kalama, and declared himself a disciple of the Blessed One, taking his Refuge in the Buddha, the Dhamma and the Sangha And having presented the Blessed One with two robes of cloth of gold, he went on his way.

And after Pukkusa had departed, Ananda, on the instructions of the Blessed One, clothed him in the robes of cloth of gold, and the body of the Blessed One was transfigured, his skin became clear and exceedingly bright, so that the robe of gold seemed as if it had lost its splendour. And Ananda said: "How wonderful is this thing, O Lord, that the skin of the Blessed One should be thus bright, so that the splendour of the cloth of gold

"It is even so, Ananda There are two occasions, Ananda, when the Tathagata becomes thus transfigured On the night in which he attains to Supreme and Perfect Enlightenment, and on the night in which he finally passes away, in that utter passing away which leaves nothing whatever to remain. This day, at the third watch of the night, in the Sala Grove, of the Mallians, between the twin Sala trees, the utter passing away of the Tathagata will take place"

And having gone on to Katuttha, he went down into the water and bathed And coming out of the water on the other side he went to the Mango Grove. And addressing the venerable Chundaka, he said. "Fold, I pray you, Chundaka, a robe in four and spread it out I am weary, and would he down" And Chundaka did so. And the Blessed One laid himself down on his right side, with one foot crossed over the other; and calm and

self-possessed, he meditated. Later, addressing Ananda, he said "It may happen, Ananda, that one may reproach Chunda, imputing ill to him, and arousing remorse in him, in that the Tathagata died after eating food provided by him. Any such remorse in Chunda should be checked by telling him that out of his own mouth the Tathagata has said, that food offered him and partaken of by him on two occasions in his life are of equal and great value. The offering of food eaten by the Tathagata on the occasion of his Enlightenment, and the offering of food partaken by him on the occasion of his final passing away. Good karma redounds to Chunda in thus providing the Tathagata with his last meal—length of life, good birth, good fame."

Now the Blessed One addressed the venerable Ananda, and said: "Come, Ananda, let us go to the Sala Grove of the Mallas, the Upavattana of Kusinara" "Even so, Lord!" replied Ananda in assent. And having arrived at the Sala Grove, he addressed Ananda, and said: "Spread for me, I pray you, Ananda, a couch with its head to the north, between the twin Sala trees. I am weary, Ananda, and would he down." And Ananda did so And the Blessed One laid himself down on his right side, with one foot crossed over the other, and mindful and self-possessed, he meditated

Now the venerable Ananda went into the Vihara and stood leaning against the lintel of the door, weeping at the thought. "Alas! I remain still but a learner, one who has yet to work out his own perfection. And the Master is about to pass away from me—he who is so kind!"

Master is about to pass away from me—he who is so kind!"

Now the Blessed One called and said: "Where is Ananda?" And on being told, he said. "Go tell Ananda the Master calls for thee." And Ananda came, and bowing before the Blessed One, took his seat respectfully at his side. Then said the Blessed One to the venerable Ananda: "Enough, Ananda! Do not let yourself be troubled;

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do not weep! In the very nature of things we must be separated from all things most near and dear to us. Inasmuch as each thing brought into existence contains within itself the inherent necessity of dissolution, how can it be possible that all such things should not be dissolved? For a long time, Ananda, you have been very near to me by thoughts, words and acts of love, of kindness and goodness beyond measure You have done well, Ananda! Be earnest in effort, and you too shall soon be free from sensuality, from attachment to existence, from delusion, and from ignorance"

Now at that time a mendicant named Subhadda, who on account of the uncertainty of his mind had attached himself to no teacher, heard that the Tathagata was passing away. And on hearing this, the thought arose in his mind: "Thus have I heard from fellow-seekers. 'Sometimes, but full seldom, do Arahat Buddhas appear in the world.' This faith have I in the Samana Gotama, that he, perhaps, may so present the truth to me that the uncertainty of my mind may be removed"

And going to the Sala Grove, he begged of Ananda that he might be allowed to see the Blessed One, but Ananda refused, saying, "Enough, friend Subhadda. trouble not the Tathagata The Blessed One is weary."

But the Blessed One overheard this refusal of Ananda, and calling to Ananda, said: "Do not keep out Subhadda Whatever Subhadda may ask of me he will ask from a desire for knowledge, and not to annoy me And whatever I may say in answer to his questions, that he will quickly understand" So Subhadda entered the presence of the Blessed One, and saluting him courteously, took his seat on one side. And thus seated, Subhadda said:

"The Brahmins by saintliness of life, esteemed as good men by the people, renowned as founders of schools of doctrine and as teachers of companies of disciples and students, have claimed thoroughly to understand the nature of existence. I ask you, have they understood or have they not: or have some understood and some not?"

And the Blessed One replied "Enough, Subhadda! Let this matter rest whether they have understood the nature of existence or whether they have not. Listen! I will tell you the truth concerning these things In whatsoever doctrine and discipline the Noble Eightfold Path is not found, neither in it is there to be found a man of true saintliness, whether of the first, of the second, of the third, or of the fourth degree. And in whatsoever doctrine and discipline the Noble Eightfold Path is found, in it, and in it alone, is to be found the man of true saintliness, of the first, of the second, of the third, and of the fourth degree Void of saints are the systems of teachers in which the Noble Eightfold Path is not found. May the brethren follow that Path and live the perfect life, that the world be not bereft of Arahats"

And when he had thus spoken, Subhadda said "Most excellent, Lord, are the words of thy mouth Just as if a man were to reveal that which is hidden, or point out the right road to one who has gone astray, or were to bring a lamp into the darkness even so, Lord, has the Truth been made known to me by the Blessed One I betake myself to the Blessed One as my Refuge, to the Dhamma and to the Sangha. May the Blessed One accept me as a true believer, from this day forth as long as life endures."

And the Blessed One called Ananda, and said. "Ananda, receive Subhadda into the Order." So Subhadda, the mendicant, was received into the Order, and earnest, zealous and resolved, he soon attained the supreme goal for which men renounce the ephemeral gains of this world, and realizing that birth was at an end, that the higher life had been fulfilled, that all that should be done had been accomplished, and that after this life there would be no beyond, the venerable Subhadda became yet another among the Arahats And Subhadda was the last disciple whom the Blessed One himself converted

Now the Blessed One addressed the venerable Ananda, and said "It may be, Ananda, that in some of you the thought may arise, 'The word of the Master is ended, we have no teacher more!' But it is not thus, Ananda,

that you should regard it. The Truths and the Rules of the Order which I have set forth and laid down for you all, let them be your Teacher when I am gone"

Then the Blessed One addressed the Brethren, and said.

"Behold now, Brethren, I exhort you, saying · 'Decay is inherent in all compounded things! Work out your salvation with diligence!"

These were the last words of the Tathagata.

Then the Blessed One entered into the First Stage of deep meditation, and rising out of the First Stage he entered the Second Stage, and rising out of the Second Stage he entered the Third Stage, and rising out of the Third Stage he entered the Fourth Stage of deep meditation. And so rising out of the Fourth Stage he entered into the state of mind to which the infinity of space alone is present. And passing out of the sole consciousness of the infinity of space he entered into the state of mind to which the infinity of thought alone is present. And passing out of the sole consciousness of the infinity of thought he entered into that state of mind in which the consciousness both of sensations and ideas has wholly passed away.

Then the venerable Ananda said to the venerable Anuruddha: "O my Lord Anuruddha, the Blessed One

is dead!"

"Nay, brother Ananda," replied the venerable Anuruddha, "the Blessed One is not dead. He has entered into that state in which both sensations and ideas have ceased to hel"

Then the Blessed One passed in reverse order through these states of consciousness back to the First Stage of deep meditation, and passing out of the First Stage of deep meditation he immediately expired

And at the moment of his passing away from existence the venerable Anuruddha uttered these stanzas:

"When the great Sage, his span of life complete, Had to Nirvana's tranquil state attained, No craving vexed that steadfast heart, for he Freedom from all desire had gained

All resolute, with unshaken mind, He calmly triumphed o'er the pain of death. E'en as a bright flame dies away, so he Attained deliverance from life"

And the venerable Anuruddha and the venerable Ananda spent the remainder of the night in religious discourse And at dawn the venerable Anuruddha said to the venerable Ananda, "Go, brother Ananda, to Kusinara and inform the Mallas of Kusinara of the death of the Blessed One." And Ananda did so With great grief they received the news, crying "Too soon has the Blessed One died! Too soon has the Blessed One passed away! Too soon has the Light gone out of the world!"

And on the seventh day the body of the Tathagata was taken to a spot outside the city where, with reverence and homage, the cremation ceremony was performed. And the ashes were divided amongst the Sakya clans, who erected eight stupas to accommodate them.

So passed the Supreme Teacher into Parinibbana, honoured by Gods and Men

Bow down with clasped hands! Hard, hard is a Buddha to meet with through hundreds of ages!

MÉGHA DÚTA, OR CLOUD MESSENGER (Sanskrit. Kalıdas)

ND sad, and silent, shalt thou find my wife, Half of my soul, and partner of my life, Nipped by chill sorrow, as the flowers enfold, Their shrinking petals, from the withering cold.

I view her now! long weeping swells her eyes, And those dear lips are dried by parching sighs; Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines, And half unseen through veiling tresses shines; As when a darkling night the moon enshrouds, A few faint rays break straggling through the Clouds

Now at thy sight I mark fresh sorrows flow, And sacred sacrifice augments her woe; I mark her now, with fancy's aid retrace, This wasted figure, and this haggard face; Now from her favourite bird she seeks relief, And tells the tuneful Sáricá her grief, Mourns o'er the feathered prisoner's kindred fate, And fondly questions of its absent mate.

In vain the lute for harmony is strung,
And round the robe-neglected shoulder slung;
And faltering accents strive to catch in vain,
Our race's old commemorative strain:
The falling tear that from reflexion springs,
Corrodes incessantly the silvery strings;
Recurring woe still pressing on the heart,
The skilful hand forgets its grateful art,
And idly wandering strikes no measured tone,
But wakes a sad wild warbling of its own.

At times such solace animates her mind, As widowed wives in cheerless absence find;

She counts the flowers now faded on the floor, That graced with monthly piety the door, Thence reckons up the period since from home, And far from her, was I compelled to roam, And deeming fond my term of exile run, Conceives my homeward journey is begun.

Lightened by tasks like these the day proceeds,
But much I dread a bitterer night succeeds:
When thou shalt view her on the earth's cold breast,
Or lonely couch of separation rest,
Disturbed by tears those pallid cheeks that burn,
And visions of her dearer half's return.

Now seeking sleep, a husband to restore, And waking now, his absence to deplore, Deprived of slumber by returning woes, Or mocked by idle phantoms of repose; Till her slight form, consumed by ceaseless pain, Shews like the moon fast hastening to its wane.

Crisp from the purifying wave her hair Conceals the charms, no more her pleasing care; And with neglected nails her fingers chase, Fatigued, the tresses wandering o'er her face, Firm winds the fillet, as it first was wove, When fate relentless forced me from my love; And never flowery wreaths, nor costly pearls, Must hope to decorate the fettered curls, Loosed by no hand, until the law divine, Accomplished, that delighted hand is mine

Dull as the flower when clouds through ether sweep, Not wholly waking, nor resigned to sleep; Her heavy eyelids languidly unclose, To where the moon its silvery radiance throws Mild through the chamber; once a welcome light, Avoided now, and hateful to her sight.

Those charms that glittering ornaments oppress, Those restless slumbers that proclaim distress, That slender figure worn by grief severe, Shall surely gain thy sympathizing tear; For the soft breast is swift to overflow, In moist compassion, at the claims of woe

The same fond wife as when compelled to part, Her love was mine, I still possess her heart; Her well known faith this confidence affords, Nor vain conceit suggests unmeaning words, No boaster I! and time shall quickly teach, With observation joined, how just my speech. O'er her left limbs shall glad pulsations play, And signs auspicious indicate thy way, And like the lotus trembling on the tide, While its deep roots the sportive fish divide, So tremulous throbs the eye's enchanting ball, Loose o'er whose lids neglected tresses fall.

Soothed by expected bliss should gentle sleep,
O'er her soft limbs and frame exhausted creep,
Delay thy tidings, and suspend thy flight,
And watch in silent patience through the night,
Withhold thy thunders, lest the awful sound,
Her slumber banish, and her dreams confound,
Where her fond arms, like winding shrubs she flings,
Around my neck, and to my bosom clings

Behold her rising with the early morn,
Fair as the flower that opening buds adorn;
And strive to animate her drooping mind,
With cooling rain drops, and refreshing wind,
Restrain thy lightnings, as her timid gaze,
Shrinks from the bright intolerable blaze,
And murmuring softly, gentle sounds prepare,
With words like these to raise her from despair

"Oh, wife adored! whose lord still lives for thee; Behold his friend, and messenger in me; Who now approach thy beauteous presence fraught, With many a tender, and consoling thought; Such tasks are mine: where absent lovers stray; I speed the wanderer lightly on his way; And with my thunders teach his lagging mind, New hopes the braid of absence to unbind."

As beauteous Mait'hili with glad surprise,
Bent on the Son of air her opening eyes;
So my fair partner's pleased uplifted gaze,
Thy friendly presence with delight surveys;
She smiles, she speaks, her misery forgoes,
And deep attention on thy words bestows;
For such dear tidings happiness impart,
Scarce less than mutual meeting to the heart.

Being of years protracted, aid thy friend,
And with my words thine own suggestions blend,
Say thus; "Thy lord o'er Ráma's mountain strays,
Nor cares but those of absence blight his days,
His only wish by me his friend to know,
If he is blest with health, that thou art so;
For still this fear especially must wait,
On every creature of our passing state

"What though to distance driven by wrath divine Imagination joins his form with thine, Such as I view is his emaciate frame, Such his regrets, his scorching pangs the same; To every sigh of thine, his sigh replies, And tears responsive trickle from his eyes.

"By thee unheard, by those bright eyes unseen, Since fate resists, and regions intervene, To me the message of his love consigned, Portrays the sufferings of his constant mind;

Oh, were he present, fondly would he seek, In secret whisper that inviting cheek; Woo thee in close approach his words to hear, And breathe these tender accents in thine ear."

"Goddess beloved, how vainly I explore,
The world to trace the semblance I adore;
Thy graceful form the flexile tendril shews,
And like thy locks the peacock's plumage glows,
Mild as thy cheeks, the moon's new beams appear,
And those soft eyes adorn the timid deer;
In rippling brooks thy curling brows I see,
But only view combined these charms in thee.

"E'en in these wilds our unrelenting fate, Proscribes the union, love and art create; When with the colours that the rock supplies, O'er the rude stone thy pictured beauties rise, Fain would I think, once more we fondly meet; And seek to fall in homage at thy feet, In vain, for envious tears my purpose blight, And veil the lovely image from my sight.

"Why should the God who wields the five-fold dart, Direct his shafts at this afflicted heart, Nor spare to agonize an aching breast, By sultry suns, and banishment oppressed, Oh! that these heavy hours would swiftly fly, And lead a happier fate, and milder sky

"Believe me, Dearest, that my doom severe, Obtains from heavenly eyes the frequent tear, And where the spirits of these groves attend, The pitying drops in pearly showers descend, As oft in sleep they mark my outstretched arms, That clasp in blissful dreams thy fancied charms, Play through the air, and fold in fond embrace, Impassive matter, and etherial space.

"Soft and delightful to my senses blows,
The breeze that south-ward wafts Himála's snows,
And rich impregnated with gums divine,
Exuding fragrant from the shattered pine,
Diffuses sweets to all, but most to me;
Has it not touched; does it not breathe of thee?

"What are my tasks: to speed the lagging night, And urge impatiently the rising light; The light returned, I sicken at the ray, And shun as eagerly the shining day; Vain are my labours in this lonely state, But fate proscribes, and we must bow to fate.

"Let then my firmness save thee from despair,
Who trust myself, nor sink beneath my care;
Trust to futurity, for still we view;
The always wretched, always blest are few;
Life like a wheel's revolving orb turns round;
Now whirled in air, now dragged along the ground.

"When from his serpent couch that swims the deep, Sárangi rises from celestial sleep;
When four more months unmarked have run their course;
To us all gloom; the curse has lost its force;
The grief from separation born expires,
And Autumn's nights reward our chaste desires.

"Once more I view thee as mine eyes unclose, Laid by my side, and lulled by soft repose; And now I mark thee startle from thy sleep, Loose thy enfolding arms, and wake to weep; My anxious love long vainly seeks reply, Till, as the smile relumes that lucid eye, Thy arch avowal owns, that jealous fear Affrighted slumber, and aroused the tear. While thus, Oh Goddess with the dark black eyes, My fond assurance confidence supplies;

Let not the tales that idle tatlers bear, Subvert thy faith, nor teach thee to despair; True love no time nor distance can destroy, And independent of all present joy, It grows in absence, as renewed delight, Some dear memorials, some loved lines excite"

Such, vast Dispenser of the dews of heaven, Such is my suit, and such thy promise given; Fearless upon thy friendship I rely, Nor ask that promise, nor expect reply. To thee the thirsty Chátacas complain, Thy only answer is the falling rain, And still such answer from the Good proceeds, Who grant our wishes, not in words, but deeds

Thy task performed, consoled the mourner's mind, Haste thy return these solitudes to find, Soar from the mountain, whose exalted brow, The horns of Siva's bull majestic plough, And hither speeding, to my sorrowing heart, Shrunk like the bud at dawn, relief impart. With welcome news my woes tumultuous still, And all my wishes tenderly fulfil Then to whatever scenes invite thy way, Waft thy rich stores, and grateful glooms convey. And ne'er may destiny like mind divide, Thy brilliant spouse, the lightning, from thy side

This said, he ceased: the messenger of air, Conveyed to Alaca his wild despair, The God of wealth relenting learnt his state, And swift curtailed the limit of his fate; Removed the curse, restored him to his wife, And blest with ceaseless joy their everlasting life.

THE INVOCATION

CREAT authors of the world, almighty Pair, Listen, O listen to your servant's prayer. Ye, who are knit, by Love's eternal tie, Close as the links that word and sense ally, Hear, mighty Siva, gracious Uma, hear; Inspire my words, and let their sense be clear. But, ah, the folly! Can I hope to guide My frail bark safely o'er a boundless tide? How men will mock the humble bard who sings The ancient glories of the Sun-born Kings; Like a young child with little hands outspread For fruit that glows above a giant's head. Yet by their lays the ancient Sons of Song Ope wide the gates that guard the glorious throng, As diamonds pierce the way for silk to string Rich pearls to deck the forehead of a king. Yes, I must dare: their noble deeds inspire, And warm my bosom with a poet's fire. Yes, I will sing, although the hope be vain To tell their glories in a worthy strain, Whose holy fame in earliest life was won, Who toiled unresting till the task was done. Far as the distant seas all owned their sway; High as the heaven none checked their lofty way. Constant in worship, prompt at Duty's call, Swift to reward the good, the bad appal, They gathered wealth, but gathered to bestow, And ruled their words that all their truth might

In glory's quest they risked their noble lives; For love and children, married gentle wives. On holy lore in childhood's days intent, In love and joy their youthful prime they spent, As hermits, mused, in life's declining day, Then in Devotion dreamed their souls away.

Come, hear my song, ye just, whose bosoms glow With Virtue's flame, and good from evil know. As fire assays the purity of gold, Judge ye the merit of these Chiefs of old.

THE FLYING CAR

THEN Ráma, speeding on his airy road, The distant prospect to his darling showed: "Look, Sita, look! Away to Malaya's side My causeway parts the Ocean's foamy tide Thus hast thou seen, on some fair autumn night, When heaven is loveliest with its starry light, From north to south a cloudy pathway spread, Parting the deep dark firmament o'erhead Deep is that Sea, but deeper still, they say, Our glorious fathers dug their eager way, Following fast, when Kapil dared to lead Away to Hell their charge, the hallowed steed From the deep Sea the Sun-God draws the rain, To pour it down in boundless wealth again. And he supports the flame, whose ruthless power Will, in ungrateful greed, the wave devour. And from his depths arose the silver light Of the dear Moon that charms the gazer's sight. Changing in form, his waves are now at rest, And peace is brooding on his tranquil breast Unknown, unmeasured! not a tongue can tell His might, his nature, when his waters swell, From sky to sky when his broad billows roll, Boundless as Vishnu who pervades this Whole He lends his broad expanse for Vishnu's bed, Whene'er, with rolling years, an age has fled; When, all the worlds absorbed, the God Supreme, Lost in self-contemplation, sinks to dream Whose glorious praise the Great Creator sings, Couched on the lotus from his breast that springs He can protect When Indra's bolt had shorn The proud Hills' pinions from their sides, and torn Their rugged breasts, to him, in fear, they fled, And found sure refuge in his gloomy bed And he can love. No bridegroom ever gave Close kisses fast as his, whose eager wave

Drinks up the river's lips, and, foaming o'er, Leaps, in a storm of passion, on the shore. Look, Sita, look! Those monsters of the deep Close by the river's mouth their station keep Soon as the waves have reached them, they have quaft Water and fish together at a draught. Now see! They shut their mouths, while, gushing out From openings in their heads, high fountains spout Look! As one moment o'er the wave they rise, With their broad backs, like elephants in size, The parted foam-drops on their cheeks appear Like chownes waving round each monster's ear Look how the Serpents lift their heads on high, To catch the breezes as they wander by! Curled like the curling waves on which they rest, The eye would miss them, but each glittering crest Catches a brightness from the sun, that throws A glory on it, till each jewel glows See how the billows, in their furious swell, Have cast on trees of Coral many a shell That clings to branches, with thy lips that vie, And there, with amorous clasp, would cling and die See! In a moment, in this magic car, We reached the strand that seemed but now so far, Where groves of betel trees in order grow, Hanging the burthen of their branches low, And, cast by tempests from their ocean-bed, Uncovered pearls upon the sands are spread Now, gentle Sita, let thy look be cast Back o'er the way our flying car has past That land, that's green with many a waving tree, Seems to be rising from a distant sea Look! As I will, my heavenly chariot flies: Now by the God's own path it nears the skies, Now with the flight of birds its course it keeps, Now skims the road the cloudy tempest sweeps Dost thou not feel the cool wind breathing now, Sweet with the odours of Airávat's brow,

And, damped by waves of Ganga's triple stream, Cooling thy forehead 'neath the morning's beam? Look, look! Thy hand, upon the chariot placed, With a new ornament is sweetly graced; For this dark cloud, which flashing lightning rings, Upon thy round fair arm its beauty flings. And see! The Hermits, in their bark-coats drest, In their own homes, so long deserted, rest: Secure, again their leafy cots they rear; For through the forest now is nought to fear. There, in my frantic search for thee, I found Thy well known anklet: but its silvery sound Was heard no longer; and it seemed to me Hushed in sad silence because far from thee. The trees, in pity for my wild distress, Guided my footsteps through the wilderness: Their leaves all scattered and their branches bent By the fierce giant, showed the way he went; And startled deer forbore the tender spray, Looked towards the South, and told the robber's way. Madly I climbed the mountain-peaks that frown Before us yonder; rain was pouring down, And tears, like rain, from me. I sought thee there, And, mourning for my darling, scarce could bear The sweet cool smell of lakes and pleasant showers, The beauty and the perfume of the flowers, And all delights of sight, and sound, and smell, For, without Sita, Heaven itself were Hell Yet my soul bore from mountain caves the loud Re-echoed bellowing of the thunder-cloud; Though, at the sound, rose scenes of past delight, As I remembered, in the stormy night, How my love nestled nearer and more near, Roused from her slumber by its voice of fear. Then, as a mist o'erspread the steaming earth, And many a bright bud quickly sprang to birth, Within my tortured breast the past would rise, And stab me with the memory of thine eyes,

P

Flashing through clouds of incense smoke, that lay Floating around thee on our bridal day

"Look far before us. See the distant gleam, Through the thick reeds, of Pampa's silver stream There, on the bank, I saw two Love-birds play, And feed each other with a lotus-spray. 'Ah! happy birds!' I sighed, 'whom cruel fate Dooms not to sorrow for an absent mate.' Well I remember, in my wild despair I thought a bright Asoka glowing there Was Sita, was my dearest Lakshman clung Around my neck, or I had wildly sprung, With a great cry, to meet thee, and carest Its full round clusters for my darling's breast. See! Panchavati, with its gazing deer, Delights my soul again, for it was here My gentle Sita used, of old, to bring For her young trees, fresh water from the spring See troops of cranes, from sweet Godávari's shore Lured by thy tinkling music, upwards soar The golden bells that hang upon thy feet Guiding their flight, they come my love to greet O pleasant bank, O well-remembered place, Where I so often, wearied with the chase, Would throw me on the grass, and, while my brow Was fanned by breezes from the river, thou Wouldst talk so sweetly, and my head was laid Upon thy lap, at evening, in the shade There was the Sage's home, whose very frown From Indra's Heaven hurled mighty Nahush down, Before his glance—so pure that holy man— The muddy water clear and limpid ran See, through the trees, that shade its breast, the cool Delicious waves of Satakarni's pool, Gleaming, half hidden by the boughs, as gleams The moon when cloudlets partly veil his beams 'Tis said, the Saint, who shared the food of deer, Filled Indra's jealous breast with doubt and fear,

Till five fair maids of Swarga's lovely train Were sent to snare his soul, nor sent in vain. In summer-houses 'neath the lake he dwells: Thence, upward floating, sweetest music swells. Hark, how the melody and moving song Make the car echo, as it flies along There dwells a Hermit, pious, pure, and good, Scorched by four blazing fires that burn the wood, While on his head a fifth, the God of Day, Pours down the fury of his ruthless ray. See, bound to silence by his holy vow, He bends in answer, as my head I bow, Looks, for a moment, as we pass, and then Fixes his gaze upon the Sun again. There is a grove, the pure and safe abode Where Sarabhanga's fire for ever glowed: Long, long with wood the sacred flames he fed, Then gave his holy body in its stead Still round his cottage, like an honoured band, Laden with fruit, the trees, his daughters, stand. Now to the left, dear Sita, turn thine eyes, Where Chitrakúta's lofty peaks arise Like some proud bull, he lifts his haughty crest: See the dark cave, his mouth, and shaggy breast: Now, like a clod in furious charge uptorn, A cloud is hanging on his mighty horn. See, how the river, with its lucid streams, Like a pearl necklace, round the mountain gleams There lies the wood where holy Atri lives, And all his days to strictest Penance gives. In that pure grove a thousand creatures roam, And fear no evil in their sacred home. There the blest trees await no bud's delay, But burst to fruit on every laden spray There is the spot where Anusuya led Ganga from Heaven, the crown of Siva's head,— Ganga, whose lotuses are plucked on high By the great Seven who star the northern sky.

Here rolling down, the heavenly river gave, To bathe the Saints, her purifying wave Upon their holy seats the Saints are still; And thoughts of God their tranquil bosoms fill. The trees that shade the altar move no spray, And seem all lost in holy thought as they. Look! From that tree with leaves of rosy red, I twined a garland for my darling's head That fig-tree mark, with leaves of emerald green, And fruit like rubies shining bright between: Dost thou remember how thy prayer was prayed For me, sweet love, beneath its friendly shade? Now see the waves of Jumna's stream divide The fair-limbed Ganga's heaven-descended tide; Distinct, though joined,—bright gleaming in the sun,— Like pearls with sapphires mixed, the rivers run. Thus, intertwined, the azure lotus through Crowns of white likes pours its shade of blue: Thus, 'mid the swans that float on Mánas lake Shine through the dark gold-shot glories of the drake: As though on Earth's fair brow, with hues more dark, A line of ochre crossed the sandal mark: Or like the Moon, whose silver radiance steals Through the dark cloud that half its face conceals. Or as a row of Autumn clouds, between Whose shifting ranks the blue of heaven is seen Or Siva's body, with white ashes, round Whose form a serpent's sable coils are wound: Thus Ganga shines So holy is the place Where Ocean's wives, with meeting streams, embrace, That he who quits his mortal body here,— His mind, by bathing, from his sin washed clear,-E'en without knowledge of the Godhead, gains Eternal freedom from the body's chains And there runs Sarju's stream, which, Sages say, Flows from the lake of Brahma, far away, Whose golden lotuses sweet dust provide To stain the bosom of each Yaksha's bride:

With many an altar on her hallowed shores,
To fair Ayodhya's town her waves she pours,
Dear to my filial heart, O mother mine,
O common mother of our royal line!
Upon thine island-breasts we all were nursed,
And from thy bounteous streams we quenched our thirst
Now gently smiling, as my mother smiled,
Welcome, with sweet cool breath, thy banished child!"

THE DESERTED CITY

SEAT of his rule," 't was thus the form replied, "The fair Ayodhya was thy father's pride: Reft of her lord, that city lies forlorn; And I, her Goddess, o'er her glories mourn. Ah, for my palmy days! My fate was high Kuvera's city was not blest as I The realm was happy; and a joyful throng Made my streets merry with the feast and song. Sad is the sight, that city once so fair! A hundred palaces lie ruined there. Her lofty towers are fallen, and creepers grow O'er marble dome and shattered portico. Now, since her heedless lord is far away, She looks as gloomy as the close of day, When falls the sun behind the western hill, And threatening clouds the air with horror fill, Once, with their tinkling zones and painted feet, Gay bands of women thronged the royal street Now, through the night the hungry jackal prowls, And seeks his scanty prey with angry howls Once there was music in the plashing wave Of lakes, where maidens loved their limbs to lave, But now those waters echo with the blows Struck by the horns of savage buffaloes Once the tame peacock showed his glittering crest 'Mid waving branches, where he loved to rest. The ruthless flame has laid those branches low, And marred his feathers and their golden glow: The drum is silent that he loved to hear, And gone the mistress whom he held so dear. Once on my marble floor girls loved to place The painted foot, and leave its charming trace Now the fell tigress stains, with dripping gore Of kids just slaughtered, that neglected floor, Till now, as painted by the artist's hand, The pictured elephants at pasture stand.

Each with his partner seems with love to take The lotus, gathered by the silver lake: So true to life, that lions, prowling round, Spring at their foreheads with a furious bound, And with their claws the painted temples tear, As if the driver's steel had marked them there. In those dear days, with tints of nature warm, In marble statues lived fair woman's form: Alas! those tints are faded now, and dim, And gathering dust obscures each rounded limb, While the cast skins of serpents form a vest That hides the beauties of each statue's breast. How sweet the moonbeams used, of old, to fall, With silvering light, on terrace, roof, and wall! But now, neglected, there the grass grows wild, The roofs are shattered, and with dust defiled. Pure shine those rays, and silvery, as of yore, But find their light reflected there no more. Once in my gardens lovely girls, at play, Culled the bright flowers, and gently touched the spray But now wild monkeys, in their savage joy, Tread down the blossoms, and the plants destroy. By night no torches in the windows gleam; By day no women in their beauty beam: The smoke has ceased, the spider there has spread His snares in safety .-- and all else is dead"

MOTHER AND SON

Found his sad widowed mother, bowed by her grie Like two fond creepers, left to pine alone, Dead the fair tree round which their arms were throw Then, as, in tender love, each hero prest His long-lost mother to his throbbing breast, Scarce could her eyes, with long long weeping dim, See through her gushing tears, see even him. But, as he fell upon her neck, she smiled, And by his touch the mother knew her child.

TEACHINGS FROM THE GITA

THE TRUE SELF

(Sanskrit)

MEVER was there a time when the self (Atman) of man did not exist, nor shall it cease to exist in the future.

As the embodied soul in the present body experiences childhood, youth and age, so does it in the body it assumes after the death of this body. The souls who have obtained freedom and peace are not deluded by these seeming changes.

Know the Self which pervades all this, to be indestructible. None can destroy the Immutable (self). (Being

infinite) It neither kills, nor is killed.

It is above birth and death. It does not come into being out of non-existence. Unborn, eternal, changeless, everitself, it does survive the body.

Weapons cannot cut the self, fire cannot burn it, water cannot moisten it, and wind cannot dry it. Immutable,

all-pervading, ever-fixed, eternal is the self.

Unmanifested (beyond cause and effect), beyond thought and imagination, unchangeable as it is, you must not mourn for it.

Some consider it a great mystery (wonder), others speak of it as a sublime secret, others hear it as wonder. Many hearing it do not understand it at all.

As true freedom, peace, and joy come only through the realization of self, the aspirant on the path leading to the realization of self must know that experiences of heat and cold, of pain and joy, are born of the contact of the senses with their objects. They come and go, being impermanent Bear them with patience and indifference.

The man who is calm and whose equilibrium of mind is

not ruffled by pain and pleasure ever self-restrained, he

acquires conscious immortality.

The unreal "phenomena" have no existence; the real (self) never suffers extinction. The wise knowing this see the Truth.

As a man casts off worn-out clothes and wears new ones, so does the embodied self leave the worn-out bodies, and enlightens new forms.

To one who knows, there must be no grief, for all things come out of an unmanifested state, and staying a while in the state of manifestation go back to the original unmanifested state.

Keeping his inner self calm and undisturbed in the light of this knowledge of truth, the aspirant must lead a life of active struggle against ignorance and duality, everengaged in doing good to others

He must remain the same under pain and pleasure, gain and loss, conquest and defeat, fighting against

ignorance

Then actions will not touch him Being self-less he will maintain his peace of mind under all circumstances

One-pointed determination to realize the self is essential to success in the Yoga (Union with God). The undecided have many purposes. They jump from plan to plan, and do not attain complete freedom. Those who are attached to pleasure and power are unfit for self-realization. The seekers after heaven, where desires of the world are fulfilled in an exaggerated form, are deluded by the unwise who themselves are without the bliss of the self-realization. They declare there is no other goal but heaven and its joys. Such go from birth to birth, as they are far from Truth.

The Vedas (all religious scriptures, in fact) teach of the three Gunas, modes of substance But a true aspirant must rise above the three Gunas, be free from the pairs of opposites, ever established in equilibrium, free from the thoughts of profit and gain A man who has realized the self does not need the injunctions of the Vedas. He who lives near a river does not need a reservoir.

Under any circumstances we must work for the upliftment of others unselfishly, never attaching ourselves to

the fruits of the work, nor courting maction duty's sake is the ideal of the Yoga of action.

Doing your duty, being without attachment, remaining unmindful of success and failure, in evenness of mind is

called the path of Yoga.

The real work is that which is performed with the mind unconcerned with the results of it. The work in which desires for results disturb the mind, belongs to an inferior class. Evenness of mind is essential to freedom from vice and virtue. This austerity of work is real Yoga, this leads to freedom from the fetters of birth and death, the transcendental region beyond ignorance and evil.

The illusion of identification of the Self with the body, and general attachment to objects, is a taint. To get rid

of it is to go to peace, the supreme goal.

To attain self-realization the intellect, now restless because of conflicting desires and opinions, must become immovable and be firmly established in self

CHARACTER OF A YOGI

Free from all desires of the mind, satisfied in self alone by the self is the man of perfect wisdom. He does not run after external objects to achieve happiness Unmoved by adversity, and above fear, anger, and limited (personal) affections, is one who has realized the self Not elated at success, nor cast down by evil, unattached everywhere is the sage.

He withdraws his senses from the objects (being perfectly unattached and not depending on them for his happiness) like the tortoise his limbs By starving the senses and himself a man can lose attraction for the objects of enjoyment, but by doing so he does not give up the inner relish for them It is only when he sees the Supreme that his longing ceases

The senses are turbulent, and they mislead even a clever man engaged in higher knowledge. The wise Yogi steadfastly controls them, and focusing them on God. the supreme reality, sits peaceful He alone is wise whose

senses are under complete control

If you think of objects of pleasure with a longing (and do not exercise discrimination that they are unreal and passing) you conceive an attachment for them. From attachment comes a yearning to possess them. Impediments in the way to the possession of the desired objects give rise to anger. Anger produces delusion, and delusion loss of discrimination, and the result is ruination. (It is harmful to dwell on the objects of pleasure, giving them objective reality.)

To obtain the inner tranquility, you must be self-controlled, free from attraction and aversion, living among objects (Running away from the world in aversion is not

recommended.)

All griefs and sorrows of life are destroyed when the inner indisturbable peace comes. Only the tranquil-minded has his intellect (and heart) established in firmness.

The man of unsteady mind cannot have self-knowledge, neither can he meditate (on Truth). Inability to meditate is a barrier in the way to spiritual peace. How can there be happiness without peace of the mind?

The mind which follows the wandering senses (runs after pleasures and power) without discrimination, is like a boat without a sailor left at the mercy of the rising

waves

Verily he is a knower of self (his self-knowledge is

steady) whose senses are completely under his control

The self-controlled man wakes when the world is asleep and that time when all beings wake is night to the selfknowing sage

(The world wakes in duality and ignorance, but the sage is asleep—unconscious of it—The sage wakes in Truth—God—while the world is asleep in it)

The sage is complete and undisturbed like the ocean into which rivers fall day and night, without causing it to overflow. The objects of the senses enter into his mind without creating in him a longing or a delusion of affection

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He attains to peace, and not he who is open to desires for

pleasures and powers.

Giving up all desires, devoid of thirst for life and pleasures, above the sense of the limited "I," the Yogi

obtains eternal peace.

When once this exalted state of consciousness is obtained (God is realized within) all delusion (ignorance or duality) is extinct for ever. Even if at the end of life this Nirvana is attained, it is good for ever.

ARJUNĀBHIGAMANA PARVA

SANSKRIT · NAHABHARATA

"UDHISHTHIRA said: 'Anger is the slayer of men and is again their prosperer Know this, O thou possessed of great wisdom, that anger is the root of all prosperity and all adversity. O thou beautiful one, he that suppresseth his anger earneth prosperity That man again, who always giveth way to anger, reapeth adversity from his fierce anger. It is seen in this world that anger is the cause of destruction of every creature. How then can one like me indulge his anger which is so destructive of the world? The angry man committeth sin; the angry man killeth even his preceptors. The angry man insulteth even his superiors in harsh words. The man that is angry faileth to distinguish between what should be said and what should not. There is no act that an angry man may not do, no word that an angry man may not utter From anger a man may slay one that deserveth not to be slain, and may worship one that deserveth to be slain. The angry man may even send his own soul to the regions of Yama Beholding all these faults, the wise control their anger, desirous of obtaining high prosperity both in this and the other world It is for this that they of tranquil souls have banished wrath. How can one like us indulge in it then? O daughter of Drupada, reflecting upon all this, my anger is not excited! One that acteth not against a man whose wrath hath been up, rescueth himself as also others from great fear In fact, he may be regarded to be the physician of the two (viz, himself and the angry man) If a weak man persecuted by others, foolishly becometh angry towards men that are mightier than he, he then becometh himself the cause of his own destruction. And in respect of one who thus deliberately throweth away his life, there are no regions hereafter to gain Therefore, O daughter of Drupada, it hath been said that a weak man should always suppress his wrath And the wise man also who

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though persecuted suffereth not his wrath to be roused, joyeth in the other world, having passed his persecutor over in indifference. It is for this reason hath it been said that a wise man, whether strong or weak, should ever forgive his persecutor even when the latter is in straits. It is for this, O Krishnā, that the virtuous applaud them that have conquered their wrath. Indeed, it is the opinion of the virtuous that the honest and forgiving man is ever victorious Truth is more beneficial than untruth, and gentle than cruel behaviour How can one like me, therefore, even for the purpose of slaying Duryodhana, exhibit anger which hath so many faults and which the virtuous banish from their souls? They that are regarded by the learned of foresight, as possessed of (true) force of character, are certainly those who are wrathful in outward show only. Men of learning and of true insight call him to be possessed of force of character who by his wisdom can suppress his risen wrath O thou of fair lips, the angry man seeth not things in their true light. The man that is angry seeth not his way nor respecteth persons. The angry man killeth even those that deserve not to be killed. The man of wrath slayeth even his preceptors. Therefore, the man possessing force of character should ever banish wrath to a distance The man that is overwhelmed with wrath acquireth not with ease generosity, dignity, courage, skill, and other attributes belonging to real force of character. A man by forsaking anger can exhibit proper energy, whereas, O wise one, it is highly difficult for the angry man to exhibit his energy at the proper time! The ignorant always regard anger as equivalent to energy. Wrath, however, hath been given to man for the destruction of the world. The man, therefore, who wisheth to behave properly, must ever forsake anger. Even one who hath abandoned the excellent virtues of his own order, it is certain, never indulgeth in wrath (if he behaveth properly). If fools, of minds without light, transgress in every respect, how, O faultless one, can one like me transgress (like them)? If amongst men there were not persons equal unto the

Earth in forgiveness, there would be no peace among men, but continued strife caused by wrath. If the injured return their injuries, if one chastised by this superiors were to chastise his superiors in return, the consequence would be the destruction of every creature, and sin also would pre-vail in the world. If the man who hath ill speeches from another returneth those speeches afterwards; if the injuried man returneth his injuries, if the chastised person chastiseth in return; if fathers slay sons, and sons, fathers; and if husbands slay wives, and wives, husbands; then, O Krishna, how can birth take place in a world where anger prevaileth so! For, O thou of handsome face, know that the birth of creatures is due to peace! If the king also, O Draupadı, giveth way to wrath, his subjects soon meet with destruction. Wrath, therefore, liath for its consequence the destruction and the distress of the people And because it is seen that there are in the world men who are forgiving like the Earth, it is therefore that creatures derive their life and enjoy prosperity. O beautiful one, one should forgive, under every injury. It hath been said that the continuation of species is due to man being forgiving He, indeed, is a wise and excellent person who hath conquered his wrath and who showeth forgiveness even when insulted, oppressed, and angered by a strong person The man of power who controlleth his wrath, hath (for his enjoyment) numerous everlasting regions, while he that is angry is called foolish, and meeteth with destruction both in this and the other world O Krishnā, the illustrious and forgiving Kāfyapa hath, in this respect, sung the following verses in honour of men that are ever forgiving:—Forgiveness is virtue; forgiveness is sacrifice; forgiveness is the Vedas; forgiveness is the Sruti. He that knoweth this is capable of forgiving everything. Forgiveness is Brahmā, forgiveness is Truth; forgiveness is stored ascetic merit; forgiveness protecteth the ascetic ment of the future, forgiveness is asceticism; forgiveness is holiness; and by forgiveness is it that the universe is held together. Persons that are forgiving attain to the

regions obtainable by those who have performed mentorious sacrifices, or those that are well-conversant with the Vedas, or those that have high ascetic merit. Those that perform Vedic sacrifices as also those that perform the meritorious rites of religion obtain other regions Men of forgiveness, however, obtain those much-adored regions that are in the world of Brahmā Forgiveness is the might of the mighty, forgiveness is Sacrifice, forgiveness is quiet of mind. How, O Krishnā, can one like us abandon forgiveness, which is such, and in which are established Brahmā, and Truth, and Wisdom, and the worlds? The man of wisdom should ever forgive, for when he is capable of forgiving everything, he attaineth to Brahmā This world belongeth to those that are forgiving; the other world is also theirs. The forgiving acquire honours here, and a state of blessedness hereafter. Those men that ever conquer their wrath by forgiveness, obtain the higher regions. Therefore hath it been said that forgiveness is the highest virtue. These are the verses sung by Kāçyapa on respect of those that are ever-forgiving. Having listened, O Draupadi, to these verses in respect of forgiveness, contain thyself! Give not way to thy wrath! Our grandsire, the son of Shantanu, will worship peace, Krishna, the son of Devaki, will worship peace; the preceptor (Drona) and Vidura called Kshatri will both speak of peace, Kripa and Sanjaya also will preach peace. And Somadatta and Yuyutshu and Drona's son and our grandsire, Vyāsa, every one of them speaketh always of peace. Ever urged by these towards peace, the king (Dhritarāshtra) will, I think return to us our kingdom If, however, he yieldeth to temptation, he will meet with destruction lady, a crisis hath come in the history of the Bhāratas for plunging them into calamity! This hath been my certain conclusion from sometime before! Suyodhana deserveth not the kingdom. Therefore hath he been unable to acquire forgiveness I, however, deserve the sovereignty, and therefore is it that forgiveness hath taken possession of me Forgiveness and gentleness are the qualities of the

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self-possessed They represent eternal virtue I shall therefore, truly adopt those qualities!"

Thus ends the twenty-ninth Section in the Arjunāb-

higamana of the Vana Parva

MĀRKANDEYA-SAMĀSYĀ PARVA

from the illustrious Mārkandeya the story of the royal sage Indradyumna's regaining of Heaven, again asked the Muni, saying: "O great Muni, tell me in what condition should a man practise charity in order to gain admission into the regions of Indra? Is it by practising charity while leading a domestic mode of life, or in boyhood, or in youth, or in old age? O tell me about the respective merits reaped from the practice of charity in these different stages of life?""

"Mārkandeya said: 'Life that is futile is of four kinds

Charity also that is futile is of sixteen kinds. His life is in vain who hath no son; and his also who is out of the pale of virtue; and his, too, who liveth on the food of others; and lastly, his who cooketh for himself without giving therefrom unto the Pitris, the gods, and to the guests, and who eateth of it before these all. The gift to one that has fallen away from the practice of virtuous vows, as also the gift of wealth that has been earned wrongly, are both in vain The gift to a fallen Brāhmana, that to a thief, that also to a preceptor that is false, is in vain. The gift to an untruthful man, to a person that is sinful, to one that is ungrateful, to one that officiates at sacrifices performed by all classes of people residing in a village, to one that sells the Vedas, to a Brāhmana that cooks for a Sudra, to one that by birth is a Brāhmana but who is destitute of the occupations of his order, is in vain The gift to one that has married a girl after the accession of puberty, to females, to one that sports with snakes, and to one that is employed in menial offices, is also in vain. These sixteen kinds of gifts are productive of no ment. That man who, with mind clouded with darkness, giveth away from fear or anger, enjoyeth the ment of such gift while he is in the womb of his mother. The man who (under other circumstances) maketh gifts unto the Brahmanas, enjoyeth the fruit thereof while he

is in old age. Therefore, O king, the man who wishes to vin the way of heaven, should, under all conditions, make gifts unto *Brāhmanas* of everything that he wishes to give away.'

"Yudhishthira said: 'By what means do Brāhmanas, who accept gifts from all the four orders, save others as

well as themselves?""

"Markandeya said: 'By Japa, and Mantres, and Homa, and the study of the Vedas, the Brāhmanas construct a Vedic boat wherewith they save both others and themselves The Gods themselves are granfied with that man who gratifieth the Brahmanas. Indeed, a man may attain Heaven at the command of a Brahmana. Thou wilt, O king, without doubt ascend to regions of everlasting bliss, in consequence of thy worship of the Puris and the Gods, and thy reverence for the Brahmanas, even though thy body is filled with phlegmatic humours and withal so dull and inert! He that desires virtue and Heaven should adore the Brahmanas One should feed Brahmanas with care on occasions of Srāddhas, although those among them that are cursed or fallen should be excluded. They also should be carefully excluded that are either excessively fair or excessively black, that have diseased nails, that are lepers, that are deceitful, that are born in bastardy of widows or of women having husbands alive; and they also that support themselves by the profession of arms. That Stadche which is censurable, consumeth the performer thereof like fire consuming fuel. If they that are to be employed in Sraddies happen to be dumb, blind, or deaf, care should be taken to employ them along with Brahmanas conversant with the Vedas O Yudhishthira, listen now unto whom thou shouldst give! He that knoweth all the Vedas should give only to that able Brahmana who is competent to rescue both the giver and himself for he, indeed, is to be regarded as able who can rescue both the giver and himself. O son of Pritha, the sacred fires do not receive such gratification from libations of clarified butter, from offerings of flowers and of sandal

and other perfumed pastes, as from the entertainment of guests. Therefore, do thou strive to entertain guests, O son of Pāndu! O king, they that give unto guests water to wash their feet, butter to rub over their (tired) legs, light during hours of darkness, food and shelter, have not to go before Yama! The removal (after worship) of the flowery offerings unto the gods, the removal of the remnants of a Brahmana's feast, waiting (upon a Brahmana) without perfumed pastes, and the shampooing of a Brāhmana's limbs, are, each of them, O foremost of kings, productive of greater ment than the gift of kine! A person, without doubt, rescueth himself by the kift of a Kapılā cow Therefore, should one give away a Kapılā cow decked with ornaments like unto Brāhmanas. O thou of the Bharata race, one should give unto a person of good lineage and conversant with the Vedas; unto a person that is poor; unto one leading a domestic mode of life but burdened with wife and children, unto one that daily adoreth the sacred fire; and unto one that hath done thee no service. Thou shouldst always give unto such persons but not to them that are in affluence. What merit is there, O thou foremost of the Bharata race, by giving unto one that is affluent? One cow must be given unto one Brāhmana A single cow must not be given unto many. For if the cow so given away (unto many) be sold, the giver's family is lost for three generations. Such a gift would not assuredly rescue the giver nor the Brāhmana that takes He who giveth eighty Ratis of pure gold, earneth the merit of giving away an hundred pieces of gold for ever. He that giveth away a strong bull capable also of drawing the plough is certainly rescued from all difficulties and finally goeth to Heaven. He that giveth away land unto a learned Brāhmana, hath all his desires fulfilled. The tired traveller, with weakened limbs and feet besmeared with dust, asks for the name of him that may give him food. There are men who answer him by telling him the name That wise man who informs these toil-worn ones of the name of the person who may give them food, is, without

doubt, regarded as equal in ment unto the giver himself of food. Therefore, abstaining from other kinds of gift, give thou food. There is no ment (arising out of gifts) that is so great as that of giving food. The man that according to the measure of his might gives well-cooked and pure food unto the Brāhmanas, acquires, by that act of his, the companionship of Pragapati (Brāhma). There is nothing superior to food. Therefore, food is regarded as the first and foremost of all things (to be given away). It hath been said that food itself is Prajagati. And Prajārati is regarded as the Year. And the Year is Sacrifice. And everything is established in Sacrifice, for it is from Sacrifice that all creatures, mobile and immobile, take their origin. For this reason, it hath been heard by us, is food the foremost of all things. They that give away lakes and large pieces of water, and tanks and wells, and shelter, and food, and they that have sweet words for all, have not to hear the admonitions of Yama. With him who gives rice, and wealth earned by his labour, unto a Brahmana of good behaviour, the Earth is satisfied. And then she poureth upon him showers of wealth. The giver of food walketh first, after him the speaker of truth, and he that giveth unto persons that do not solicit. But the three go to the same place."

"Vaiçampāyana continued: 'Hearing all this, Yudhishthura, along with his younger brothers, impelled by curiosity, again asked the high-souled Mārkandeya saying. "O great Mari, what is the remoteness of Yama's region from that of men? What is its measurement? How also do men pass it over? And by what means? O, tell me all this!""

"Mārkandeya said: 'O king. O thou foremost of virtuous men, this question of thine appertains to a great mystery. It is sacred and much applauded by the Rushis. Appertaining as it also does to virtue, I will speak of it to thee! The distance of Yama's region from the abode of men is. O king, eighty-six thousand Yourses! The way is over space, without water, and very terrible to

behold! Nowhere on that road is the shade of a tree, nowhere any water, and nowhere any resting place in which the traveller, when fatigued, may rest for some moments. And men and women and all on earth that have life, are forcibly led along this way by the messengers of Yama, those creatures that obey the mandates of the grim king And they, O king, that have given horses and other good conveyances unto Brāhmanas, proceed along this way on those animals and vehicles. And they that have given umbrellas proceed along this way with umbrellas warding off the sun's rays. And they that have given food proceed without have given food proceed with the given food proceed without have given food proceed with the given food given f given food, proceed without hunger, while they that have not given food proceed afflicted with hunger. And they that have given robes proceed along this way attired in robes, while they that have given none, proceed naked. And they that have given gold proceed in happiness, themselves decked in ornaments. And they that have given land, proceed with every desire completely gratified And they that have given grain proceed without being afflicted with any want. And they that have given houses, proceed happily on cars. And those men that have given drink, proceed with cheerful hearts, unafflicted by thirst And they that have given lights proceed happily, lighting the way before them And they that have given kine, proceed along the way happily, freed from all their sins And they that have fasted for a month, proceed on cars drawn by swans And they that have fasted for six nights, proceed on cars drawn by peacocks And, O son of Pandū, he that fasteth three nights upon only one meal without a second during this interval, goeth into a region free from disease and anxiety. And water hath this excellent property that it produceth happiness in the region of Yama And they that give water find for themselves a river there of the name of Pushpodaka. And the givers of water on the earth drink cool and ambrosial draughts from that stream. And they that are of evil deeds have puss ordained for them. Thus, O great king, that river serveth all purposes Therefore, O king, adore thou duly these Brahmanas (that are with thee)! Weak in limbs owing to the way he has walked, and besmeared with the dust of the high-road, the traveller enquireth for the name of him who giveth food, and cometh in hope to his house Adore thou him with reverent attention, for he, indeed, is a guest, and he is a Brahmana. The gods with Indra at their head follow him as he proceedeth. And if he is adored, the gods with Indra become gratified, and if he is not adored, the celestials with their chief become cheerless. Therefore, O thou foremost of kings, worship thou these Brahmanas duly. I have thus spoken to thee upon an hundred subjects. What dost thou desire to hear from me again?""

"Yudhishthira said. 'O master, conversant as thou art with virtue and morality, I desire repeatedly to listen to thee as thou speakest on sacred subjects appertaining to virtue and morals ""

"Markandeya said: 'O king, I will now speak on another sacred subject appertaining to eternal interests and capable of washing off all sins. Listen thou with rapt attention! O thou foremost of the Bharatas, merit equal to that of giving away a Kapıla cow in (the tirtha called) Jeshtha-Pushkarā arises from washing the feet of Brahmanas As long as the earth remains wet with water which a Brāhmana hath touched with his feet, so long do Putris drink water off cups made of lotus-leaves If the guest is welcomed (with enquiries about his welfare), the deities of fire become glad, and if he is offered a seat, it is the god of an hundred sacrifices, who is gratified If his feet are washed, it is the Pitris who are delighted, and if he is fed, it is Prajāpan that is pleased One should, with collected soul, give a cow when (during her throes) the feet and head of her calf are visible Before her delivery is complete, a cow with her calf in the air in course of falling from the uterus to the earth, is to be regarded as equal to the Earth herself (He, therefore, that giveth away such a cow, reapeth the merit of giving away land) And he that giveth away such a cow, is adored in heaven

for as many thousands of Yugas as there are bristles on the bodies of the animal and her young one together. And, O Bhārata, he that, having accepted a thing in gift, giveth it away immediately unto a person that is virtuous and honest, reapeth very great merit. Without doubt, he reapeth the fruit of giving away the whole Earth to her utmost limits and with her oceans and seas and caves, her mountains and forests and woods. That Brāhmana who eateth in silence from off a plate, keeping his hands between his knees, succeedeth in rescuing others. And those Brāhmanas that abstain from drink and who are never spoken of by others as having any faults and who daily read the Samhitās, are capable of rescuing others. Libations of butter and edible offerings should all be presented to a Brāhmana who is learned in the Vedas. And as libations of clarified butter poured into fire never go in vain, so gifts to virtuous Brāhmanas learned in the Vedas can never go in vain The Brahmanas have anger for their weapon, they never fight with arms of iron and steel Indeed, the Brāhmanas slay (their foes) with anger like Indra slaying the Asuras with his thunder-bolt.

like Indra slaying the Asuras with his thunder-boll.

"This prelection appertaining to virtue and morality is now over Hearing this, the Munis of the forest of Naumisha were filled with delight. And those ascetics were also freed from grief and fear and anger by listening to it. And they were also purged of all their sins in consequence of this. And, O king, those human beings that listen to it become freed from the obligations of reburth."

rebirth "

"Yudhishthira said. 'O thou of great wisdom, what purification is there by which a Brāhmana may always keep himself pure? I desire to hear of it from thee, O thou foremost of all virtuous men!'"

"Mārkandeya answered: 'There are three kinds of purity, viz, purity in speech, purity in deed, and purity achieved by use of water. He that has recourse to these three different kinds of purity, attains, without doubt, to heaven. That Brāhmana who adoreth the goddess

Sandhyā in the morning and the evening, and who recites meditatively the sacred goddess Gāyairi, who is the mother of the Vedas, sanctified by the latter, is freed from all his sins, and even if he accepts in gift the entire Earth, with her oceans, he doth not on that account, suffer the least unhappiness And those planets in the sky including the sun that may be mauspicious and hostile towards him, soon become auspicious and favourable towards him in consequence of these acts of his While those stars that are auspicious and favourable, become more auspicious and more favourable in consequence of such conduct of his. And terrible Rākshasas, subsisting on animal food, of gigantic and fierce mien, all become unable to prevail over a Brāhmana who practiseth these purifications. The Brāhmanas are even like blazing fires They incur no fault in consequence of teaching, of officiating at sacrifices, and of accepting gifts from others Whether the Brāhmanas be cognisant of the Vedas or ignorant of them, whether they be pure or impure, they should never be insulted, for Brāhmanas are like fires. As the fire that blažeth up in the place set apart for the cremation of the dead is never regarded impure on that account so the Brāhmana, be he learned or ignorant, is always pure He is a very god and superior god! Cities that are adorned with walls and gates and palaces one after another, lose their beauty if they are bereft of Brāhmanas That, indeed, O king, is a city where Brāhmanas, accomplished in the Vedas, duly observing the duties of their order, and possessed of learning and ascetic merit, reside O son of Pritha, that spot be it a wood or pasture land, where learned Brāhmanas reside, hath been called a city And that place, O king, becometh a thirtha also By approaching a king that offereth protection as also a Brāhmana possessed of ascetic merit, and by offering worship unto both, a man may purge off his sins immediately. The learned have said that ablutions in the sacred thirthas, recitation of the names of holy ones, and converse with the good and virtuous, are all acts worthy of applause. They that are virtuous and honest always

regard themselves as sanctified by the holy companionship of persons like themselves and by the water of pure and sacred converse. The carrying of three staves, the vow of silence, matted hair on head, the shaving of the crown, covering one's person with barks and deer-skins, the practice of vows, ablutions, the worship of fire, abode in the woods, emaciating the body—all these are useless if the heart be not pure. The indulgence of the six senses is easy, if purity be not sought in the objects of enjoyment. Abstinence, however, which of itself is difficult, is scarcely easy without purity of the objects of enjoyment. O king of kings, among the six senses, the mind alone that is easily moved is the most dangerous! Those high-souled persons that do not commit sins in word, deed, heart and soul, are said to undergo ascetic austerities, and not they that suffer their bodies to be wasted by fasts and penances. He that hath no feeling of kindness for relatives cannot be freed from sin, even if his body be pure. That hard-heartedness of his is the enemy of his asceticism. Asceticism, again, is not mere abstinence from the pleasures of the world He that is always pure and decked with virtues, he that practises kindness all his life, is a *Muni*, even though he may lead a domestic life. Such a man is purged of all his sins. Fasts and other penances cannot destroy sins however much they may weaken and dry up the body that is made up of flesh and blood. The man whose heart is without holiness, suffereth torture only by undergoing penances in ignorance of their meaning. He is never freed from sin by such acts. The fire he worshippeth doth not consume his sins. It is in consequence of holiness and virtue alone that men attain to regions of blessedness and fasts and vows becòme efficacious. Subsistence on fruits and roots, the vow of silence, living upon air, the shaving of the crown, abandonment of a fixed home, the wearing of matted locks on the head, lying under the canopy of heaven, daily fasts, the worship of fire, immersion in water, and lying on the bare ground—these alone cannot produce such a result They only that are

possessed of holiness succeed, by knowledge and deeds, to conquer disease, decrepitude and death, and acquire a high status. As seeds that have been scorched by fire do not sprout forth, so the pains that have been burnt by knowledge cannot affect the soul. This inert body, that is only like a block of wood when destitute of soul, is, without doubt, short-lived like froth in the ocean He that obtaineth a view of his soul, the soul that resideth in every body, by help of one or half a rhythmic line (of the Vedas) hath no more need for anything. Some obtaining a knowledge of identity with the Supreme Soul from but two letters (of the Vedas) and some from hundreds and thousands of rhythmic lines, acquire salvation, for the knowledge of one's identity with the Supreme Soul is the sure indication of salvation. The men of old, distinguished for their knowledge, have said that neither this world nor that hereafter nor bliss can be his who is disturbed by doubts A belief of one's identity with the Supreme Soul is the indication of salvation. He that knoweth the true meaning of the Vedas, understandeth their true use Such a man is affrighted at the Vedic ritual, like a man at sight of a forest conflagration. Giving up dry disputation, have recourse to gruti and smrtt, and seek thou, with the aid of thy reason, the knowledge of the undecaying One that is without a second. One's search (after this knowledge) becometh futile, from defect of means. Therefore, should one carefully strive to obtain that knowledge by aid of the Vedas The Vedas are the Supreme Soul; they are His body; they are the Truth The soul that is bounded by the animal organism is incompetent to know Him in whom all the Vedas merge That Supreme Soul, however, 1s capable of being known by the pure intellect. The existence of the gods as stated in the Vedas, the efficacy of acts, and the capacity for action of beings furnished with bodies, are noticeable in every Yugā Independence of these and annihilation are to be sought from purity of the senses Therefore, the suspension of the function of the senses is the true fasting. One may attain to heaven by asceticism;

one may obtain objects of enjoyment by the practice of charity and may have his sins purged off by ablutions in thirthas. But complete emancipation cannot be had except by Knowledge."

"Vaiçampāyana continued: 'Thus addressed, O great king, by the Risht, Yudhishthira, of great fame then said, "O holy one, I desire to listen to the rules about that charity which is meritorious."

"Mārkandeya said: 'O great king, O Yudhishthira, the rules about charity which thou wishest to hear from me are always highly regarded by me. Listen now to the mysteries of charity as expounded in the gruti and the smrtts! A man that performs a graddha in the conjunction called Gaja-cchāyā at a place that is fanned by the leaves of the Aquattha tree, enjoys the fruits thereof, O Yudhishthira, for an hundred thousand kalpas! O king, he that giveth food to a person who is dying of hunger, and he who, founding a home of charity, establisheth there a person to look after all comers, are both crowned with the therits of all the sacrifices. He that giveth away a horse at a tirtha where the current of the river runneth in a direction opposite to its general course, reapeth merit that is inexhaustible. The guest that comes to one's house for food is none other than Indra himself. If he is entertained with food, Indra himself conferreth on the host merit that is inexhaustible As men cross seas by vessels, so are the givers mentioned above saved from all their sins. So what is given unto Brāhmanas, produceth, like gift of curds, mexhaustible merits A gift on particular lunations produceth ment that is twice as much as a gift on other days. That in a particular season produceth merit ten times greater than in other seasons. That in a particular year produceth merit an hundred times greater than in other years. And lastly, a gift on the last day of the last month of the year produceth ment that is inexhaustible. A gift also that is made while the Sun is on the solstitial points, one again that is made on the last days of the Sun's path through Libra, Aries, Gemini, Virgo, and Pisces, a gift again

MĀRKANDEYA-SAMĀSYĀ PARVA

Markandeya continued. 'O Yudlushthira, the virtuous fowler, eminent in piety, then skilfully addressed himself again to that foremost of Brahmanas, saying,—It is the dictum of the aged that the ways of righteousness are subtle, diverse and infinite. When life is at stake and in the matter of marriage, it is proper to tell an untruth Untruth sometimes leads to the triumph of truth, and the latter dwindles into untruth. Whichever conduces most to the good of all creatures is considered to be truth. Virtue is thus perverted; mark thou its subtle ways O best of virtuous men, man's actions are either good or bad, and he undoubtedly reaps their fruits. The ignorant man having attained to an abject state, grossly abuses the gods, not knowing that it is the consequence of his own evil karma. The foolish, the designing, and the fickle, O good Brāhmana, always attaın the very reverse of happiness, or, misery Neither learning, nor good morals, nor personal evertion can save them. And if the fruits of our exertion were not dependent on anything else, people would attain the object of their desire, by simply striving to attain it. It is seen, that able intelligent and diligent persons are baffled in their efforts, and do not attain the fruits of their actions On the other hand, persons who are always active in injuring others and in practising deception on the world, lead a happy life There are some who attain prosperity without any exertion And there are others, who with the utmost evertion, are unable to achieve their dues Miserly persons with the object of having sons born to them worship the gods, and practise severe austerities, and these sons having remained in the womb for ten months, at length turn out to be very in-famous scions of their race; and others begotten under the same auspices, decently pass their lives in luxury with hordes of riches and grain, accumulated by their ancestors. The diseases from which men suffer, are undoubtedly the result of their own karma. They then behave like small deer at the hands of hunters,

during eclipses of the Moon and the Sun, produce ment that is inexhaustible. The learned have also said that gifts made during the seasons produce ment that is ten times, those made during the change of seasons, an hundred times, —and those made during the days when Rāhu is visible, a thousand times,—greater than what is produced by gifts at other times, while a gift made on the last day of the Sun's course through Libra and Aries produces ment that knows no diminution. O king, no one can enjoy landed possessions unless he giveth away land, and no one can go on cars and vehicles unless he giveth away these Indeed, a person on rebirth obtaineth the fruition of whatever objects he hath in view at the time of making a gift to a Brahmana Gold hath sprung from Fire: the Earth from Vishnu, and the cows from the Sun. He, therefore, that giveth away gold, land, and kine, attaineth all the regions of Agni, Vishnu, and the Sun There is nothing so eternal as a gift Where, therefore, in the three worlds is anything that is more auspicious? It is for this, O king, that they who have great intelligence say that there is nothing higher and greater in the three worlds than gift!""

Thus ends the two hundredth Section in the Markandeya-

Sāmasyā of the Vana Parva.

MĀRKANDEYA-SAMĀSYĀ PARVA

"MARKANDEYA continued: 'O Yudhishthira, the virtuous fowler, eminent in piety, then skilfully addressed himself again to that foremost of Brahmanas, saying,-It is the dictum of the aged that the ways of righteousness are subtle, diverse and infinite When life is at stake and in the matter of marriage, it is proper to tell an untruth Untruth sometimes leads to the triumph of truth, and the latter dwindles into untruth Whichever conduces most to the good of all creatures is considered to be truth Virtue is thus perverted; mark thou its subtle ways O best of virtuous men, man's actions are either good or bad, and he undoubtedly reaps their fruits. The ignorant man having attained to an abject state, grossly abuses the gods, not knowing that it is the consequence of his own evil karma. The foolish, the designing, and the fickle, O good Brāhmana, always attain the very reverse of happiness, or, misery. Neither learning, nor good morals, nor personal exertion can save them. And if the fruits of our exertion were not dependent on anything else, people would attain the object of their desire, by simply striving to attain it. It is seen, that able intelligent and diligent persons are baffled in their efforts, and do not attain the fruits of their actions On the other hand, persons who are always active in injuring others and in practising deception on the world, lead a happy life. There are some who attain prosperity without any exertion. And there are others, who with the utmost exertion, are unable to achieve their dues. Miserly persons with the object of having sons born to them worship the gods, and practise severe austerities, and these sons having remained in the womb for ten months, at length turn out to be very in-famous scions of their race; and others begotten under the same auspices, decently pass their lives in luxury with hordes of riches and grain, accumulated by their ancestors The diseases from which men suffer, are undoubtedly the result of their own karma. They then behave like small deer at the hands of hunters,

and they are racked with mental troubles. And, O, Brāhmana, as hunters intercept the flight of their game, the progress of those diseases is checked by able and skilful physicians with their collection of drugs. And, O best of the cherishers of religion, thou hast observed that those that have it in their power to enjoy (the good things of earth), are prevented from doing so from the fact of their suffering from chronic bowel-complaints, and that many others that are strong and powerful, suffer from misery, and are enabled with great difficulty to obtain a livelihood, and that every man is thus helpless, overcome by misery and illusion, and again and again tossed and overpowered by the powerful current of his own actions (karma). If there were absolute freedom of action, no creature would die, none would be subject to decay, or await his evil doom, and everybody would attain the object of his desire All persons desire to distance their neighbours (in the race of life), and they strive to do so to the utmost of their power, but the result turns out otherwise Many are the persons born under the influence of the same star and the same auspices of good luck, but a great diversity is observable in the maturity of their actions. No person, O good Brāhmana, can be the dispenser of his own lot The actions done in a previous existence are seen to fructify in our present life. It is the immemorial tradition that the soul is eternal and everlasting, but the corporeal frame of all creatures is subject to destruction here (below) When therefore life is extinguished, the body only is destroyed, but the spirit, wedded to its actions, travels elsewhere."

"The Brāhmana replied: 'O best of those versed in the doctrine of karma, and in the delivery of discourses, I long to know accurately how the soul becomes eternal' The fowler replied: 'The spirit dies not, there being simply a change of tenement. They are mistaken, who foolishly say that all creatures die. The soul betakes itself to another frame, and its change of habitation is called its death. In the world of men, no man reaps the consequences of another man's karma. Whatever one does, he is sure to

reap the consequences thereof, for the consequences of the karma that is once done, can never be obviated. The virtuous become endowed with great virtues, and sinful men become the perpetrators of wicked deeds. Men's actions follow them, and influenced by these, they are born again' The Brāhmana enquired. 'Why does the spirit take its birth, and why does its nativity become sinful or virtuous, and how, O good man, does it come to belong to a sinful or virtuous race? The fowler replied: 'This mystery seems to belong to the subject of procreation, but I shall briefly describe to you, O good Brāhmana, how the spirit is born again with its accumulated load of karma, the righteous in a virtuous, and the wicked in a sinful nativity By the performance of virtuous actions it attains to the state of the gods, and by a combination of good and evil, it acquires the human state, by indulgence in sensuality and similar demoralising practices it is born in the lower species of animals, and by sinful acts, it goes to the infernal regions. Afflicted with the miseries of birth and death and dotage, man is fated to rot here below from the evil consequences of his own actions Passing through thousands of births as also the infernal regions, our spirits wander about, secured by the fetters of their own karma Animate beings become miserable in the next world, on account of these actions done by themselves, and from the reaction of those miseries, they assume lower births And then they accumulate new stores of actions, and they consequently suffer misery over again, like sickly men partaking of unwholesome food. And although they are thus afflicted they consider themselves to be happy and at ease. And consequently their fetters are not loosened, and new karma arises and suffering from diverse miseries they turn about in this world like a wheel If, casting off their fetters, they purify themselves by their actions, and practise austerities and religious meditation, then, O best of Brāhmanas, they attain the Elysian regions by these numerous acts And by casting off their fetters and by the purification of karma,

men attain those blissful regions where misery is unknown to those who go there. The sinful man who is addicted to vices, never comes to the end of his course of iniquities. Therefore must we strive to do what is virtuous, and forbear from doing what is unrighteous. Whoever with a heart full of gratefulness and free from malice, strives to do what is good, attains wealth, virtue, happiness and heaven (hereafter). Those who are purified of sin, wise, forbearing, constant in righteousness, and self-restrained, enjoy conunuous felicity in this as well as the next world. Man must follow the standard of virtue of the good and in his acts imitate the example of the righteous. There are virtuous men, versed in holy writ and learned in all, departments of knowledge. Man's proper duty consists in his following his own proper avocations, and such being the case, these latter do not become confused and mixed up. The wise man delights in virtue and lives by righteousness. And, O good Brāhmana, such a man with the wealth of righteousness which he thereby acquires, waters the roots of the plant in which he finds most virtue. The virtuous man acrs thus and his mind is calmed. He is pleased with his friends in this world and he also arrains happiness hereafter. Virtuous people, O good man, acquire dominion over all and the pleasures of beauty, flavour, sound and touch according to their desire. These are known to be the rewards of virtue. But the man of enlightened vision, O great Brāhmana, is not satisfied with reaping the fruits of righteousness. Not content with that, he with the light of spiritual wisdom that is in him, becomes indifferent to pain and pleasure; and the vices of the world influence him not. Of his own free will, he becomes indifferent to worldly pursuits, but he forsakes not virtue. Observing that everything worldly is evanescent, he tries to renounce everything, and not counting on mere chance, he devises means for the attainment of salvation. Thus does he renounce the pursuits of the world, shuns the ways of sin, becomes virtuous, and at last attains salvation. Spiritual wisdom is the prime requisite of man for salvation;

resignation and forbearance are its roots By this means he attains all the objects of his desire. By subduing the senses and by means of truthfulness and forbearance, he attains, O good Brāhmana, the supreme asylum of Brahma' The Brāhmana again enquired: 'O thou most eminent in virtue and constant in the performance of thy religious obligations, you talk of senses, what are they, how may they be subdued, and what is the good of subduing them; and how does a creature reap the fruits thereof? O pious man, I long to acquaint myself with the truth of this matter."

Thus ends the two hundred and ninth Section in the

Mārkandeya-Samāsyā of the Vana Parva
"Yudhishthira said 'O eminently virtuous one, O mighty sage, of the bestowal of gifts and the observance

of asceticism, which is of greater efficacy in the next world, and which, harder to practise?"

"Vyāsa said: There is nothing, O child, in this world harder to practise than charity. Men greatly thirst after wealth, and wealth also is gotten with difficulty. Nay, renouncing even dear life itself, heroic men, O magnani-mous one, enter into the depths of the sea and forest for the sake of wealth. For wealth, some betake themselves to agriculture and the tending of kine, and some enter into servitude. Therefore, it is extremely difficult to part with wealth that is obtained with such trouble Since nothing is harder to practise than charity, therefore, in my opinion, even the bestowal of boons is superior to everything Specially is this to be borne in mind that well-gotten gains should, in proper time and place, be given away to pious men But the bestowal of ill-gotten gains can never rescue the giver from the evil of rebirth It hath been declared, O Yudhishthira, that by bestowing, in a pure spirit, even a slight gift in due time and to a fit recipient, a man attaineth inexhaustible fruit in the next world. In this connection is instanced the old story regarding the fruit obtained by Mud gala, for having given away only a *Drona* of corn "Thus ends the two hundred and fifty-eighth Section in

the Ghosha-yātrā of the Vana Parva

BAYADERE'S SONG

With Moral

I From the banks of the Ganges the water they brought In a vessel of brass

Heave O! Heave O!

I have washed my feet as a dancing girl ought, And have wiped them with silk

Heave O! Heave O!

2 Let us go then, oh girls, before Madavan's shrine. Let us worship him now

Heave O! Heave O!

If we offer our flowers to the image divine, We may hope for new joys

Heave O! Heave O!

3 What delight can exceed those of love and desire?

And all these are for us!

Heave O! Heave O!

Oh, my girls, like the pea-hen in mien and attire, I was born for the dance

Heave O! Heave O!

4 What a joy to be born as a girl for the dance!

And what more can I want?

Heave O! Heave O!

What a pleasure to feel I can do with a glance More than kings on their throne!

Heave O! Heave O!

Moral (by an ill-tempered man)

5 I would rather remain but a lump of vile clay Than be only a girl

Heave O! Heave O!

For a potter can make it a pot any day, And 'tis therefore of use

Heave O! Heave O!

PROVERBS

Useth none, in earth doth lay.

Knows, he not how men devour

What the bee hides in his bower?

You may break a granite stone.

Highest hills may crumble down:
But a hardened cruel screw

Naught will soften or subdue.

Misers cannot see, and live,
Liberal men their wealth to give
Like the thorn that always dies
Near the tree of Paradise.

Milk that's drunk at tavern door
Counts as wine, you may be sure.
If you stand where you ought not
Why be shocked when shame is got?

Join the vile, and vile you'll be
In the eyes of those who see
If beneath a palm you drink,
Though but milk, what must we think?

Blind man's legs the lame man plies, Cripples lend the blind their eyes, Thus for each the poor take heed, Help each other's urgent need.

Give promotion to the rude,
They will chase away the good
Can the dog that eats old shoes
Taste the sugarcane he chews?

Wash a bear skin every day,
Will its blackness go away?
If you beat an idol's face
Will the god acquire new grace?

FINAL PHILOSOPHY

F you swim, you fear no stream.
Poverty is but a dream
When a girdle makes you rich,
Waiting death, earth has no hitch.

Catch a monkey, dress it well,
'Tis the king of all the hill.
Thus, 'mongst men, the senseless rule,
And the luckless serve the fool.

Snakes are finest when they strike:

Deadly foes your friendship like:

When the king would take your head,

Perfect freedom leaves you dead.

Water dropped in oyster shell
Brought forth pearls But that which fell
On the sea is water still.
Wrongful time turns good to ill.

If a fool should find the stone
It would not remain his own.
It would melt, escape again,
Like the hail that comes with rain.

BAD WIVES

Are as death, as poison snakes; Very demons Yea they are Only fit to plague old Nick.

If they're thoughtless, they're no good;

Dowry is but thrown away

Coward soldiers, who would feed?

Why maintain a thoughtless quean?

See her wrangling in the street, Screaming if you check her speech, Scolds her lord and then she cries; She would sell him in a bag

Like the course of ships at sea,—
• Like the flight of birds in air,—
Is a woman's life on earth
Where she goes is never known.

Wealth is his,—the wife is good. Wealth is gone—she loves no more, Then her lord is but a name:

Then she counts him as the dead.

Wives who live to please their lords, Wives indeed, the best on earth. Wives who care for nought but self, Are but arrows sent from death.

Low by nature, low in life:
Wife of worth you cannot make
She who lives by stealing scraps
Cannot hope for better things.

Stubborn folks are always wrong.

Can you straighten puppy's tail?

Shrewish wives would sell their lords,—

Tie together hands and feet

If you work and slave and gain,
Then your wife applauds your love.
Lose it all, and then she scolds,
Daily heaps reproach on you.

Though her lord and home be good
Will the changeful wife be true?
Though you rear a dog with milk
Will he learn to stay at home?

Suffering ills, look well to friends
Fearing danger, watch your guards
When your riches fly away,
Let your wife be closely watched

If at first you fail to rule,

Do not think to rule at all

If you let a tree grow up,

Will it move for but a push?

Disobedient wives are not
Wives at all, but only gives
Better dwell in desert wastes
Than abide with such a wife

THE MAIDENS' SONG OF THE DAWNING (Truvacag)

Ι

THE TEMPLE-WORSHIP

(The waits sung at the door)

THE Splendour rare and great, that knows nor first nor end, we sing, Thou hear'st the song, yet still sleep'st

O lady of the large bright eye! is thine ear dull that it perceives not sound of praise that hails

The great God's cinctured feet? She hears the strain resound

through all the street, yet in forgetful sleep
On her flower-couch she muttering turns!
See, here she nothing noting lies! Why thus, why thus?
doth this our friend beseem "-Our Lady Fair,
Arise!

H

TRIFLE NOT

"Hail to the heavenly Light," thou ever say'st, as we, by night and day Now of this flowery couch Art thou enamour'd, maid with faultless gems adorned? Shame! jewell'd dames, are these things trifles too? To sport and jest is this the place, when He in grace Hath come to give the foot flower characters angula

Hath come to give the foot-flower, shame-fast angels praise?

The Teacher, Lord of Civa-world, in Tillai's porch He rules.

Who are His lovers all -- Our LADY FAIR, ARISE!

III

O thou whose smile as pearl is bright, arise, present thyself before the Sire, the blissful One, th'Ambrosial, And with o'erflowing sweetness speak! Come, ope thy doors!—

(She joins them. They enter the temple-porch)
"Ye men devout, the Ruler's ancient saints, ye reverend
men.

Will't be amiss if ye our weakness aid, us novices admit?"

(In the temple)

No cheat is this, know we not all Thy wondrous love? Who sing not what they beauty deem? Our Civan's form ev'n so we yearn to see,—Our Lady Fair, Arise!

ΙV

(They all henceforth sing their morning song to the goddess, imploring HER to arise in grace)

O thou of radiant pearl-like smile, is't not now dawn? have not the sweet-voiced come, like parrots many-hued? Thus thinking, as is meet, we speak; meanwhile in sleep close not Thine eye, let not thy time in vain be spent!—Sole Balm of heaven, the Vēda's precious Sense, the Dear

to eyes that see, we sing, our melting minds

In rapture all dissolved; nor deem thou should'st remain for ever thus asleep!—Our Lady Fair, Arise!

V

SAY NOT, "CIVAN IS UNKNOWABLE!"

The "Mount" that Mal knew not, and Ayan saw not,—we can know, so Thou dost utter falsities,

O guileful one, whose mouth with milk and honey flows, ope thy door! He Whom earth, heaven, and other realms know not,

In glory makes us His, cleanses our souls in grace.

His goodness sing! "O Civan, Civan," hark! they cry. Thou understandest not; thou understandest not!—So's she with perfumed locks!—Our Lady Fair, Arise!

VI

O fawn, but yesterday thou said'st, "At dawn I come to rouse you up"; but now, all unabashed

Tell us, what quarter didst thou seek ?—is't not yet dawn ?
He Who is sky, and earth, and all things else, to men
unknown;

Himself will come, will guard, and make us His; to us who coming sing His heavenly cinctur'd Foot, speak thou!

In rapture melt! The King of thee, of us extol;
of all the worlds!—Our Lady Fair, Arise!

VII

Mother, are these too trifles? Many heavenly ones know not, the One, the mighty glorious Lord,

Hearing His signals, ope thy mouth, and "Civan" cry, Cry "Southern-One" Like way before the fire

Melting,—"My own, my King, Ambrosia," we all have sung! Hear thou! apart from us yet dost thou sleep?

Dost thou 'yet speechless lie, like the hard-hearted silly

What grace is in this sleep ?—Our Lady Fair, Arise!

VIII

While cocks are crowing, small birds chaunt on every side; while trumpet sounds, sound out the conch-shells everywhere,

The heav'nly Light without compare, the Grace without

compare,-

the Being great without compare, we've sung; hear'st not? Bless thee, what slumber's this? Thou openest not thy mouth?

Th' Eternal, First of Beings, Him Who 'bides the Only-One;

the Lady's Partner sing we all!—Our LADY FAIR, ARISE!

IX

Ancient of days, existing ere the ancient world!

Whose nature shares the newness of created things!
Thy worshippers devout, who've gained Thee for their Lord, adore Thy servants' feet,—to them give reverence due,—And these alone shall be our wedded lords, joyous ev'n as they bid, due service will we render meek, Thus, if Thou grant to us this boon, our King, no lack Thy handmaids e'er shall know!—Our Lady Fair,

X

ARISE!

Beneath the sevenfold gulf, transcending speech, His foot-flower rests,

with flowers adorned His crown of all the universe is crown!

The Lady's at His side!—His sacred form dwells not alone!

The Vēdam, heavenly ones, and earth, praise Him, and yet
He's our one Friend, Whose praise ne'er dies, within His
saints He dwells.

saints He dwells,

pure He sustains the "clan", ye temple-ladies, say
What is His Town? His Name? His kin? and who His
foes?

And how sing we His praise ?—Our Lady Fair, Arise!

XI

IN THE TEMPLE TANK

Entering the broad, frequented tank with joyful cries, and hands outstretched, we plunge and plunge, and sing Thy Foot

O Gurú, see, Thy faithful worshippers are blest! As fire Thy hue is red, Thou wear'st white ashes, Blessed One! Thou Bridegroom of the Lady lithe, with broad black eyes!

O Gurú, make us Thine in grace In this our sport, What those who would be saved perform, we've done, as they,

guard that we weary not !-Our LADY FAIR, ARISE!

ИX

ord of the sacred stream, where we, that thronging mortal woes

may cease, acclaiming bathe! Dancer in Tillai's sacred

lidst waving fire! This heaven, this flowery earth, us all, in sport Thou guardest, formest, dost enshroud;—liou say'st the word!—Bracelets tinkling, jewels rattling with a merry sound, tuneful beetles humming round our

locks adorned,

Plunge in the tank, where flowers are glistening, praise
the Master's golden Foot,

and in the fountain bathe! OUR LADY FAIR, ARISE!

XIII

There burn dark crimson flowers of Kuvalai, here the red lotus blooms,

there the bright race of small birds utters songs,

Here those who wash away their sin are gathered round!

This swelling tank is like our Queen and King!

We ent'ring plunge and plunge again, our shells resound; our anklets unkling sound, our bosoms throb with joy, The wave we plunge in swells Plunge in the lotus crowned

flood and joyful bathe!—Our LADY FAIR, ARISE!

VIV

While ear-drops swing, while golden jewels wave, while flow'ry locks are dancing; swarms of wing'd things flit,

Bathe in the cool flood, sing the sacred court! sing the mystic Vedas, sing their inner sense!

Sing glory of the Light, sing Him the cassia-wreath Who wears!

Sing ye the power of Him, the First, sing Him the Last!
Sing ye the glory of Her Foot, Who armlets wears,
Whose guardian can we own!—Our Lady Fair, Arise!

XV

THE LADY OF KARAI-KAL

Once on a time, "our Peruman," full oft cried she.

His glory any time to speak she ceased not
With gladsome mind, while tears in ceaseless stream flowed forth

Once on a *time*, this woman came to earth, nor bowed Before the heavenly ones,—by the great King with frenzy filled

Who like to her? Of this mysterious One, O lovely damsels, sing the Foot, and bathe and plunge beneath the flow'ry flood!—Our Lady Fair, Arise!

XVI

THE CLOUD: AN ALLEGORY

Erewhile thou didst the sea diminish, rising like the Queen; didst glisten like Her slender waist Who rules my soul, Didst like the golden anklets sound that on Her sacred foot in beauty gleam, didst bend like to Her sacred brow The bow As she, mindful of those who love our King, who like herself, our Mistress, never quit His side, Mindful of us, too, as our Queen, pours forth sweet grace, even so pour down, O CLOUD! Our LADY FAIR, ARISE!

XVII

The red-eyed one, and He Whose face turns to each point, and gods in every heaven, taste no delight like ours. Thou of the fragrant locks didst make our beings pure, and here in grace didst rise in every home of ours,

The Warrior gave in grace His golden lotus feet; the King of beauteous eye, Ambrosia rare to us His slaves,

Our Peruman! Singing His gift, plunge we and bathe in the clear lotus-flood!—Our LADY FAIR, ARISE!

IIIVX

Annāmalai His form, His lotus foot heaven's host adored, while lustre of their jewell'd crowns grew dim;

So when the bright-eyed sun the darkness drives away, the cool moon's rays are paled, the stars themselves depart

Thus stood He forth; was Female, Male, was Neither-one; was Heaven with gleaming lights, was Earth, was all

the rest.

Ambrosia manifest! Praising His jewell'd foot, O Maid plunge in this flowery stream!—Our LADY FAIR, ARISE!

XIX

THE MAIDENS' VOW

"The children of Thy hand are we, our Refuge Thou",—
thus that old word we say anew, in this our dread,

Our Lord, to Thee one prayer we make; vouchsafe to hear!

"Let none but Thine own lovers true our forms embrace,—

Our hands no service pay save to Thyself alone, our eyes,—by night, by day,—let them see nought but Thee!"—

Our King, if here this boon Thou grant, to us the sun in perfect beauty shines!—Our Lady Fair, Arise!

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

Be gracious Thou! to Thy foot's flower be praise!

be gracious! To Thy rosy beauteous feet be praise!

The golden feet, the source of all that live, be praised!
The flow'ry feet, the bliss of every life, be praised!

The twain feet, Goal and End of every life be praised!

The lotus-flower, unseen by Māl and the Four-faced,
be praised!

The golden flowers, that saving made us His, be praised!
In Mārgari-month we bathing praise!—Our Lady
Fair, Arise!

THE HUMMING-BEE

T

MYSTERIOUSLY GREAT

The King that crowns the flower, Purandaran, the Lady blest, in beauty clothed,
That sits on learned tongues, and Nāranan; the fourfold mystic Vēdic Scroll,
The Splendours, Riders in majesty; with all the heavenly ones too, know Him not—
Go to His roseate foot who mounts the Bull,
And Breathe His Praise, Thou Humming-bee!

II

I AM NOUGHT, YET MADE LIKE TO HIM

Who am I?—Wisdom's lessons what are they that fill my mind?—and me who'd know. Had not the Lord of heaven made me His own? He of the temple court, Who erst A mendicant with mind distaught asked food, in broken skull with flesh impure! Haste to His lotus-foot, as honey sweet; AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, THOU HUMMING-BEE!

Ш

ALL SWEETNESS IS IN HIM

Honey from any flower sip not, though small as timest grain of lillet seed!

Whene'er we think on Him, whene'er we see, whene'er of Him our lips converse,

Then sweetest rapture's honey ever flows, till all our frame in bliss dissolves!

To Him alone, the mystic Dancer, go;

And Breathe His Praise, thou Humming-Bee!

ΙV

HIS LOVE GIVEN TO LOVELESS ME

There was no love in me like Kannappan's;
when He, my Sire, saw this, me poor
Beyond compare, in grace He made His own,
He spake and bade me come to Him.
With heavenly grace adorned He shines and wears
white ashes, and the golden dust!
To Him—of mercy infinite,—go thou,
AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, O HUMMING-BEE!

V

THE ONLY GOD

"Those gods are gods indeed,"—"These others are the Gods," men wrangling say, and thus False gods they talk about, and rant and rave upon this earthly stage. And I No piety could boast—that earthly bonds—might cease to cling, to Him I clung!
To Him, the God of all true gods, go thou,
AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, O HUMMING-BEE!

VI

HE ELEVATES, CALMS, AND PURIFIES THE SOUL
In this mad world, 'mid stress and strife confused,
from birth and death that ceaseless spring,—
Where hoarded treasure, women, offspring, tribe,
and learning's store, men prize and seek,—
He calms the storm of mental changing states,
and clears from error's mists the soul
To mystic wisdom's mighty God go thou,
AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, O HUMMING-BEE!

7711

On Cankaran the soul's ambrosia, who thinks, shall he fare ill? The Sacred Foot

That aye endures shall I a prodigal forget?

But those who cleave not to that Foot,—
A sinful fellowship in worship vain,—
their very forms we will not know!

To Him, supremely Excellent, go thou,
AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, O HUMMING-BEE!

VIII

HIS GRACE TO ME AND MINE

Unique it sprang, rose up, set forth its boughs that none can count,—a tree of grace!
Right well He cared for me,—a cur,—and called, and caused in state aloft to ride,
He is my Sire! To sire and house and race the mighty Perumān is He!
To Him, the Fount of bliss unfailing, go;
AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, THOU HUMMING-BEE!

IX

HIS SELF-FORGETTING COMPASSION

His throat is black; His nature passes far all powers of thought that men possess!

I went, drew near, took refuge at His Feet; and He, straightway, delusions all From changing deaths and births that ceaseless rise within my being caused to cease.

To Him, Who is compassion's sea, go thou,

Fo Him, Who is compassion's sea, go thou,
AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, O HUMMING-BEE!

X

HIS TENDER LOVE HAS FOLLOWED ME

Pain I endured,—grew old,—again waxed like a weanling calf,—in ceaseless change; And here I dwelt, desiring evermore enjoyments that a dog might share,—

In folly's every guise. With mother-love,

He came in grace, and made me His!

To the rich Lord of mercy's store go thou,

And Breathe His Praise, O Humming-bee!

XI

HE GAVE GRACE WITHOUT UPBRAIDING

Thou didst not call me "stony-heart,"

"deceiver," "obstinate of mind";

But Thou didst cause my stony heart to melt,
and in compassion mad'st me Thine,

Thou Lord of Tillai's sacred temple-court,
in beauty rich, where swans disport!

Go, hasten to the golden beauteous Foot;

AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, THOU HUMMING-BEE!

\mathbf{IIX}

The loving Lord, Who taught, wretch as I am, my lips to sing His jewell'd Feet,
The Teacher great, Who pardon'd all the faults of me, a very fiend in sooth;
He still in grace accepts my services,
nor spurns my worthlessness!
To Ican go, as tender mother known,
And Breathe His Praise, thou Humming-Bee!

IIIX

HIS LOVE DEMANDS MY ALL

Devoid of love for Him in sooth was I
I know it, and He knows it too!
And yet He made me His, this too all men
on earth shall surely see and know
He there appeared, in all His grace revealed.
He only is my being's King!
Come thou, and joyous join thyself with me
To Breathe His Praise, O Humming-bee!

XIV

HE CAME TO ME AS MY GURÚ

Germ of all being, far beyond this world,—yet in this world too, seen,

With Her, whose flowery locks breathe sweet perfume, in mercy manifest, He came,

A sacred Sage, versed in the mystic scroll, He stood revealed, and made me His

Go to the God, in sacred form displayed, And Breathe His Praise, thou Humming-Bee!

xv

ONLY HIS MERCY BROUGHT ME NEAR

How far away had I and all my thought from Him the loving Lord remained,
Had not the Wearer of the flowing lock,—
He with the Lady,—made me His!
The Lord, Who is the heaven, Who is each realm of earth and of the mighty sea!
Go to the roseate Feet that sweets distil,
And Breathe His Praise, thou Humming-Bee!

XVI

THE THOUGHT OF HIM IS JOY

Soon as I thought upon His sacred form
which every thought of man transcends,
The Lord of mercy's flood of purest joys,
that ne'er delude, swept o'er my soul
My Lord revealed Himself that He might make
me ever fully His alone
To Him, the Lord of Lords Supreme, go thou,
AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, O HUMMING-BEE!

IIVX

HE SAVED ME FROM SENSES' BONDAGE
In pleasures false I plunged, and sank deep down,—
each day of earthly prosperous joy,

6 266 G

I thought it true, and thus enslaved I lay;
in grace revealed, He made me His!
Call Him "my Teacher," "precious life," "great Lord,
of Tillai's sacred temple-court;"
And seek those selfsame roseate flowery Feet,
To Breathe His Praise, thou Humming-bee!

XVIII

CIVAN AS DEPICTED IN ANCIENT MYTHS

The tiger's skin, the robe, the pendants rare, the ears' round golden ornaments,

The ashes white as milk, the sandal paste so cool and sweet, the parrot green,

The trident, and the armlets linked this pomp, and ancient fair array He owns,

Regarding well, with joyous soul go thou,

AND BREATHE HIS PRAISE, O HUMMING-BEE!

XIX

VISITED ME, NOR DESPISED MY UNWORTHINESS

"Deceiver," "sinner vile," "rebellious one,"
all this to me He did not say;

The Generous One came Oft to visit me,
nor took His Presence from my mind!

Of all the pains that fill'd my soul, no one
in any wise was left with me!

So to His gleaming jewelled Foot go thou,
And Breathe His Praise, O Humming-Bee!

ΥY

Ayan, who crowns the lotus flower, and Māl were grieved,—for He was hard to reach! But I, His lowly slave, all jubilant fulfilled of exultation stood!

To me, mere cur, He gave a lofty seat, endured right well with worthiness!

To Him, Whose form is fiery flame, go thou, And Breathe His Praise, O Humming-Bee!

CONDAY-VENTHAN

(Tamil)

Our parents first of all the gods are known. From temple worship matchless good accrues. True virtue lives in married life alone.

What niggards heap the wicked get and use.

In little eating female beauty lies.

His country's foe both branch and root decays.

Figures and letters are a pair of eyes.

Our children's lamb-like fondness age delays. Your duty do, though with a beggar's fare.

One master serving, in one district stay.

Good life in priests surpasses sounding prayer.

The slanderer's substance quickly melts away. In seeking land and treasure spend your days.

The wife who heeds her lord's commands is chaste.

In being watch'd consists the sex's praise.

Objects of vain pursuit, forget with haste. Speak modestly, though by inferiors heard.

The man who looks at faults no kindred own. Though sharp your arrow, use no braggart word.

All hurtful things are better let alone.

The firm once run'd substance repossess.

The rich are poor when wisdom's wealth appears.

The monarch's smile brings succour to distress.

Slander is wind to fire in willing ears.

The heartless railer all men hate and shun.

No loving children bless the debauchee. The pride of parents is a learned son.

True penance theirs, engross'd who Siva see

In husbandry is trod the path of gain.

The worth of kindred is their being nigh. Gambling and brawling lead to grief and pain.

Forgotten penance makes good fortune fly.
Till midnight sleep not, though confined and still.
Before you dine, give alms, however, small

Of good and joy the rich can have their fill. To vagrant beggary the idle fall.

No word excels a father's sage decree.

If not a mother's, no advice is wise.

In search of wealth, e'en cross the fearful sea. From quenchless anger endless quarrels rise.

A stubborn wife's a firebrand in the breast.

She's death who gives the winds your faults to show.

God's wrath aroused, in vain men do their best.

Who spend, yet nothing get, to ruin go.

Beneath a roof in Tay and Masi sleep.

The freeman's plough procures the sweetest food.

From friends themselves your want a secret keep.

Who lack good company, in sorrow brood. No ills invade a neighbour-loving land.

By every word you calmly speak abide.

Your dwelling fix where wells are at command.

The smallest matters thoughtfully decide.

The laws you know consistently observe.

No mask to others hides from self one's mind.

They fast in vain, from rules who idly swerve

Though poor your hearer, let your speech be kind. By diligence the mean may mighty grow.

He does not fast who hungrily devours

The springing blades the coming crop foreshow.

Take food, though rice and milk, at proper hours.

'Tis virtue from another's home to stay.

Reserve your equal strength the load to bear.

Eat not of flesh, nor steal, nor dare to slay.

The base the garb of virtue cannot wear.

Who gain the highest state, nor hate nor love. Simplicity is woman's jewel bright.

The earth bears longest those who gently move.

All kinds of evil banish out of sight.

The ploughman's honest meal is food littlimit With guests your meat, however couly, almost

Where rain is wanted, there is every much. The welcome showers succeed the lightfulling willer.

The ship without a pilot makes no head.

At eve, the fruit of morning's acts you reap There's nectar found in what the ancients said.

Who softly lie, enjoy the sweetest sleep.

What wealth the plough produces will remain. In silence wisdom has its end and proof.

Their efforts, who disdain advice, are vain.

From black-eyed women go, and keep aloof.

Be all excess e'en by the king eschew'd.

No showers descending, fee-less Brahmans smart.

Good manners hospitality include.

A hero's friendship pierces like a dart.

The poor who scorn to beg deserve respect.

The strength of wealth in perseverance lies.

The incorrupt deceitful thoughts reject.

Let but the king be angry, succour flies.

Go, worship God in every fane on earth.

Choose places fit wherein to close your eyes The lagging student gains nor lore nor worth.

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MUTHURAY

№ Вебоге the trunk-faced red-one's footstool bend,
And pious homage reverently pay,
Shall from the goddess lotus-throned acquire
Wit, eloquence, and all that they desire,
And never sink in bodily decay.

- If suffering worth to acts of kindness move,
 Dismiss the fear your bounty may not prove
 A source at last of profit and delight;
 The water furnish'd to its early root,
 In sweeter draughts from future plenteous fruit
 The cocoa's crown will gratefully requite.
 - 2. The valued favours, the deserving gain Like sculptures in eternal rock remain; Of virtue's tribute charity is sure: But vain is kindness to the worthless shown, Who debts and duties evermore disown, On water written words as well endure.
 - When senseless grief the live-long day englooms, In vain attractively the garden blooms;
 In vain the spouseless maid her beauty wears:
 So youth when needy is a tiresome stage,
 And wealth but misery in helpless age,
 A bitter mockery of peevish cares.
 - 4 To love, though loved, the callous base ne'er learn;
 But love for love the good and wise return;
 Their greatness through calamities remains;
 A purer whiteness as the sea-shell shows,
 When fiercely the containing furnace glows;
 As seething milk its flavour still retains.

- 5. Although in foliage richly dress'd they rise,
 In figure faultless, and mature in size,
 As trees no fruit except in season bear,
 In any project sooner to succeed,
 And gain the end before the time decreed,
 Nor wealth avails, nor toil, nor wakeful care
- 6. Not softly yielding as the building towers, Not bending gently when the load o'erpowers, The stony column will asunder fly. So they who scorn their honour to survive 'Gainst overwhelming adversaries strive, Refusing homage though they muster nigh
- 7. The depth and surface of the pool decide
 The growth and limit of the lily's pride:
 So erudition is on study based;
 So riches show accumulated worth
 By penance purchased in a previous birth,
 So character from son to sire is traced
- 8. Happy the eyes that on the pious rest,
 The ears that hear their useful words are bless'd,
 And bless'd the lips that all their virtues tell,
 More happy they, their character who wear,
 Their friendship gain, their reputation share,
 Their sacred paths frequent, and with them dwell
- 9. The very sight of wicked men is ill, Their graceless words the ear with evil fill, The lips with rick their attributes portray, And 'tis the height of self-inflicted wrong To mingle with their sin-infectious throng, Attend their cursed steps, and with them stay
- The water turn'd to where the rice-crops grows Refreshes kindly, as it thither flows,

 The common grass that in its channel lies

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In every age, the genial rains that fall
To cheer the good, are shared alike by all,
And virtue's revenue the world supplies.

- To instruments the great their glory owe;
 The lofty are supported by the low;
 Without assistance rank and skill were vain.
 Too oft we spurn the object we should prize;
 The rice denuded unproductive dies,
 The husk we scorn preserves the living grain.
 - 12. In bulk the scentless taly far excels;

 The little magul flower more sweetly smells;

 In seeming meanness may be hidden worth:

 The spacious sea, with all its vauntful roar,

 E'en for ablution fits not, while ashore

 The humble spring with nectar gushes forth.
 - 13. The branching trees that in the jungle grow No excellence like cultured palms can show:

 Appearing proudly with the learned, he Who, lacking skill to scan the proffer'd verse, Or seize the sense of what the rest rehearse, Is disconcerted, stands a jungle tree.
 - The forest peacock step with graceful mien,
 Struck with the beauty of his gorgeous train,
 And thinking one of kindred plume he spied,
 His feathers spread with pomp of strutting pride,
 Poetic skill unlearned coxcombs feign
 - Who aid the ingrate in their yearning zeal,
 Like him who dared the poison'd tiger heal,
 But raise the prostrate to become their prey;
 And, like the vase that greets the granite block,
 Or freighted bark that strikes the sunken rock,
 Their blind beneficence is thrown away.

- The noble in distress are still esteem'd,

 The mean of wealth bereft are worthless deem'd,

 The former like a cup of gold are found

 That, fractured, its intrinsic worth retains;

 The latter like an earthen bowl, that gains

 Contempt when strew'd in fragments on the ground
- 17. Insult not over those in self-conceit
 Whose self-restraint may end in your defeat,
 Though void they seem of wisdom, tact, and
 strength:
 If smaller fish may dart securely by.

If smaller fish may dart securely by,
The heron watches with unerring eye
The proper victim, that appears at length.

- 18. No friends are they who heartlessly forsake,
 As water-fowl the sun-exhausted lake,
 Their old associates in their time of need.
 As lilies wither when the pond gets dry,
 And, where they flourish'd, parch'd and prostrate lie,
 Who share our troubles are our friends indeed
- 19 Say, fretful spirit, whether shall ensue
 The visionary good we fondly view,
 Or every just award decreed by fate?
 From Indra's tree, for fruits of blessing known,
 Who gilded nuts of poison pluck, atone
 For deeds that stain'd their pre-existent state
- 20. Because in ocean dipp'd, not four times more The measure holds than it could hold before What futile hopes our silly sex employ! Though wealth be gain'd, and spousal sweets abound, No greater happiness is therefore found, Since fate has fix'd the limits of our joy.
- Tis not in blood that kindred only lies,
 From birth connections that true friendships rise,
 Disease congenital may mortal prove

As distant mountains may the med'cine yield By which alone a sickness can be heal'd, A stranger may desponding care remove.

- The dwelling with a frugal mistress bless'd,
 Though all things lacking, is of all possess'd,
 For peace, content, and cleanliness are there,
 The house not suited with a thrifty wife,
 Or cursed with one intent on angry strife,
 Though plenty reign, is like the tiger's lair.
 - As seeks the swan the placid water, where
 The lotus breathes its genial fragrance round;
 But like the crow, by carrion-instinct led,
 That scents the grave and lives upon the dead,
 The ignorant are with the foolish found
 - 24. By hasty wrath disjoin'd, the meaner kind,
 Like broken stone, are never more combined;
 Remingle soon the better sort their hearts,
 Like fractured gold by fusion blent again,
 No longer sunder'd do the best remain
 Than water that the pointed arrow parts.
 - While conscious of his fatal power to harm,
 The guilty cobra hides in just alarm,
 The guileless water-snake abroad appears:
 Deceivers so, avoiding public view,
 In secret their perfidious schemes renew,
 While innocence at large no danger fears
 - Though servile hosts the king's behests obey,
 The grave philosopher bears ampler sway;
 While homage meets the sage wherever known,
 And every step extends his spotless fame,
 The monarch's title is an empty name
 Beyond the narrow realms that prop his throne.

- To fools, the words of the resentful wise,
 To vicious souls, the virtue they despise,
 As plantains to the stalk from which they sprung,
 Are terrible as Yama's fatal name;
 But better still this suits the tyrant dame,
 They know, who fear and feel her clam'rous tongue.
- 28. Attrition, in its merciless delay,
 May wear the precious sandal-wood away,
 But leaves its grateful fragance all behind:
 So, though calamities their coffers drain,
 Triumphant o'er misfortune, kings retain
 Their royal fortitude of heart and mind
- 29. With Lakshmi come, and vanish when she flies,
 The pleasures that from constant friendship rise,
 Resources keeping pace with high desire,
 The pride of beauty, dignity of birth,
 And all things loved and coveted on earth,
 Then, toil for wealth, and prize what you acquire.
- 30. Till by the ringing axe in ruin laid,
 As trees afford a cool refreshing shade
 To mortals shrinking from the scorching heat,
 The sons of knowledge, till they cease to live,
 As far as can be, good for evil give,
 And acts of kindness to their foes repeat

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ATTISUDI

THE chance of doing good desire. Exunguish anger'skindling fire. The means at your command confess. Be no one hinder'd who would bless. Of riches do not idly brag Let zeal and courage never flag Letters and numbers claim esteem. All shameless begging shameful deem. Give alms, then eat with gratitude. Be customs gratefully pursued. No idle pause in learning seek. A word of envy never speak. Make not the price of corn to rise. Let candid lips report your eyes Consort, like letters in array. The day to bathe is Saturday. Your speech with pleasant words be fill'd. Do not too large a dwelling build. When friends you find, be found a friend. With fond regard your parents tend. Remember every kindly deed. In seed-time sow the precious seed. Don't wrest and eat another's ground Be all your practice comely found. Who sport with snakes, with danger jest Upon a bed of cotton rest. Disdain to breathe a word of guile No graceless deeds your name defile. Let learning be in youth your choice Remember virtue's form and voice. In early morn, drive sleep away. Say nothing cruel all the day. To fasting due attention give By proper living, teach to live. For baseness give no cause to chide. Good tempers never lay aside.

United with your friend remain. Avoid inflicting wrong or pain They learn the most, the most who try. Your trade be free to own and ply Nor steal, nor wish to take away Refrain from every sinful play In ways of justice keep your feet Be found where saints and sages meet In speech be open and sincere. To what is excellent adhere Nothing provoking anger say. With gamesters have no wish to play. In all you do, correctness show. Go where you know you ought to go. Your steps from fault-detecting stay. Say plainly what you have to say Get not the wand'ring idler's name Acquire the well-known worthy's fame Let priests your cheerful presents view To Perumal pay service due. From sin desist, and evil chase To care and trouble give no place Consider well ere you essay. Despise not God, but keep His way. Live with your countrymen agreed The words of women do not heed The things of eld be kept in view No doubtful, dangerous course pursue Hold fast the good until the end Perform such acts as all commend Where you were born, contented stay. You should not in the water play Be dainties from your table spurn'd Let many sciences be learn'd The rice-field diligently tend Be righteousness your way and end From fatal evils stand afar With no low words your language mar.

By no excess disease induce. Bespatter none with foul abuse. Contract no friendship with a snake. With wicked lips no mischief make. By patient toil at greatness aim In all your living, live for fame. First till the ground, then eat your rice. Consult your betters for advice. Let ignorance be put away. With children neither join nor stay. Retain what you possess, and thrive. Nor stir to angry strife, nor strive Preserve your mind from trouble free. Yield nothing to an enemy. Your words be but the few you need Do not immoderately feed. From where contention rages run. Perverse and stupid people shun. Only at home caresses seek. Incline the ear when wise men speak. Avoid the doors where harlots dwell. Correctly told be all you tell Throw every sinful lust aside. Boast not your parts with foolish pride. In strife be not your word the first In knowledge covet to be versed. Be heaven your first and final aim. Acquire the good man's fragrant name. Live happily among your own Be sharp in neither word nor tone. Desiring, do not therefore stray Awake and rise at break of day All intercourse with foes refuse. Say nothing based on partial views

GARLAND OF ADVICE FOR WOMEN

HEAR advice, my lass, and heed it. Share your rice with those who need it. Find no joy in others' sadness. Live to give your parents gladness. Let not guile within you labour. Earn the praise of every neighbour. Why should anything distress you? Give the needy cause to bless you. Tortoise-like, restrain the senses. Virtue gives a house pretences. Beauty's woman's wealth, not science. Ouvvay's precepts claim compliance. Shine in every household dury. Tending well is wifehood's beauty. Worship your good man each morning. Shrink from fraud, though poor, with scorning. Fame with pleasant words be gaining. Gentle dames are uncomplaining. Bickering suits not loyal spouses. Err not, entering others' houses. When you ask for counsel, take it. Owning aught, your husband's make it. Flowers in tufted hair are pleasing. Cow-like shame at home is teasing. Ribald words are seemly never. What's a head-wife, if not clever? Telling lies is sure to hurt you. Sweet is firm domestic virtue. Void of virtue, earth were charmless. Who will blame you, if you're harmless? Game and strife misfortunes gender. Right to all impartial render. Friends, when true, are never distant. Talk by gesture's inconsistent. Do as Wisdom's lips advise you. Go astray, and all despise you.

Brag not, bravely self-reliant Let your master find you pliant. Water to the parch'd deny not. Slumbering after sun-rise lie not. Sin is virtue's paths not keeping. Let not midday see you sleeping. Satan-like's calumniating. Think of God when meditating Wasting's losing all your getting Why should women e'er be fretting? Food enough provide, and spread it Be your caste's delight and credit. Mark your mother's steps, pursuing Hell's not purchased by well-doing. By your husband's words be guided. Truth who speak, are not derided. Never Nili's name inherit All you hear's not void of merit Boast not, though you have a hundred Falseness from your heart be sunder'd. Virtue'll ever be befriended Store no malice when offended Haughty dark words be unspoken Fasts must not too soon be broken Roe-like leaping brings repenting. Hunger's face behold, relenting. Bad's the fruit of sinful walking Children cure of evil talking Health is cleanly, wash your linen. Praises virtue's sure of winning. Flower-like live, a fragrant treasure. From the sex come power and pleasure. Artless women wear the graces. Softly move with order'd paces. Early bathe you, saffron using. Loving strife is credit losing Honest matrons awe the ocean. Glory crowns a wife's devotion.

Reverence your husband's mother Proud provoking tempers smother Fish-eved looks at strangers take not Sullen nasal murmurs make not Workers have no sleeping corner. Gentle lips provoke no scorner Aim on earth at praises winning. Madly seek not joy in sinning Nothing say to your undoing Fraudful deeds are fraught with ruin Teeth like tasmin-buds display you Vallıvar's wife's pattern sway you Look for evil if you quarrel Though in sport, say nought immoral Set the lamp, ere dark your dwelling Aim, in cooking, at excelling Helping neighbours, help them truly. Clean the house each Friday duly Fast by Scripture regulation Gain the country's commendation Willing walk above correction Proverbs point you to perfection In the way of good progressing Get and gain by every blessing.

THE QUATRAINS OF HALI

OF IGNORANCE

(Urdu)

N ignorance all men, wise or foolish, are equal:
No difference between them is perceptible save this—
The wise man has knowledge of his unwisdom;
The fool of his ignorance has not the slightest notion.

How salvation may be obtained for a spendthrift A munificent spendthrift spoke thus to a pious man, "Utter on my behalf a prayer to God for my salvation!" The pious man raised his hands to heaven, and said: "Hasten, O God Almighty! Thy making this man a pauper!"

LIFE AND ITS MEANING

This commonplace world—you may call a fleeting picture: All that happens in the universe—you may deem an idle tale:

But—when you set your purpose to any noble work, Think every breath drawn to be life eternal.

FAMILY HONOUR

Until a son frees himself from baseness of his own, He inherits no honour from his father's honour.

If you reflect—rubbish, too, has a lengthy pedigree, But is not ennobled in the least by the connexion.

IN WHAT THING IS HONOUR

Wealth said, "Wherever honour exists, it is from me," Culture affirmed, "I am the true badge of honour";

Then Honour spoke and said: "The claim of each of you is wrong:

I am the secret of Eternal Truth which is hidden in goodness."

THE PRAISE OF THE IGNORANT

When ignorant people are abusing all you do, Give thanks to God, for then your innocence is proved But if, by any bad luck, they sing your praises, Take heed that your state is the reverse of what is good.

OUR HINDUSTAN

EST of all the world is Hindustan, Richly laid in rosy bowers, while We; Its loving Bulbuls, praises sing.

Our heart is never cold for Ind; Perchance if cooled in a distant wind: For heart resides in Mother-Earth, And all rejoicing in India's glorious birth.

Her lofty temples rise to heaven divine; On us . . . Her kindly care, gracious and sublime. Our Faith teaches none to disagree All India's sons are we:

Mighty Romans, Pharaohs, or Greeks History their forgotten deeds aseek, But Hindustan throbs in life, And our ancient glory speaks, Live on, and onwards go, And seeds of National accord sow!

For our Land has a sacred Meaning, Or why when Time, A thousand years our foe Has failed to fell the Holy Tree of Hindustan?

THE PALACE OF PEACE

(Urdi: Ghalib)

OIVE now in a palace, my heart!

A palace of no-mankind:

Serene and free it should be,
From neighbours and noise,
With walls and roof of air,
With no meddling balm provider,
Or one to cool my fev'red brow;
And where end may come in silence mue!

There alone, my heart! Is peace entire.

THE KING'S DILEMMA

 $(Urdu \cdot Zafar)$

Or thorny crown and a beggar's bowl,
If humble was I to be,
Why not a dust of thy gateway,
I ought to be?
If love of thine was to be my lot,
Why the life's span was so
Short to be?

If with the pious I was not to sit,

Why with the free was

I forbidden to be?

MY RESPONSIBILITY

(Urdu Zoug)

IVE! called He to dust, To birth I came.

Return! said He. The dust to dust became.

To one nor the other, Had I ought to declaim.

THE DANCER OF MY HEART

(Urdu · Hasan)

OVERED of face with golden veil,
The music of her ankle bells aswelling,
Gems in bangles agleaming—
She danced in rapturous twirl,
Embracing the waning gloaming!

Anon! she whirls and twists,
And throws her jewelled robes apart:
The folds unfold a bewitching face!

Her kohled-eyes lit with throbbing love,
Her cheeks a child of new born moon,
Her raven tresses coiled round ivory throat,
Her lips a poppy-petal rent in twain!

And there she dances:
Alone, in the Shrine of Beauty,
A ravishing dance, indeed:
I would like to see,
Before my Day is Done

YESTERDAY

(Urdu · Dard)

MINE eyes have seen The glass filled, From the flask of wine

What life now denies, I had it all, And more!

But that which was, And was it not in ample measure? Is today an empty dream: A vacant calling back of yesterday!

GONE IS THE TIME (Urdu Dard)

ONE is the time,
Of grace and beauty!
Days and nights when,
Hearts were filled with love,
Have flown away!

Scattered lies the rose, That blossomed high with pride, A heap of dust has it, Midst thorns and stone and dross

Passing down the raven-path, Scrub and earth and dusty heaps; Methink, I hear a call!

Tarry a while! it says—
The flower bud awaving,
The lovely Bulbul asinging,
The diamond rill atinkling:
Spies thou'st not,
Amongst brine and clod and clay?

A LAMENT OF A LOVER OF ALL

(Urdu Souda)

NEW-BLOWN rose, nor a Bulbul Am I.

Alas! a withered twig,
In bursting Spring
Am I.

Shedding no tears in redden grief
Like a cup of wine,
Am I

Nor like golden goblet, Filled with bubbling mirth, Alas! In this tavern abjectly lying Without a meaning, Am I.

Ask't aught to thee; Whom now seek'st he? Complain'st he to whom?

Say it, and say it fair.
Yonder lover of men;
Pines and heaves sighs profound,
To woo the world of men.

And knowing that,
The race of Adam loves him not,
For scatters he his love
To All:
And by All Forgot!
Say, then say to him,
Wipe thy rose-hued eyes
With weeping,
Rise and go thy way rejoicing,
Only love thy own men and kind
Alas! I moan again, and reply,
But I the Lover of All Mankind,

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